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WALKS IN LONDON

VOL. I.

'Out of monuments, names, wordes, proverbs, traditions, private recordes and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of bookes, and the like, we doe save and recover somewhat from the deluge of Time.'—LORD BACON, '*Advance of Learning.*'

'They who make researches into Antiquity, may be said to passe often through many dark lobbies and dusky places, before they come to the *Aula lucis*, the great hall of light; they must repair to old archives, and peruse many moulded and moth-eaten records, and so bring light as it were out of darkness, to inform the present world what the former did, and make us see truth through our ancestors' eyes. —J. HOWELL, '*Londinopolis.*'

'I'll see these things!—They're rare and passing curious—
But thus 'tis ever; what's within our ken.
Owl-like, we blink at, and direct our search
To farthest Inde in quest of novelties;
Whilst here, at home, upon our very thresholds,
Ten thousand objects hurtle into view,
Of Int'rest wonderful.'—*Old Play.*

WALKS IN LONDON

BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN ROME"
"CITIES OF NORTHERN AND CENTRAL ITALY," "WANDERINGS IN SPAIN"
ETC.

SIXTH EDITION (REVISED)

IN TWO VOLUMES

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TO

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE

OF PLEASANT WALKS IN A GREATER AND OLDER CITY

THESE VOLUMES

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

PREFACE

LONG ago, when I was a boy at a private tutor's near Edmonton, the only book in which I could find any interest or amusement in the scanty library of the house was Charles Knight's 'London;' and the pleasure derived from it led to my spending every sixpence I could save, and every holiday on which I could get leave, in seeing some of the places it described.

London is much changed since that time; but the solitary expeditions I then made through its historic sights, so inexpressibly delightful at the time, laid a foundation for the investigations of which these volumes are the result. They aim at nothing original; indeed, any one who attempts a work of the kind must, to borrow the language of the author of 'Eöthen,' be 'subjected to the immutable law which compels a man with a pen in his hand to be uttering now and then some sentiment not his own, as though, like the French peasant under the old *régime*, he were bound to perform a certain amount of work on the public highways.' But, when I wished to know something about London myself, I felt, in spite of the multiplicity of works upon the subject, the want of having things brought together in the order in which they occur, of one

recollection being interlaced with another in a way which might help me to remember it; and this is what I have tried to do for others.

In these two volumes I believe that all the objects of interest in London are described consecutively, as they may be visited in excursions, taking Charing Cross as a centre. The first volume is chiefly devoted to the City, the second to the West End and Westminster.

I have followed the plan adopted in my books on Italy and France, of introducing quotations from other and better authors where they apply to my subject; and, while endeavouring to make 'Walks in London' something more interesting than a Guide-book, I have tried, especially in Westminster Abbey and the Picture Galleries, to give such details as may suggest new lines of inquiry to those who care to linger and investigate.

The Histories of London, and the Histories of especial subjects connected with London, are too numerous to mention. They are all to be found in the admirable library at the Guildhall, which is of the greatest advantage to a local antiquarian, and leaves little to be desired except a better catalogue. Of the various works by which I have benefited in my own rambles through London, I should mention with marked gratitude the many volumes of Mr. John Timbs, especially his 'Curiosities of London,' enriched by 'Sixty Years' Personal Recollections,' and the admirable articles on the old houses and churches of London which have from time to time, for many years, appeared in 'The Builder.'

The illustrations in 'Walks in London' are, with two or three exceptions, from my own sketches taken on the

spot, carefully transferred to wood by the skill of Mr. T. Sulman.

I have used all possible care in revising and correcting the sixth edition up to the present time, but shall always gratefully receive any corrections of errors found in my work by those who follow in my footsteps.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

HOLMHURST,
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA,
1894.

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WALKS IN LONDON

INTRODUCTORY.

'SIR, the happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we sit than in all the rest of the kingdom.' Such was the dictum of Dr. Johnson when he was seated with Boswell in the Mitre Tavern near Temple Bar; and how many thousands of people before and since have felt the same cat-like attachment as the old philosopher to the vast town of multitudinous life and ever-changing aspects? As Cowper says—

> 'Where has Pleasure such a field,
> So rich, so thronged, so drained, so well supplied,
> As London—opulent, enlarged and still
> Increasing London?'

And Shelley—

> 'London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow
> At once is deep and loud, and on the shore
> Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more:
> Yet in its depths what treasures!'

'I have no respect for the Englishman who re-enters London after long residence abroad, without a pulse that beats quick, and a heart that heaves high. The public buildings are few, and, for the most part, mean; the monuments of antiquity not comparable to those which the pettiest town in Italy can boast of; the palaces are sad rubbish; the houses of our peers and princes are shabby and shapeless heaps of bricks. But what of all this? the spirit of London is in her thoroughfares—her population! What wealth—what cleanliness—what order—what animation! How majestic, and yet how vivid, is the life that runs through her myriad veins! How, as the lamps blaze upon you at night, and street after street glides by your wheels, each so regular in its symmetry, so equal in its civilisation—how all speak of the *City of Freemen*.'—*E. Bulwer Lytton*, '*Ernest Maltravers*.'

'The passion for crowds is nowhere feasted so full as in London. The man must have a rare *recipe* for melancholy who can be dull in Fleet Street. I am naturally inclined to hypochondria, but in London it vanishes, like all other ills. Often, when I have felt a weariness or distaste at home, have I rushed out into her crowded Strand, and fed my humour, till tears have wetted my cheeks for innumerable sympathies with the multitudinous moving picture, which she never fails to present at all hours, like the scenes of a shifting pantomime.'—*Charles Lamb*.

Macaulay had the reputation of having walked through every street of the London of his day; but if we consider the ever-growing size of the town, we cannot believe that any one else will ever do so: for far more people live in London already than in the whole of Denmark, Switzerland, or Scotland, and more than twice as many as in Norway. The town is twice the size of Paris and three times the size of New York; its streets would cover in length 3000 miles; but if we trust to old prophecies, London has still to be doubled in circumference, for Mother Shipton says that the day will come when Highgate Hill shall be in the middle of the town.

'It has been long since said that London is a province covered with houses. When one has once entered this labyrinth of buildings, it seems as if one could never leave it without the help of steam; the pedestrian most inured to fatigue grows tired with wandering over the interminable town; streets succeed streets without any definite end becoming perceptible. For ever houses, factories, railway stations, villas, gardens, then brick-walls again; for ever surroundings of the great human hive, succeeding one another till they are all lost to sight. Even in the midst of the suburban fields and parks, one might fancy oneself in London, for on either side of the road the houses form a continuous line, from the capital to its appendages, and from those to long suburbs. Leaving London on the west, one may thus traverse, as parts of the same conglomerate town, Hammersmith, then Chiswick, then Brentford, Isleworth, and Twickenham. A parallel road traverses the long town formed by Shepherd's Bush, Acton, Ealing. To the north, Hampstead, Highgate, Hornsey, Tottenham, Edmonton, stretch out like the arms of a polypus. Then, to the south-east and the west, Dulwich succeeds Brixton, then come Sydenham, Norwood, Croydon, and village follows village as far as Epsom, more than twelve miles distant, without more than scanty breathing spaces of real country. Thousands of persons are born, live, and die in the quarters in the centre of London, without having ever looked upon any other horizon than that of houses of brick, and monuments of stone; the only forests they have seen are the shrubberies in the squares, and their sky has always been blackened by the smoke of the famous city. The actual length of the London streets, to the number of 23,000, would suffice to stretch across all Europe and the nearer part of Asia, to the southern extremity of Hindostan.'—*Elisée Reclus.*

Few indeed are the Londoners who see more than a small circuit around their homes, the main arteries of mercantile life, and some of the principal sights. It is very easy to live with eyes open, but it is more usual, and a great deal more fashionable, to live with eyes shut. Scarcely any man in what is usually called 'society' has the slightest idea of what there is to be seen in his own great metropolis, because he never looks, or still more, perhaps, because he never inquires, and the architectural and historical treasures of the City are almost as unknown to the West End as the buried cities of Bashan or the lost tombs of Etruria. Strangers also, especially foreigners, who come perhaps with the very object of seeing London, are inclined to judge it by its general aspects, and do not stay long enough to find out its more hidden resources. They never find out that the London of Brook Street and Grosvenor Street, still more the odious London of Tyburnia, Belgravia, and South Kensington, is as different from the London of our great-grandfathers as modernised Paris is from the oldest town in Brittany, and dwellers in the West End do not know that they might expe-

rience almost the refreshment and tonic of going abroad, in the transition from straight streets and featureless houses to the crooked thoroughfares half-an-hour off, where every street has a reminiscence, and every turn is a picture. There is a passage in Heinrich Heine which says, 'You may send a philosopher to London, but by no means a poet. The bare earnestness of everything, the colossal sameness, the machine-like movement, oppresses the imagination and rends the heart in twain.' But those who know London well will think that Heine must have stayed at an hotel in Wimpole Street, and that his researches can never have taken him much beyond Oxford Street and its surroundings; and that a poet might find plenty of inspiration, if he would do what is so easy, and break the ice of custom, and see London as it really is—in its strange varieties of society, in its lights and shadows of working life, in its endless old buildings, which must ever have a hold on the inmost sympathies of those who look upon them, and who, while learning the story they tell of many generations, seem to realise that they are in the presence of their fame and feel their influence.

'I have looked upon the most marvellous sight which the world can offer to the astonished mind; I have seen it, and I wonder at it still. Memory still gazes upon a forest of houses, between which ebbs and flows a stream of human faces, with all their varied passions—an awful rush of love, hunger, and hate—for such is London!'—*Heine.*

An artist, after a time, will find London more interesting than any other place, for nowhere are there such atmospheric effects on fine days, and nowhere is the enormous power of blue more felt in the picture; while the soot, which puts all the stones into mourning, makes everything look old. The detractors of the charms of London always lay their strongest emphasis upon its fogs—

'More like a distillation of mud than anything else; the ghost of mud,—the spiritualised medium of departed mud, through which the dead citizens of London probably tread, in the Hades whither they are translated.'—*Hawthorne, Note-books.*

'The London fog, of universal reputation, is of two kinds. The most curious, and at the same time the less dangerous, is the black species. It is simply darkness complete and intense at midday. The gas is immediately lighted everywhere, and when this kind of fog remains in the upper atmospheric regions, it does not greatly affect you. It does not touch the earth, and the gas being lighted, it gives you the impression of being in the street at ten o'clock at night. Traffic is not stopped; the bustle of the city goes on as usual.

'The most terrible is the yellow fog that the English call pea-soup. This one gets down your throat and seems to choke you. You have to cover your mouth with a respirator if you do not wish to be choked or seized with an attack of blood-spitting. The gas is useless—you cannot see it even when you are close to the lamp. Traffic is stopped. Sometimes for several hours the town seems dead and buried.'—*John Bull and his Island.*

But if the fogs are not too thick, an artist will find an additional charm in them, and will remember with pleasure the beautiful effects upon the river, when only the grand features remain, and the ignominious details are blotted out; or when 'the eternal mist

around St. Paul's is turned to a glittering haze.'[1] In fact, if the capitals of Europe are considered, London is one of the most picturesque—far more so than Paris or Vienna ; incomparably more so than St. Petersburg, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Brussels, or Madrid.

No town in Europe is better supplied with greenery than London : even in the older parts of the City almost every street has its tree. And pity often is ill bestowed upon Londoners by dwellers in the country, for the fact is, all the best attributes of the country are to be found in the town. The squares of the West End, with their high railings, and ill-kept gardens, are certainly ugly enough, but the parks are full of beauty, and there are walks in Kensington Gardens which in early spring present a maze of loveliness. Lately, too, since window-gardening has become the fashion, each house has its boxes of radiant flowers, enlivening the dusty stonework or smoke-blackened bricks, and seeming all the more cheerful from their contrast. Through the markets all that is best in country produce flows into the town ; the strawberries, the cherries, the vegetables, are always finer there than at the places where they are grown. Milton, who changed his house oftener than any one else, and knew more parts of the metropolis intimately, thus apostrophises it—

> 'Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,
> Whose towering front the circling realms commands,
> Too blest abode ! no loveliness we see
> In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.'

'Let no native Londoner imagine that health and rest, innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it.'—*Charles Lamb.*

There is a certain class of minds, and a large one, which stagnates in the country, and which finds the most luxurious stimulant in the ceaseless variety of London, where there is always so much to be seen and so much to be heard, and these make so much to be thought of.

'I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and as intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses ; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden ; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles ;—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street ; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often

[1] London fogs had evidently a long-settled existence in the time of Evelyn, who, in 1661, published his *Fumifugium, or the Inconvenience of the Air and Smoak of London dissipated ; together with some Remedies humbly proposed by John Evelyn, Esq.*

shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. . . . I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind; and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm, are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men, in this great city.'—*Charles Lamb to Wordsworth, Jan.* 30, 1801.

Many derivations are given for the name London. Some derive it from Lhwn-dinas, the 'City in the Wood;' others from Llongdinas, the 'City of Ships;' others from Llyn-din, the 'Fortress by the Pool.' Geoffrey of Monmouth says that Brute 'builded this citie' about B.C. 1108. From the time at which it is reported to have been founded by Brute, says Brayley, 'even fable itself is silent in regard to its history, until the century immediately preceding the Roman invasion.'[1] Then the mythical 'King Lud' is said to have encircled it with walls, and adorned it 'with fayre buildings and towers.' The remains found certainly prove the existence of a British fortress on the site before the Londinium, or Colonia Augusta, spoken of by Tacitus and Ammianus Marcellinus, which must have been founded by the Roman expedition under Aulus Plautius in A.D. 43. Tacitus mentions that it was already 'a town of mark, and full of merchants and their wares,'[2] when the revolt of the Iceni occurred under Boadicea in A.D. 61, in which it was laid waste with fire and sword. It had, however, risen from its ashes in the time of Severus (A.D. 193–211), when it is described as 'illustrious for the vast number of merchants who resorted to it, for its extensive commerce, and for the abundance of every kind of commodity which it could supply.'

The Roman walls of London were built between 350 and 369. They were above three miles in circumference, defended by towers, and marked in later times at the principal points by the gates, Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Aldersgate, Newgate, and Ludgate. The best fragments of the old wall remaining (only, however, as rebuilt in mediaeval times) are to be seen in the street called London Wall, and in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate. Tessellated pavements, urns, vases, and many minor antiquities of Roman date, have been found from time to time within this circuit, especially in digging the foundations of the Goldsmiths' Hall, and of the Hall of Commerce in Threadneedle Street. For a long time these remains were carelessly kept or not kept at all, but latterly some of them have been collected in the admirable little museum under the Guildhall. Under the Romans the bridge was built, to which the city owed its first prosperity. Several Roman cemeteries have been discovered beyond the walls of the Roman fortress. The line of most of the Roman roads through London can be distinctly traced, and modern streets in many cases mark their course: Oxford Street and the Edgware Road, following the ancient Watling Street, are notable examples of this. All the excavations show that modern London is at least

[1] *Londiniana.*
[2] *Annal.* lib. xiv. c. 33.

fifteen feet higher than the London of the Romans, which has been buried by the same inexplicable process which entombed the Roman Forum, and covered many of its temples with earth up to the capitals of the columns.

No remains of Saxon London exist, except place-names, and very little is known of it, except that St. Paul's Cathedral was founded by Ethelbert about 610, in the time of his nephew, King Sebert. Bede, mentioning this, describes the London of his time as an 'emporium of many nations who arrived thither by land and sea.' London was the stronghold of the Danes, but was successfully besieged by Alfred, and Athelstan had a palace here. His successor, Ethelred the Unready, was driven out again by the Danes under Sweyn. On the death of Sweyn, Ethelred returned, and his son Edmund Ironside was the first monarch crowned in the capital. London grew greatly in importance under Edward the Confessor, who built the Palace and Abbey of Westminster, and it made a resistance to the Conqueror which was for some time effectual. On the submission of the clergy, however, he was presented with the keys of the City, and after the coronation at the Confessor's tomb, immediately tried to conciliate the citizens, by granting them the charter, which, written in the Saxon language, on a strip of vellum, is still preserved amongst the City archives :—

'William the King greeteth William the Bishop and Godfrey the Portreeve, and all the burgesses within London, both French and English. And I declare that I grant you all to be law-worthy as ye were in King Edward's days. And I will that every child be his father's heir after his father's days. And I will not suffer that any man do you wrong. God preserve you.'

Remains of Norman London are the White Tower, the crypts of Bow Church and St. John's, Clerkenwell, and part of the churches of St. Bartholomew the Great and St. Ethelburga.

The chief events in the after story of London, its insurrections, its pageants, its martyrdoms, its conspiracies, its pestilences, its Great Fire, its religious agitations, its political excitements, are all noticed in describing those parts of the town with which they are especially connected. Whatever may be the mode by which the study of modern history should be enforced elsewhere, there is no doubt that, for the inhabitants of the great city, it ought to be by the study of London.

Fuller says that London 'is the second city in Christendome for greatness, and the first for good government.' Its chief officer under the Saxons was called the Portreeve. After the Conquest the French word Maire, from Major, was introduced. We first hear of a *Mayor* of London in the reign of Richard I. His necessary qualifications are, that he shall be free of one of the City Companies, have served as Sheriff, and be an Alderman at the time of his election.[1] The name of *Alderman* is derived from the title of a Saxon noble, *eald* meaning old, *ealdor* elder. It is applied to the chief

[1] The Lord Mayor is elected on Michaelmas Day, but 'Lord Mayor's Day' is November 9.

officer of a ward or guild, and each Alderman of London takes his name from a ward. The *City Companies* or Merchant Guilds, though branches of the Corporation, have each a distinct government and peculiar liberties and immunities granted in special charters. Each Company has a Master and other officers, and separate *Halls* for their business or banquets. The oldest of the Companies is the Weavers, with a charter of 1164. Then come the Parish Clerks, instituted in 1232, and the Saddlers, in 1280. The Bakers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Grocers, Carpenters, and Fishmongers, all date from the XIV. c. There are ninety-one Companies, but of these twelve are the most important, viz.—

Mercers.	Merchant Taylors.
Grocers.	Haberdashers.
Drapers.	Salters.
Fishmongers.	Ironmongers.
Goldsmiths.	Vintners.
Skinners.	Clothworkers.

In the second year of Elizabeth the pictorial map of Ralph Agas was published, which shows how little in those days London had increased beyond its early boundaries. Outside Aldgate, Bishopsgate, and Cripplegate, all was still complete country. 'The Spital Fyeld' (Spitalfields) and 'Finsburie Fyeld' were archery grounds; Moorfields was a marsh. St. Giles, Cripplegate, was the church of a little hamlet beyond the walls. Farther west a few houses in 'Little Britanne' and Cock Lane clustered around the open space of 'Schmyt Fyeld,' black with the fires of recent martyrdoms. A slender thread of humble dwellings straggled along the road which led by Holbourne Bridge across the Fleet to St. Andrew's Church and Ely Place, but ceased altogether after 'Holbourne Hill' till the road reached the desolate village and leper-hospital of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. A wide expanse of open pasture-land, only broken by Drury House and the Convent Garden of Westminster, extended southwards from St. Giles's to the Strand, where the houses of the great nobles lined the passage of the sovereign from the City to the small royal city and great palace of Westminster. From Charing Cross, St. Martin's Lane, and the Haymarket were hedge-girt roads leading into a solitude, and there was scarcely any house westwards except the Hospital of St. James, which Henry VIII. had shortly before turned into a palace.

In the time of Elizabeth, however, London began to grow rapidly,[1] though Elizabeth herself and her immediate successors, dreading the power of such multitudes in the neighbourhood of the Court, did all they could to check it. In July 1580, all persons were prohibited from building houses within three miles of any of the City gates, and in 1602 a proclamation was made for 'restraining the increase of buildings' and the 'voyding of inmates' in the cities of London and Westminster, and for three miles round. But in spite of this, in spite of the Plague, which destroyed 68,596 people,

[1] The earliest known view of London is that (in the Bodleian Library) of Antonius van den Wynegaerde in the middle of the sixteenth century.

and the Fire, which destroyed 13,200 houses, the great city continued to grow, till, in 1894, the total length of the streets of London was considerably above 3000 miles. Latterly the town has increased so rapidly westwards, that it is impossible to define its limits. It has been travelling west more or less ever since the time of the Plantagenets—from the City to the Strand, and to Canonbury and Clerkenwell; then, under the Stuart kings, to the more northern parts of the parish of St. Clement Danes and to Whitehall; then, under William III. and Anne, to Bloomsbury and Soho; under the early Georges, to the Portland and Portman estates, then to the Grosvenor estates, and lastly to South and West Kensington. It is not long since Buckingham House bore the motto 'Rus in urbe,' and Lord Lanesborough's house at Hyde Park Corner, now St. George's Hospital, was inscribed—

'It is my delight to be
Both in town and country.'

By its later increase the town has enormously increased the wealth of nine peers, to whom the greater portion of the soil upon which it has been built belongs—*i.e.*, the Dukes of Portland, Bedford, and Westminster; the Marquises of Exeter, Salisbury, Northampton, and Camden; the Earl of Craven and Viscount Portman. No one can tell where the West End will be next year. It is always moving into the country and never arriving there. Generally Fashion 'is only gentility moving away from vulgarity and afraid of being overtaken by it,' but in this case it is also a perpetual flight before the smoke, which still always drives westwards, so that when the atmosphere is thickest in Brompton, the sky is often blue and the air pure in Ratcliff Highway.

The City and its liberties cover only a single square mile, but no other square mile in the world is the centre of business interests so important, or contains such a mass of valuable property.

In all the changes of generations of men and manners in London, the truth of the proverb, 'Birds of a feather flock together,' has been attested by the way in which the members of the same nationalities, and those who follow the same occupations, inhabit the same district. Thus, French live in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square and Soho, Italians in Hatton Garden, and Germans in the east of London. Thus, lawyers live in Lincoln's Inn and the Temple; surgeons and dentists in George Street and Burlington Street; doctors in Harley Street; and retired Indians in Cavendish and Portman Squares, and the adjoining streets, which have so obtained the name of Little Bengal. Thus, too, booksellers would be looked for in Paternoster Row, clockmakers in Clerkenwell, butchers in Newgate and Smithfield, furniture dealers in Tottenham Court Road, hatmakers in Southwark, tanners and leather-dressers in Bermondsey, bird and bird-cage sellers near the Seven Dials, statuaries in the Euston Road, and artists at the Boltons.

The poorest parts of London also have always been its eastern

and north-eastern parishes, and the district about Soho and St. Giles-in-the-Fields. So much has been said and written of the appearance of poverty and crime which these streets present, that those who visit them will be surprised to find at least outward decency and a tolerably thriving population ; though of course the words of Cowley are true—

> 'The monster London,
> . . . . . .
> Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
> And all the fools that crowd thee so,
> Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
> A village less than Islington wilt grow,
> A solitude almost.'

The great landmarks are the same in London now that they were in the time of the Plantagenets: the Tower is still the great fortress; London Bridge is still the great highway for traffic across the river; St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are still the great churches; and Westminster Palace is only transferred from the Sovereign to the Legislature. The City still shows by its hills —Ludgate Hill, Cornhill, and Tower Hill—why it was chosen as the early capital. One feature, however, of old London is annihilated—all the smaller brooks or rivers which fed the Thames are buried and lost to view. The Eye Bourne, and the Wall Brook, though they still burrow beneath the town, seem to have left nothing but their names. Even the Hole Bourne, in its later course called the Fleet, of which there are so many unflattering descriptions in the poets of the last century, is entirely arched over, and it is difficult to believe that there can ever have been a time when Londoners saw ten or twelve ships at once sailing up to Holborn Bridge, or still more that they can have gone up as high as Bagnigge Wells Road, where the discovery of an anchor seems to testify to their presence. Where the aspect is entirely changed, the former character of London sites is often pleasantly recorded for us in the names of the streets. 'Hatton Garden,' 'Baldwin's Gardens,' and 'Whetstone Park' keep up a reminiscence of the rural nature of a now crowded district as late as the time of the Stuarts, though, with 'Lincoln's Inn Fields,' and 'Great and Little Turnstile,' they have a satirical effect as applied to the places which now belong to them. In the West End, Brook Street, Green Street, Farm Street, Hill Street, and Hay Hill, commemorate the time, two hundred years ago, when the Eye Bourne was a crystal rivulet running down to Westminster through the green hayfields of Miss Mary Davies. What remains of it still burrows underground and enters the Thames at Milbank, under the name of the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer.

Few would re-echo Malcolm's exclamation, 'Thank God, old London was burnt,' even if it were quite true, which it is not. The Fire destroyed the greater part of London, but gave so much work to the builders that the small portion unburnt remained comparatively untouched till the tide of fashion had flowed too far

westwards to make any systematic rebuilding worth while. It is over the *City* of London, as the oldest part of the town, that its chief interest still hovers. Those who go there in search of its treasures will be stunned on week days by the rush of its movement, and the constant eddies at all the great crossings in the whirlpool of its business life, such as no other town in Europe can show. But this also has its charms, and no one has seen London properly who has not watched the excited crowds at the Stock Exchange, threaded the labyrinth of the Bank, wondered at the intricate arrangements of the Post-Office, attended a full choral service at St. Paul's, beheld the Lord Mayor drive by in his coach, stood amid the wigged lawyers and whirling pigeons of the Guildhall, and struggled through Cheapside, Cornhill, and Great Tower Street amid the full flow of week-day traffic.

'It is not alone as the home of the Court, nor even as the modern home of the Parliament, or the centre of some portions of English intellectual life, that London is so supremely captivating to the imagination, but as the place to which the whole country has tended, always crowded, always bewildering, its crowds and its bewilderments changing and growing with the change and growth and development of the nation.'—*Westminster Review*, No. cvi.

'I have seen the West End, the parks, the fine squares; but I love the City far better. The City seems so much more in earnest; its business, its rush, its roar, are such serious things, sights, sounds. The City is getting its living—the West End but enjoying its pleasure. At the West End you may be amused; but in the City you are deeply excited.'—*C. Brontë*, '*Villette*.'

'To have an idea of the immense crowds which elbow each other in London, there is no need to assist at one of the national fêtes or ceremonials, which bring more than a million persons to the line of a procession. It is enough to see the principal streets of the City—Cheapside, Ludgate Hill, Cannon Street, Lombard Street—during business hours, when carriages, carts, and drays of every kind seem to be mingled in one solid mass; though one ends by discovering that in this moving chaos there are two continual currents, always distinct, to which every side street pours in its tributary, and which are able to keep clear of each other like two human beings. Below the crowd which fills the carriages, a second crowd works its way, gliding between the horses, between the wheels, and hastening in two opposite streams beneath the houses. Every minute a dull sound announces the arrival of a train, and the mouth of each station pours forth hundreds of other foot-passengers to mingle in the moving sea of human beings, and soon to be lost in it.'—*Elisée Reclus*.

'Nowhere is there such a play of light and shade, such struggle of sun and smoke, such aerial gradations and confusions. To eyes addicted to such contemplations this is a constant diversion, and yet this is only a part of it. What completes the effect of the place is its appeal to the feelings, made in so many ways, but made, above all, by agglomerated immensity. At any given point London looks huge; even in narrow corners you have a sense of its hugeness, and petty places acquire a certain interest from their being parts of so mighty a whole.'—*Henry James*.

But no one can see the City properly who does not walk in it, and no one can walk in it comfortably except on a Sunday. On that day it is thoroughly enjoyable. The great chimneys have ceased smoking, the sky is blue, the trees look green, but that which is most remarkable is, the streets are empty. What becomes of all the people it is impossible to imagine; there are not only no carriages, there are scarcely any foot-passengers: one may saunter along the pavement with no chance of being jostled, and walk down the middle

of the street without any fear of being run over. Then alone can the external features of the City be studied, and there is a great charm in the oddity of having it all to one's self, as well as in the quietude. Then we see how, even in the district which was devastated by the Fire, several important fragments escaped, and how the portion which was unburnt is filled with precious memorials of an earlier time. Scarcely less interesting also, and, though not always beautiful, of a character exceedingly unusual in England, are the numerous buildings erected immediately after the Fire, in the reign of Charles II. The treasures which we have to look for are often very obscure—a sculptured gateway, a panelled room, a storm-beaten tower, or an incised stone—and in themselves might scarcely be worth a tour of inspection; but in a city where so many millions of inhabitants have lived and passed away, where so many great events of the world's history have occurred, there is scarcely one of these long-lived remnants which has not some strange story to tell in which it bears the character of the only existing witness. The surroundings, too, are generally picturesque, and only those who study them and dwell upon them can realise the interest of the desolate tombs in the City churches, the loveliness of the plane-trees in their fresh spring green, rising amid the smoky houses in those breathing spaces left by the Fire in the old City churchyards where the churches were never rebuilt, or the soft effects of aerial perspective from the wharfs of the Thames or amid the many-masted shipping in the still reaches of the 'pool,' where the great White Tower of the Conqueror still frowns at the beautiful church built in honour of a poor ferry-woman.

The only remaining City churches which existed before the fire are Allhallows, Barking; St. Andrew Undershaft; St. Bartholomew the Great; St. Ethelburga; St. Giles, Cripplegate; St. Helen, Bishopsgate; St. Katherine Cree; St. Olave, Hart Street; parts of St. Sepulchre and St. Mary Aldermary, with the walls of Austin Friars, and the tower of Allhallows Staining, and St. Etheldreda outside the walls. Of eighty-five churches burnt within the walls of the City of London, thirty-five were not rebuilt. The churches erected immediately after the Fire, however, are scarcely less noteworthy than those which survived it, for though Wren had more work than he could possibly attend to properly, he never forgot that the greatest acquirement of architecture is the art of *interesting*, and the inexhaustible power of his imagination displayed in his parish churches is not less astonishing than his genius evinced at St. Paul's. He always reproduced the leading characteristics of a destroyed church. He built fifty-three churches in London, mostly classic; in one or two, as St. Mary Aldermary and St. Alban, Wood Street, he has attempted gothic, and in these he has failed. Almost all his exteriors depend for ornament upon their towers, which, seldom well seen individually on account of their confined positions, are all admirable in combination. The best is undoubtedly that of Bow Church; then St. Magnus, St. Bride, St. Vedast, and St. Martin deserve attention. The saints to whom the old City churches

are dedicated are generally the old English saints honoured before the Reformation, whose comparative popularity may be gathered from the number of buildings placed under the protection of each. Thus, there were four churches dedicated to St. Botolph, four to St. Benet, three to St. Leonard, three to St. Dunstan, and two to St. Giles, while St. Ethelburga, St. Etheldreda, St. Alban, St. Vedast, St. Swithin, St. Edmund, and St. Bridget, had each their single church. Up to 1800, very nearly all the churches rebuilt remained. Sixteen have been wantonly destroyed in our own time, and, though the towers and steeples were perhaps not beautiful in themselves, the thinning of what was such a characteristic of ancient London is greatly to be deplored. The four noble steeples of Allhallows, Bread Street; St. Antholin's; St. Benet, Gracechurch, and St. Michael, Queenhithe, were all important components of the glorious group which were especially designed as supports to the great central mass of St. Paul's. The interiors of the churches derive their chief interest from their monuments, but they are also rich in renaissance carvings and ironwork. In many cases they retain their high pews, in which those who wish to attend the service may share the feelings of the little girl who, when taken to church for the first time, complained that she had been shut up in a closet and made to sit upon a shelf.

'The tale of Wren's churches that have been destroyed is lengthening apace. The first to go was St. Christopher, followed, after an interval of about fifty years, by St. Michael, Crooked Lane, from the approach to new London Bridge. Then followed St. Bartholomew-by-the-Exchange, with its opposite neighbour St. Bennet Fink, conspicuous for its domed ceiling, borne upon eight columns of Corinthian order. Next we lost the beautiful spires of St. Michael, Queenhithe, and St. Bennet, Gracechurch Street, the pinnacled tower of All Hallows, Bread Street, which surely, in reverence for Milton's memory, might have been spared; the perfect Ionic façade of the eastern front of St. Dionis, Backchurch, and then St. Antholin's, so rich in its associations of religious life during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the wanton destruction of whose exquisite stone steeple, leaves us small hope for Wren's already threatened masterpieces of St. Margaret, Pattens, and St. Mildred, Bread Street; and scarcely has the last touch been removed of St. Matthew, Friday Street, before St. Olave, Old Jewry, has to share the same fate.'—*The Builder*, *April* 9, 1887.

A few specimens of domestic architecture before the Fire are to be found in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, in Aldersgate, Bishopsgate, and their surroundings. Crosby Hall in the City, the Water Gate of York House, and Holland House in Kensington, are the most remarkable examples which come within the limits of our excursions.

When the new London arose after the Fire, the persistence of the citizens, who jealously clung to their old landmarks, caused the configuration of the former city to be observed, to the destruction of the grand designs of renovation proposed by Evelyn and Wren, but to the preservation of many old associations and the rescue of much of historic interest from oblivion. The domestic buildings which were then erected are no less interesting than the churches, including, as they do, many of the noble old Halls of the City Companies

and private houses built by Wren. With the landing of William III. came the Dutch style of regular windows and flat-topped uniform brick fronts, which led to the gradual deterioration from the comfortable quaint houses of Anne's time with the carved wooden porches which may be seen in Queen Anne's Gate, to the hideous monotony of Wimpole Street and Baker Street. Under the brothers Adam and their followers there was a brief revival of good taste, and all their works are deserving of study—masterly alike in proportion and in delicacy of detail. In fact, though the buildings of the British Classical revival were often cold and formal, they were never bad.

Some people maintain that Art is dead in England, others that it lives and grows daily. Certainly street architecture appeared to be in a hopeless condition, featureless, colourless, almost formless, till a few years ago, but, since then, there has been an unexpected resurrection. Dorchester House is a noble example of the Florentine style, really stately and imposing, and the admirable work of Norman Shaw at Lowther Lodge seems to have given an impulse to brick and terra-cotta decoration, which has been capitally followed out in several new houses in Cheapside, Oxford Street, Bond Street, Mount Street, South Audley Street, and Cadogan Square and Gardens, and which is the beginning of a school of architecture for the reign of Victoria, as distinctive as that of Inigo Jones and Wren was for the time of the Stuarts. The more English architects study the brick cities of Northern Italy and learn that the best results are brought about by the simplest means, and that the greatest charm of a street is its irregularity, the more beautiful and picturesque will our London become.

Besides the glorious collection in its National Gallery, London possesses many magnificent pictures in the great houses of its nobles, though few of these are shown to the public with the liberality displayed in Continental cities. In the West End, however, people are more worth seeing than pictures, and foreigners and Americans will find endless sources of amusement in Rotten Row—in the Exhibitions—and in a levee at St. James's.

'The Courts of two countries do not so differ from one another, as the Court and the City in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside.'—*Addison.*

'In the wonderful extent and variety of London, men of curious inquiry may see such modes of life as very few could ever imagine. . . . The intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.'—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

'In the West End, the abode of the aristocratic and idle world, are long and broad streets, where all the houses are as large as palaces, though not externally remarkable, except that here, as in all but quite the lowest class of London houses, the windows of the first story are adorned with balconies of open ironwork, while on the ground floor there are iron railings protecting the underground apartments. In this part of London are also large squares, rows of houses like those already described, which form a square, in the middle of which is a garden protected by a black iron railing, and containing a statue. In all these streets and squares, the eye of a stranger is never offended by the decaying hovels

of misery; everywhere there is evidence of riches and splendour, whilst crowded into obscure streets and dark, damp alleys, poverty dwells with its rags and its tears.'—*Heine.*

If a stranger wishes at once to gain the most vivid impression of the wealth, the variety, and the splendour of London, 'great, mighty, and terrible,' as De Quincey calls it, he should follow the economical course of 'taking a penny-boat'—embarking in a steamer at Westminster Bridge—descending the Thames to London Bridge, and ascending the Monument. The descent of the river through London will give a more powerful idea of its constant movement of life than anything else can: the water covered with heavily laden barges and churned by crowded steamboats: the trains hissing across the iron railway bridges: the numerous bridges of stone with their concourse of traffic: the tall chimneys: the hundreds of church towers with the great dome of St. Paul's dominating the whole: the magnificent Embankment: the colossal Somerset House; the palaces on the shores jostled by buildings of such a different nature, weather-stained wooden sheds, huge warehouses, from whose chasm-like windows great cranes are discharging merchandise, or raising it from the boats beneath: and each side artery giving a fresh glimpse into the bustle of a street.

'What survives of the seven wonders of the world, may mainly be seen in London, itself the eighth and greatest, not only for what of the Old World and older times it holds, but for the living, growing marvel it is, the highest achievement of the agglomerating human spirit.'—*W. J. Stillman.*

Throughout its long career, London has owed its chief prosperity, as it probably owed its existence, to the Thames, no longer here the 'fishful river' of the old records, but ever the great inlet and outlet of the life of London, 'which easeth, adorneth, inricheth, feedeth, and fortifieth it.'

'As a wise king first settles fruitful peace
In his own realms; and with their rich increase
Seeks wars abroad, and then in triumph brings
The spoils of kingdoms and the crown of kings,
So Thames to London.'—*Sir F. Denham.*

The Thames is still the greatest highway in London, formerly it was the only highway; for even the best streets were comparatively mere byeways, where the men rode upon horseback, and the ladies were carried in horse-litters. It is a proof of the constant use of the river even in the time of Charles II., that Pepys makes a point of mentioning in his Diary whenever he went to a place *by land.* The Watermen then used to keep time with their oars to songs, with the chorus :—

'Heave and how, rumbelow,'

like the gondoliers at Venice. Howell, writing in 1645, says that the river Thames has not her fellow 'if regard be had to those forests of masts that are perpetually upon her; the variety of

smaller wooden bottoms playing up and down; the stately palaces that are built upon both sides of her banks so thick; which made divers foreign ambassadors affirm that the most glorious sight, take land and water together, was to come upon a high tide from Gravesend, and shoot the bridge to Westminster.' It is a proof of the little need there was to provide for any except water traffic, that except London Bridge there was no bridge over the river in London until Westminster Bridge was built in the middle of the last century. *All* the existing bridges date from the nineteenth century. Hackney-coaches were not invented till the seventeenth century, and these excited the utmost fury in the minds of the Watermen, who had hitherto had the monopoly of all means of public locomotion. Taylor, the Water-Poet, who died in 1654, writes:—

'After a mask or a play at the Court, even the very earth quakes and trembles, the casements shatter, tatter, and clatter, and such a confused noise is made, so that a man can neither sleep, speak, hear, write, or eat his dinner or supper quiet for them.'

The first hackney-coach stand, which existed till 1853, was established in front of St. Mary-le-Strand by Captain Baily in 1634, in which year also Strafford's Letters relate that 'sometimes there are twenty of them together, which disperse up and down,' and that 'they and others are to be had everywhere as Watermen are to be had at the water.' In the same year the Watermen complained vehemently to the king that the hackney coaches were 'not confined to going north and south, but that their plying and carrying of people east and west, to and fro, in the streets and places abutting upon the river doth utterly ruinate your petitioners.' In 1635 the hackney-coaches were limited. In June 1636 the coachmen petitioned to be made into a corporation, so that one hundred might have coaches and pay the king a hundred a year for the right. This number gradually increased, but has only been unlimited since 1833.

In their early existence hackney-coaches had not only the Watermen to contend with. Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham had brought back with them from Spain several Sedan chairs, and, though these at first excited the utmost contempt, people 'loathing that men should be brought to as servile a condition as horses,' their comparative safety on such rugged pavements as the streets were afflicted with in those days soon made them popular, and they continued to be the fashion for a century and a half. They were not, however, without their disadvantages. Swift describes the position of a London dandy in a shower—

'Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While sponts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds;—he trembles from within.'

The discomforts of the streets, however, then made all means of locomotion unpleasant: thus Gay says—

> 'Let others in the jolting coach confide,
> Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide,
> Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
> And trust their safety to another's feet:
> Still let me walk.'

Not only are the pavements improved, and the streets lighted by gas and electricity, but we have now every facility of transport. Besides the usual supply of cabs, whether 'four-wheelers' or hansoms, omnibuses, only introduced from Paris in 1830, now run in every direction, and transport those who are not above using them for immense distances and very small fares. More expensive, and more disagreeable, but still very convenient for those who are in a hurry, is the Underground Metropolitan Railway, which makes an inner circle round London, with stations at all the principal points upon the way.

A pleasant way of learning one's London, as of seeing Rome, is to follow some consecutive guiding thread, such as the life of a particular person, and seeing what it shows us. The life of Milton, for example, would lead from his birthplace in Bread Street and the site of his school at St. Paul's to the sites of his houses in St. Bride's Churchyard, Holborn, Spring Gardens, Scotland Yard, Petty France, Bartholomew Close, and Jewin Street, and so, by the place of his death in Bunhill Fields, to his grave at St. Giles, Cripplegate.

No one can consider the subject without regretting that no official care-taker is appointed for the historical memorials of London, without whose consent the house of Milton in Petty France could not have been swept away by 'the shabby tide of progress,'[1] and whose influence might have been exerted to save at least the picturesque tower of the church which commemorated his baptism, with Dryden's inscription; who might have interposed to save the Tabard Inn, and have prevented the unnecessary destruction of St. Antholin's Tower; who, when a time-honoured burial-ground is turned into a recreation-ground, might suggest that, as in France, advantage should be taken of all the sinuosities and irregularities which gave the place its picturesqueness, instead of levelling them, and overlaying them with yellow gravel and imitation rockwork, ruthlessly tearing up tombstones from the graves to which they belong, and planting paltry flowers and stunted evergreens in their place, as in the historic though now utterly ruined burial-grounds of South Audley Street and St. Pancras. 'Les Monuments sont les crampons qui unissent une génération à une autre; conservez ce qu'ont vu vos pères,' is well said by Joubert in his 'Pensées.' But the desecrators of the City churchyards have often only measured off a square yard or two, kept one tomb, and built warehouses over all the rest.

'We must not hope for, or trust to, any support from the public. A public which has looked on with indifference whilst one of our most precious abbeys has been ruthlessly mutilated,—which has been twenty-five years making up its

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[1] Miss Thackeray.

mind to renew the Regent Street lamp-posts—which planted the Temple Bar Memorial opposite Street's Law Courts, and in one of the narrowest parts of a crowded thoroughfare, and which calmly contemplates removing the church of S. Mary le Strand for exactly opposite reasons,—which has suffered the Burlington House Arcade to moulder neglected by the Thames at Battersea,—which has allowed Temple Bar to be removed from London to the park of a private individual, what can we expect from it?'—*F. E. Masey*, '*The Builder*,' *Jan.* 12, 1889.

Dwellers in the West End never cease to regret the want of the street scavengers, who in even the smaller towns of France and Germany would be employed daily to gather up and carry away the endless litter of orange-peel and paper which, in London parks and squares, is allowed to lie neglected for months, hopelessly vulgarising the grass and flowers—a small but contemptible disgrace to our city, which is much commented upon by foreigners.

Another point which greatly requires a competent and well-informed supervision is the nomenclature of the streets. Almost all the older blocks of houses have possessed an inmate or seen an event they might commemorate, and new streets are usually built on land connected with something which might give them a name; so that it is simply contemptible that, until very lately, there should have been 95 streets in London called King; 99 Queen; 78 Princes; 109 George; 119 John; 91 Charles; 87 James; 58 Thomas; 47 Henry; 54 Alfred; 88 William; 57 Elizabeth; 151 Church; 69 Chapel; 129 Union; 166 New; 90 North and South; 50 East and West; 127 York; 87 Gloucester; 56 Cambridge; 76 Brunswick; 70 Devonshire; 60 Norfolk; 50 Richmond, &c.

'What strikes one at first sight, is the nomenclature of the streets. England, which can boast with reason of the finest literature in the world, does not name its streets after her great literary worthies. When names were wanted, no one thought of Shakspeare, of Spenser, of Gibbon, of Sterne, of Goldsmith, of Burns, of Thackeray, of Dickens, of the hundreds of names that alone would be sufficient to make England glorious for ever.'—*John Bull and his Island.*

The artist in London will find much less difficulty than he anticipates in sketching in the streets, as people are generally too busy to stop to look at him. But, if accustomed to the facilities and liberality met with in Continental cities, he will be quite wearied out with the petty obstacles placed in his way by every one who can. From the Benchers of the Temple to the humblest churchwarden, each official demands to the utmost, orders signed and countersigned, in order that no jot of the little meed of homage to their individual self-importance may by any possibility be overlooked.

There are many who, amid the fatigues of society, might find the utmost refreshment of mind and body in mornings spent amid the tombs at Westminster; the pictures of the City Companies, the Learned Societies, or the great houses of the West End; but most of all in rambles through the ancient byeways of the City. There are many more, especially young men, on whom time in London hangs very heavy, and to whom the perpetual lounge in the Park must end by becoming wearisome and monotonous, and for these

a new mine of interest and pleasure is only waiting to be worked. If they will take even the Walks indicated in these volumes, they can scarcely fail to end them by agreeing with Dr. Johnson that 'he who is tired of London is tired of existence.' To them especially the author would say in the words of Shakspeare—

> 'I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
> With the memorials, and the things of fame,
> That do renown this city.'

CHAPTER I.

THE STRAND.

DR. JOHNSON said, 'I think the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross.' It is the first point which meets the eyes of the traveller on arriving from the Continent, and it may well be taken as a centre in an explanation of London.

In 1260 a village on this site was spoken of as Cherringe,[1] where William of Radnor, Bishop of Llandaff, asked permission of Henry III. to take up his abode in a hermitage during his visits to London. This earlier mention of the name unfortunately renders it impossible to derive it, as has been often done, from *La Chère Reine*, Eleanor, wife of Edward I., 'mulier pia, modesta, misericors, Anglicorum omnium amatrix,' to whom her husband erected here the last of the nine crosses which marked the resting-places of the beloved corpse in 1291 on its way from Lincoln to Westminster, following the precedent set at the burial of St. Louis, who died at Tunis in 1270, and in whose memory crosses had been erected at every point where his bearers rested between Paris and St. Denis. More probably the name is derived from the Saxon word Charan, to turn, both the road and the river making a bend here. The other crosses in memory of Eleanor were at Lincoln, Northampton, Stony Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, and Cheap; and of these only those of Northampton and Waltham remain. That of Charing was the most magnificent of all: it was designed by Richard and Roger de Crundale, with figures by Alexander of Abingdon. The modern cross erected in front of Charing Cross Railway Station is intended as a reproduction of it. The old cross was pulled down in 1647 by the Puritans, amid great lamentations from the opposite party.

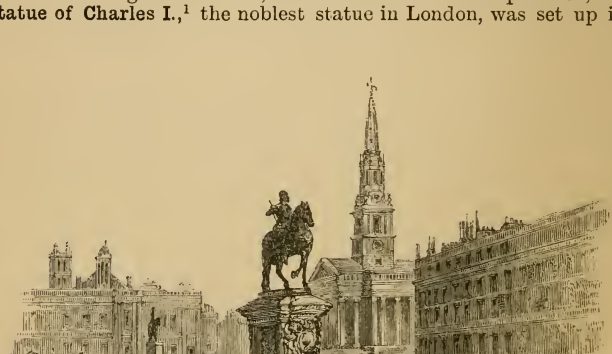
'Methinks the common-council should
Of it have taken pity,
'Cause good old Cross, it always stood
So firmly to the City.
Since crosses you so much disdain,
Faith, if I were as you,
For fear the king should rule again,
I'd pull down Tyburn too.'

The Dounefall of Charing Cross.

The site of the cross was the spot chosen in 1660 for the execution of the Regicides. Hither (October 13) Major-General Thomas

[1] See *Chronica Maiorum et Vicecomitum Londoniarium*, p. 47.

Harrison was brought to the gallows in a sledge, 'with a sweet smiling countenance,' saying that he was going to suffer for 'the most glorious cause that ever was in the world.' 'As he was about to die,' having his face towards the Banqueting House at Whitehall, 'one, in derision, called to him, and said, "Where is your good old cause?" He with a cheerful smile, clapt his hand on his breast, and said, "Here it is, and I am going to seal it with my blood."' Three days after, Hugh Peters, who had preached against Charles I. at St. Margaret's as 'the great Barabbas at Windsor,' with Cook the republican counsel, suffered on the same spot, and afterwards eight other of the Regicides. Here, where his murderers had perished, the **Statue of Charles I.**,[1] the noblest statue in London, was set up in



AT CHARING CROSS.

1674. The figure of the king is what it professes to be—*royal;* and gains by being attired, not in the conventional Roman costume, but in a dress such as he wore, and by being seated on a saddle such as he used. It is the work (1633) of *Hubert Le Sueur*, a pupil of John of Bologna, and was originally ordered by the Lord Treasurer Weston for his gardens at Roehampton. By the terms of the commission, it was to be of brass, a foot larger than life, and the sculptor was to 'take advise of his Majesty's (Charles I.) rider of greate horses, as

[1] Only the names of still existing (1894) monuments and buildings are printed in bold type.

well for the shape of the horse and action as for the graceful shape and action of his Majesty's figure on the same.' Walpole narrates that it was sold by the Parliament to one John Rivet, a brazier, living at the Dial near Holborn Conduit, with strict orders to break it to pieces. Instead of doing this, he concealed it in the vaults under the Church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, and, making some brass handles for knives, and producing them as made from the statue, realised a large sum by their sale, as well to royalists who bought them from love of their king, as to rebels who saw in them a mark of their triumph. At the Restoration the statue was mounted upon its present beautiful pedestal (unspoilt by restoration), which, since Temple Bar has been destroyed with the decorations from his hand, is, perhaps, the only remaining specimen in London of the workmanship of *Joshua Marshall*, Master Mason to the Crown. For two hundred years after the King's death it was wreathed with oak on the 29th of May, the anniversary of the Restoration, and Jacobite tributes have been frequently offered there. The metal round the left fore-foot of the horse bears the inscription HVBER(T) LE SVEVR (FE)CIT. 1633. On the erection of the statue, Waller wrote the lines—

> 'That the first Charles does here in triumph ride,
> See his son reign where he a martyr died;
> And people pay that reverence, as they pass
> (Which then he wanted!) to the sacred brass,
> Is not the effect of gratitude alone,
> To which we owe the statue and the stone:
> But heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
> That mortals may eternally be taught,
> Rebellion, though successful, is but vain;
> And kings, so killed, rise conquerors again.
> This truth the royal image does proclaim,
> Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.'

Close beside the statue was the pillory where Edmund Curll the bookseller, 'embalmed in the bitter herbs of the Dunciad,'[1] was punished. We may also give a thought to the brave old Balmerino as asking here from his guards the indulgence of being allowed to stop to buy 'honey-blobs,' as the Scotch call gooseberries, on his last journey to the Tower after his condemnation.[2]

Harry Vane the younger lived at Charing Cross, next door to Northumberland House. Isaac Barrow, the mathematician and divine, called by Charles II. 'an unfair preacher because he exhausted every subject,' died here over a saddler's shop (1677) in his forty-seventh year. In Hartshorne Lane, close by, lived the mother of Ben Jonson, and hence she sent her boy to a private school in the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.[3]

'Though I cannot with all my industrious inquiry find him in his cradle, I can fetch him from long coats. When a little child he lived in Hartshorne Lane, near Charing Cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband.'—*Fuller's Worthies.*

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1 Alibone, *Dictionary of English and American Authors.*
2 Walpole to Montagu, August 2, 1746.
3 Fuller, *History of the Worthies of England.*

The Swan at Charing Cross was the scene of Ben Jonson's droll extempore grace before James I., for which the king gave him a hundred pounds. The fact that proclamations were made at Charing Cross, gave rise to the allusion in Pope—

> 'Where all that passes inter nos
> Might be proclaimed at Charing Cross,'

which has passed into a byword.

The most interesting approach to the City of London is by that which leads to it by Charing Cross—the great highway of the **Strand**, 'down which the tide of labour flows daily to the City,'[1] and where Charles Lamb says that he 'often shed tears for fulness of joy from so much of life.' To us, when we think of it, the Strand is only a vast thoroughfare crowded with traffic, and the place whither we go to find Exeter Hall, or the Adelphi or Gaiety theatres, as our taste may guide us. But the name which the street still bears will remind us of its position, following the Strand, the shore of the Thames. This was the first cause of its popularity, and of its becoming for three hundred years what the Corso is to Rome, and the Via Nuova to Genoa, a street of palaces. The rise of these palaces was very gradual. As late as the reign of Edward II. (1315), a petition was presented complaining that the road from Temple Bar to Westminster was so infamously bad, that it was ruinous to the feet of both men and horses, and moreover that it was overgrown with thickets and bushes. In the time of Edward III., the courses of the rapid streams which crossed that road and fell into the Thames were spanned by bridges, of which there were three between Charing Cross and Temple Bar. Of two of these bridges the names are still preserved to us in the names of two existing streets—Ivy Bridge Lane and Strand Bridge Lane; the third bridge has itself been seen by many living persons. It was discovered in 1802, buried deep beneath the soil near St. Clement's Church, and was laid bare during the formation of some new sewers. In the reign of Henry VIII., 'the road of the Strand was still described as full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noisome.' But the Strand was the highway from the royal palace at Westminster to the royal palace on the Fleet, and so became popular with the aristocracy.[2] Gradually great houses had sprung up along its course, the earliest being Essex House, Durham House, and the palace of the Bishops of Norwich, afterwards called York House; though even in Elizabeth's time the succession was rather one of country palaces than of town residences, for all the great houses looked into fields upon the north, and on the south had large and pleasant gardens sloping towards the river.

Till the Great Fire drove the impulse of building westwards, and the open ground of Drury Lane and its neighbourhood was built

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[1] Blanchard Jerrold.

[2] Nine bishops are said to have had residences in the Strand.

upon, the Strand was scarcely a street in its present sense; but it was already crowded as a thoroughfare. Even in 1628 George Wither, the Puritan Poet, in his 'Britain's Remembrancer,' speaks of—

> 'The Strand, that goodly throw-fare betweene
> The Court and City: and where I have seene
> Well-nigh a million passing in one day.'

It was in the Strand that (May 29, 1660) Evelyn 'stood and beheld and blessed God' for the triumphal entry of Charles II.

As the houses closed in two hundred years ago and the Strand became a regular street, it was enlivened by every house and shop having its own sign, which long took the place of the numbers now attached to them. Chaucer and Shakespeare when in London would have been directed to at the sign of the Dog, or the Golden Unicorn, or the Three Crowns, or whatever might be the emblem of the house at which they were residing. The signs were all swept away in the reign of George III., both because they had then acquired so great a size, and projected so far over the street, and because on a windy day they were blown to and fro with horrible creaking and groaning, and were often torn off and thrown down, killing the foot-passengers in their fall. Many old London signs are preserved in the City Museum of the Guildhall, and are very curious. The persons who lived in the houses so distinguished were frequently surnamed from their signs. Thus the famous Thomas à Becket was in his youth called 'Thomas of the Snipe,' from the emblem of the house where he was born.

One only of the great Strand palaces survived entire to our own time, and our own generation has seen, and mourned the loss of, Northumberland House, one of the noblest Jacobean buildings in England, and the most picturesque feature in London. The architects were Bernard Jansen and Gerard Christmas, whose work was added to by Inigo Jones. The house was begun in 1603 by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, who was ridiculed for building so large a residence in the then country village of Charing. He bequeathed it to his nephew, the Earl of Suffolk, who was the builder of Audley End, and who finished the garden side of the house. Hence Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, was married to Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery, being the bride described in the verses of Suckling—

> 'Her feet, beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice, stole in and out,
> As if they fear'd the light:
> But oh! she dances such a way!
> No sun upon an Easter day
> Is half so fine a sight.'

The building was then called Suffolk House, but changed its name (in 1642) when Elizabeth, daughter of the second Earl of Suffolk, married Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland. On the death of the eleventh Earl without male issue it passed to

his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Percy, who was twice a widow and three times a wife before she was seventeen. Her third husband was Charles Seymour, commonly called the proud Duke of Somerset, one of the chief figures in the pageants and politics of six reigns, having supported the chief mourner at the funeral of Charles II., and carried the orb at the coronation of George II. It was this Duke who never allowed his daughters to sit down in his presence, even when they were nursing him for days and weeks together, in his eighty-seventh year, at Northumberland House, and who deducted twenty thousand pounds from the portion of one of his daughters because he caught her napping by his bedside. In his last years his punctiliousness so little decreased that when his second wife, Lady Charlotte Finch, once ventured to pat him playfully on the shoulder, he turned round upon her with, 'Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and she would never have taken such a liberty.' It was a son of this proud Duke who was created Earl of Northumberland, with remainder to his only daughter, who married Sir Hugh Smithson, created Duke of Northumberland in 1766. Added to, and altered at different periods, the greater part of the house, though charming as a residence, was architecturally unimportant. But when it was partially rebuilt, the original features of the Strand front had always been preserved—and as we saw its beautiful gateway, so, with the exception of a few additional ornaments, it was originally designed. The balustrade was originally formed by an inscription in capital letters, as at Audley End and Temple Newsam, and it is recorded that the fall of one of these letters killed a spectator as the funeral of Anne of Denmark was passing. High above the porch stood for a hundred and twenty-five years a leaden lion, the crest of the Percies (now removed to Sion House); and it was a favourite question, which few could answer right, which way the familiar animal's tail pointed. Of all the barbarous and ridiculous injuries wantonly inflicted on London within the last few years, the destruction of Northumberland House has been the greatest. The removal of a great historic house should never be required, and pulling down some ugly houses on the west, and the sacrifice of a corner of the garden, might have given a better turn to the street called Northumberland Avenue (opened 1876), and have saved the finest great historical house in London, 'commenced by a Howard, continued by a Percy, and completed by a Seymour'—the house in which the restoration of the monarchy was successfully planned in 1660 in the secret conferences of General Monk.

It is just beyond the melancholy site of Northumberland House (now occupied by the shapeless buildings of the **Grand Hotel**) that we enter upon what is still called 'the Strand.' If we could linger, as we might in the early morning, when there would be no great traffic to hinder us, we should see that, even now, the great street is far from unpicturesque. Its houses, projecting, receding, still ornamented here and there with bow-windows, sometimes with a little sculpture or pargetting work, present a very broken outline to the sky; and, at the end, in the blue haze which is so beautiful on a

fine day in London, rises the Flemish-looking steeple of St. Mary-le-Strand with the light streaming through its open pillars.

The Strand palaces are gone now. In Italian cities, which love their reminiscences and guard them, their sites would be marked by inscribed tablets let into the later houses. This is not the way with Englishmen; yet, even in England, they have their own commemoration, and in the Strand the old houses and the old residents have their record in the names of the adjoining streets on either side the way. Gay, calling upon his friend Fortescue to walk west with him from Temple Bar, thus alludes to them:—

'Come, Fortescue, sincere, experienced friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and e'en thy fees suspend:
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me business to my distant lodging calls;
Through the long Strand together let us stray;
With thee conversing, I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends,
Here Arundel's famed structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear:
Where statues breathed, the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watchhouse stands.
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers',—now no more.'

The first opening on the right of the Strand is **Craven Street**, where a tablet on the wall of No. 7 records that it marks the residence of Benjamin Franklin during part of his sojourn in England. James Smith, one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*, died at No. 27. He had received from a friend the lines—

'In Craven Street, Strand, the attorneys find place,
And ten dark coal barges are moored at its base;
Fly, honesty, fly! seek some safer retreat,
There's craft in the river, and craft in the street.'

To which the wit replied that there was no need for honesty to go, as

'The lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are just at the bottom.'

Charing Cross Railway Station, in front of which a copy of the ancient Cross of Queen Eleanor was erected by *E. Barry* in 1864, occupies the site of the mansion of Sir Edward Hungerford (created Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles II.), which was burnt in April 1669. On the ground thus accidentally cleared Hungerford Market was erected, which was decorated with a bust of Sir Edward Hungerford 'the Spendthrift,' who died in 1711, and was represented here in the wig for which he gave 500 guineas. The Hungerford Suspension Bridge which here crossed the Thames now spans the tremendous chasm beneath St. Vincent's Rocks at Clifton.

We must turn to the right, immediately beyond the station, to visit the remnants of the famous palace known as York House. The

Archbishops of York had been without any town house after York Place, now Whitehall, was taken away from them by Wolsey, and this site, previously occupied by the Inn of the Bishops of Norwich, was given to them by Mary. The Archbishops, however, scarcely ever lived here. They let it to the Lords Keepers of the Great Seal, and thus it was that Sir Nicholas Bacon came to reside at York House, and that his son, the great Lord Bacon, was born here on January 22, 1560. He gave a party here to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his birth, and was greatly attached to the place; for when the Duke of Lennox wished him to sell his interest in it, he answered, 'For this you will pardon me; York House is the house where my father died, and where I first breathed, and there I will yield up my breath, if so please God, and the king will give me leave.'

Lord Bacon 'being in Yorke house garden, looking on Fishers, as they were throwing their nett, asked them what they would take for their draught: they answered *so much*: his lordship would offer them no more but *so much*. They drew up their nett, and it were only 2 or 3 little fishes. His lordship then told them, it had been better for them to have taken his offer. They replied, they hoped to have had a better draught; *but*, said his lordship, "*Hope is a good breakfast, but an ill supper.*"'—*Aubrey's Lives.*

In May 1624, Steenie, James I.'s Duke of Buckingham, obtained York Place by exchange, and formed plans for sumptuously rebuilding it, but only the Watergate was completely carried out to show how great were his intentions.

'There was a costly magnificence in the fêtes at York House, the residence of Buckingham, of which few but curious researchers are aware; they eclipsed the splendours of the French Court; for Bassompierre, in one of his despatches, declares that he never witnessed a similar magnificence. He describes the vaulted apartments, the ballets at supper, which were proceeding between the services, with various representations, theatrical changes, and those of the tables, and the music; the duke's own contrivance, to prevent the inconvenience of pressure, by having a turning door like that of the monasteries, which admitted only one person at a time.'—*D'Israeli*, '*Curiosities of Literature.*'

The Parliament gave the house to their General, Fairfax, but when his daughter married George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, it brought the property back into that family. Cromwell was exceedingly angry at this marriage. The Duke was permitted to reside at York House with his wife, but on his venturing to go without leave to Cobham to visit his sister, he was arrested and sent to the Tower, where he remained till the Protector's death. It was this Duke—

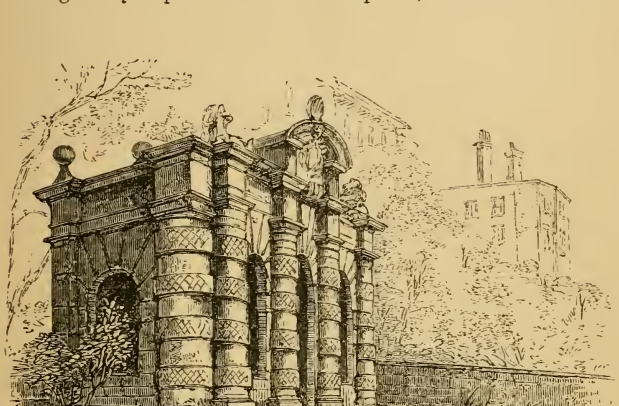
> 'Who, in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
> Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
> Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.'
>
> *Dryden.*

He sold York House and its gardens for building purposes, at the same time buying property in Dowgate, but insisted as a condition of purchase that he should be commemorated in the names of the streets erected on his former property, and this quaint memorial of him still remains in the names of George Street, Villiers Street,

with Duke Street and Buckingham Street, formerly connected by Of Lane—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. This nomenclature was much laughed at at the time, and gave rise to the satire called 'The Litany of the Duke of Buckingham,' containing the lines—

> 'From damning whatever we don't understand,
> From purchasing at Dowgate, and selling in the Strand,
> Calling streets by our name when we have sold the land,
> Libera nos Domine!'

Villiers Street, where John Evelyn tells us that he lived 1683-4, 'having many important causes to despatch, and for the education



THE WATERGATE OF YORK HOUSE.

of my daughters,' leads by the side of Charing Cross Railway Station to the pretty gardens on the Thames Embankment, where we may visit the principal remnant of York House—and a grand one it is—the stately **Watergate**, built for Duke Steenie, and perhaps the most perfect piece of building which does honour to the name of Inigo Jones,[1] from whose designs it was executed by the celebrated master-mason Nicholas Stone, as we learn from the catalogue of his works by his nephew Charles Stoakes. On the side towards the river are the Duke's arms, and on the side towards Buckingham Street the Villiers motto, 'Fidei coticula Crux'—'The

[1] See Ralph's *Critical Review of Public Buildings.*

Cross is the Touchstone of Faith.' The steps, known as York Stairs, and the bases of its columns, have been buried since the river has been driven back by the Embankment, and the 'Watergate' has now lost its meaning; but since it is undoubtedly one of the best architectural monuments in London, perfect alike in its proportions and its details, it is a great pity that a large fountain or tank is not made in front of it, so that its steps might still descend upon water. At present it only serves curiously to mark the height to which the Embankment has been raised. In ancient days the river was fordable at low water opposite York Stairs.

Immediately behind the gate, at the end of Buckingham Street on the left, is No. 15, the only remaining portion of the house of the Duke of Buckingham. It is now used for the Charity Organisation Society, but retains its old ceilings, decorated with roses and apples magnificently raised in stucco of extraordinarily bold design. In the centre are pictures, perhaps by Verrio, of Spring and Summer. Peter the Great lived in the upper part of this house when he was in England, and used to spend his evenings here with Lord Caermarthen, drinking hot brandy with pepper in it; and here also Dickens, who lived here for some time himself, makes his David Copperfield reside in 'a singularly desirable, compact set of chambers, forming a genteel residence for a young gentleman.' The house on the other side of the way (No. 14, rebuilt, however), upon which the windows of this old house looked out, was occupied by Samuel Pepys, and, in later times, by Stanfield and by Etty, who wrote, 'It is a pleasant spot to be so near the middle of the metropolis —quiet as the country, without its distance.' York House itself contained, in the time of Charles I., a fine picture gallery, and the 'Cain and Abel' of John of Bologna was amongst the decorations of its garden.

Beyond the gardens of York House, on the same side of the Strand, the houses of the great nobles once ranged along the Thames bank, as the Venetian palaces do along the Grand Canal. First came Durham House, with great round towers, battlemented like a castle towards the river. The Earls of Leicester had a palace here, at the watergate of which Simon de Montfort hospitably received his enemy, Henry III., when he was driven on shore by a tempest to which his boat was unequal. The Bishop of Durham first possessed it under Bishop Beck, in the time of Edward I., but it was rebuilt by Bishop Hatfield in 1345. Edward VI. gave it to his sister Elizabeth. Afterwards it was inhabited by John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and here, says Holinshed, were celebrated in May 1553 three marriages—that of Lord Guildford Dudley, fourth son of Northumberland, with Lady Jane Grey; that of her sister Katherine with Lord Herbert; and that of Katherine Dudley, youngest daughter of Northumberland, with Lord Hastings. Lady Jane's marriage was intended as a prelude to placing her on the throne, and from hence she set forth upon her unhappy progress to the Tower to be received as Queen. Elizabeth afterwards granted the house to Sir Walter Raleigh.

'I well remember his study, which was on a little turret that looked into and over the Thames, and had the prospect which is as pleasant, perhaps, as any in the world, and which not only refreshes the eiesight, but cheers the spirit, and (to speake my mind) I believe enlarges an ingeniose man's thoughts.'—*Aubrey's Lives.*

But, on the death of Elizabeth, the Bishops of Durham reasserted their claims to their palace, and Raleigh was turned out. On part of the site of Durham House was built, in 1608, the New Exchange, called 'the Bursse of Britain' by James I. It was here that the wife of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, sold gloves and washballs, at the sign of 'The Three Spanish Gypsies,' when married to her first husband, Thomas Radford the farrier; and here that 'La Belle Jennings,' the heroic widow of Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnell, ruined by the fall of James II., sate working in a white mask and was known as 'the White Milliner,' under which name she appears in a drama by Douglas Jerrold.

The ruins of Durham House remained till the reign of George III. Part of its site and its gardens is now occupied by **Adelphi Terrace**, approached by streets with names which commemorate each of its founders, the four enterprising brothers, John, Robert, James, and William Adam (1768); while the name Adelphi, from the Greek word ἀδελφοί (brothers), commemorates them collectively. David Garrick, whose 'death eclipsed the gaiety of nations,'[1] expired (1779) in the centre house of the Terrace, which has a ceiling by Antonio Zucchi, and hence he was borne with the utmost pomp, followed by most of the noble coaches in London, to Westminster Abbey. The witty Topham Beauclerk also died in the Terrace, and Boswell narrates how he 'stopped a little while by the railings, looking on the Thames,' and mourned with Johnson over the two friends they had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind them. In John Street, Adelphi, King Kamehameha II., of the Sandwich Islands, and his Queen both died of the measles in 1824. Here is the Hall of the **Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.**

Free admission is granted to visitors every day between 10 and 4, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The **Committee Room** contains the six great pictures of James Barry (1741–1806) which were intended to illustrate the maxim that the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, proper cultivation, and perfection of the human faculties, physical and moral. The artist was employed upon them for seven years. They represent—

1. *Orpheus*, as the founder of Grecian theology, instructing the savage natives of a savage country.
2. *A Grecian Harvest Home*, as portraying a state of happiness and simplicity.
3. *Crowning the Victors at Olympia.* The finest portion of this immense picture represents the sons of Diagoras of Rhodes carrying their father in triumph

[1] Dr. Johnson.

round the stadium. He is said to have died of joy on beholding his three sons victors on the same day.

4. *Commerce, or the Triumph of the Thames.* The figures of Drake, Raleigh, Sebastian Cabot, and Captain Cook are absurdly introduced as Tritons!

5. *The Distribution of Rewards by the Society of Arts.* This picture is interesting as containing a number of contemporary portraits—Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, Mrs. Montagu, the Duchesses of Devonshire, Rutland, Northumberland, &c.

6. *Elysium, or the State of Final Retribution,* being an apotheosis of those whom the artist considered to be the chief cultivators and benefactors of mankind.

'Whatever the hand may have done, the mind (in these pictures) has done its part; there is a grasp of mind here which you will find nowhere else.'—*Dr. Johnson.*

'The audacious honesty of this eminent man conspired against his success in art: he talked and wrote down the impressions of his pencil. The history of his life lies in the tale of splendid works contemplated and seldom begun, of theories of art, exhibiting the confidence of genius and learning, and of a constant warfare waged against a coterie of connoisseurs, artists, and antiquarians, who ruled the realm of taste.'—*Allan Cunningham.*

In the Anteroom is a good portrait, by *R. Cosway*, of William Shipley (brother of Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph), by whom the Society was founded in 1754.

Returning to the Strand, we may notice that at **Coutts's Bank** (between Buckingham Street and Durham Street) the royal family have banked since the reign of Queen Anne.

On the right of the Strand is **Ivy Bridge Lane**, where, says Pennant, 'the Earl of Rutland had a house in which several of that noble family breathed their last.' It was in a house opposite the entrance of this lane that 'that olde, olde man,' Thomas Parr, died, having done penance in Alderbury Church for being the father of an illegitimate child when he was above an hundred years old. **Salisbury Street** and **Cecil Street** now commemorate Salisbury House, the town residence of Sir Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, Lord High Treasurer in the time of James I. No trace of it is left except in the names. No. 21 Cecil Street, was the residence of Edmund Kean when he first became famous.

The district to the north of the Strand, where the palaces we have been describing looked into the open country, belonged to the Dukes of Bedford, and is known as **Bedfordbury. Brydges Street** and **Chandos Street**[1] here commemorate the marriage of the fourth Earl of Bedford with Catherine, daughter and co-heiress of Giles Brydges, third Lord Chandos, whose mansion once occupied their site. The title of the fifth Earl, created Marquis of Tavistock at the Restoration, remains in **Tavistock Street.** His eldest son, the famous William, Lord Russell, married Lady Rachel Wriothesley, second daughter of Thomas, Earl of Southampton, whence **Southampton Street.** David Garrick lived in No. 27 before he moved to Adelphi Terrace. Here the 'Bedford Head' was situated, where Paul

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[1] At 'The Hole in the Wall,' now 'The Marquess of Granby,' by Taylor's Buildings in Chandos Street, Claude du Val was captured in the reign of Charles II.

Whitehead gave his supper parties, and which is celebrated in the lines of Pope—

> 'When sharp with hunger, scorn you to be fed,
> Except on pea-chicks at the Bedford Head.'

Southampton Street—where phosphorus was first manufactured in England—leads into **Covent Garden**, a space which, as early as 1222, under the name of Frère Pye Garden, was the convent garden of Westminster, and which through all the changes of time and place has ever remained sacred to the fruits and flowers of its early existence, so that, though these are no longer growing, it has never lost its old name of 'garden.' At the Dissolution Edward VI. granted the garden to his uncle the Protector Somerset, but, reverting to the crown on his attainder, it was afterwards granted, with the seven acres called Long Acre, to John, Earl of Bedford, who built his town-house on the site now occupied by Southampton Street. It was not till 1621 that the houses around the square were built from designs by Inigo Jones, but certainly from 1656 and long afterwards the market continued to be held under the shade of what Strype calls 'a grotto of trees,' hanging over the wall of the grounds of Bedford House (now commemorated in Bedford Street), which bounded Covent Garden on the south. Many allusions in the works of the poets of Charles II.'s time show that this, which Sydney Smith calls 'the amorous and herbivorous parish of Covent Garden,' was then one of the most fashionable quarters of London—in fact, that it was the Belgrave Square of the Stuarts; and it will always be classic ground from its association with the authors and wits of the last century. When Bedford House was pulled down in 1704, the market gradually, by the increasing traffic, became pushed into the middle of the area, and finally has usurped the whole, though a print by Sutton Nichols shows that as late as 1810 it only consisted of a few sheds.

The north side of the market is still occupied by the arcade, first called 'the Portico Walk,' but which has long borne the quaint name of **Piazza**, an open corridor like those which line the streets of Italian towns. It is a common enough place now, with ugly plastered columns, but when originally built by Inigo Jones, was highly picturesque, with its carved grey stone pillars relieved upon a brick front. There is an odd evidence of the popularity of the piazza in the time of Charles II., James II., and William III., in the fact that 'piazza' was chosen as the favourite name for the foundling children of the parish. The registers abound in such names as Peter Piazza, Mary Piazza, and Paul Piazza. It was the custom in those days to lay all foundling children at the doors of the unfortunate Bishop of Durham, who lived in the house, now a Club, and better known perhaps as Evan's, and leave them there. In the last century the square was used for the football matches, which are described by Gay—

> 'Where Covent Garden's famous temple stands,
> That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands,
> Columns with plain magnificence appear,
> And graceful porches lead along the square:

Here oft my course I bend, when lo! from far
I spy the furies of the football war;
The 'prentice quits his shop to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.
But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now skims the streets, now soars on high;
The dexterous glazier strong returns the bound,
And jingling sashes on the pent-house sound.'

Attention was much drawn to Covent Garden in 1779 by the murder of Miss Reay, who was shot in the Piazza by Mr. Hackman, a clergyman (from jealousy of Lord Sandwich), as she was coming from Covent Garden Theatre. In the **Old Hummums** Tavern died Parson Ford, the story of the twofold appearance of whose ghost in the cellar of the house is told in Boswell's Life of Johnson.

It was in Covent Garden that the famous 'Society of Beefsteaks' was founded by John Rich and George Lambert in 1735, meeting every Saturday in 'a noble room at the top of Covent Garden Theatre, which would never suffer any dish except beefsteaks to appear.'[1] The 'Sublime Society'[2] was composed 'of the chief wits and illustrious men of the nation;' the badge worn by the members being a golden gridiron suspended round the neck by a green riband.[3] When Covent Garden Theatre was burnt in 1808, the Society lost Handel's organ and the manuscripts of Sheridan's Comedies were destroyed in the fire. Amongst those who lived in the square were Sir P. Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

When St. Martin-in-the-Fields became too small for its parishioners, Francis, fifth Earl of Bedford, to whom all this neighbourhood belonged, desired Inigo Jones to build him a chapel in Covent Garden, but said that he would not go to any considerable expense—in short, that it must be little better than a barn. 'Well then, you shall have the handsomest barn in England,' said Inigo Jones, and he built **St. Paul's, Covent Garden** (always interesting as the first important Protestant church raised in England), which exactly fulfils his promise. Bare, uncouth, and featureless in its general forms, it nevertheless becomes really picturesque from the noble play of light and shade caused by its boldly projecting roof, and the deeply receding portico behind its two pillars. The most serious defect is that this portico leads to nothing, for, in order to have the altar to the east, the entrance is at the side, and the altar behind the portico. The interior is a miserable, featureless parallelogram. The portico (renewed in 1879) was the only part that escaped a fire in 1795, when all the rest, which was originally of brick, perished, together with the tomb of Sir P. Lely (whose real name was Vandervaes), and his famous picture of Charles I. as a marytr, kneeling with a crown of thorns in his hand, having cast his royal crown aside. Southerne the dramatist, the friend of Dryden (1660–1746), used

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1 The *Connoisseur*, No. xxix.
2 One of the rules of the 'Society' was the infliction of a fine when any member called it a club.
3 Chetwood's *Hist. of the Stage.*

regularly to attend evening prayers here; a 'venerable old gentleman, always neatly dressed in black, with his silver sword and silver locks.'[1]

A great number of eminent persons besides Lely were buried here when Covent Garden was in fashion. They include Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset (1645), the notorious favourite of James I., who lived hard by in Russell Street; John Taylor—'the Water Poet'—whose endless works do so much to illustrate the manners of his age (1654); Dr. John Donne, son of the famous poet-dean of St. Paul's, but himself described by Wood as 'an atheistical buffoon, a banterer, and a person of over-free thought' (1662); Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to Charles I. (1673); Richard Wiseman, the companion of Charles II. in exile, and his serjeant-surgeon after the Restoration, whose works attest the cures worked 'by his Majesty's touch alone' (1676); Sir Edward Greaves, physician of Charles II. (1680); Dick Estcourt the actor, whose death is described by Steele in No. 468 of the *Spectator* (1711–12); Edward Kynaston the famous actor of female parts, who kept Charles II. waiting because 'the queen was not shaved yet,'[2] and who left his name to 'Kynaston's Alley' (1712); William Wycherley the dramatist (1715); Grinling Gibbons the sculptor (1721); Mrs. Susannah Centlivre the dramatist (1723); Robert Wilks the comedian (1731); Dr. John Armstrong the physician and poet, attacked by Churchill (1779); Tom Davies the bookseller, the friend of Boswell, who introduced him to Johnson (1785); Sir Robert Strange[3] the engraver (1792); Charles Macklin the actor, who is said to have appeared in his hundredth year in the character of Shylock;[4] Thomas Girtin the 'Father of water-colour painting' (1802); and Thomas King the actor (1805). Under the north-west wall of the church rests Samuel Butler, the author of 'Hudibras' (1680).

'His feet touch the wall. His grave 2 yards distant from the pilaster of the dore (by his desire), 6 foot deepe.'—*Aubrey.*

'In the midst of obscurity passed the life of Butler, a man whose name can only perish with his language. The mode and place of his education are unknown; the events of his life are variously related; and all that can be told with certainty is, that he was poor.'—*Dr. Johnson.*

Dr. John Wolcot—'Peter Pindar'—(1819), was buried, by his own desire, as near Butler as might be. The grave of the famous highwayman Claude Duval had the epitaph—

> 'Here lies Du Vall: Reader, if male thou art,
> Look to thy purse: if female, to thy heart.'

Amongst other grave-stones in the miserable churchyard is that

[1] Oldys.
[2] Oldys.
[3] Knighted, in spite of his having fought for Prince Charles Edward and having narrowly escaped from arrest and execution by being concealed from his pursuers under the wide-spreading hoop of a young lady from whom he implored protection, and whom he afterwards married.
[4] His epitaph says he died at the age of 107, but his coffin-plate, discovered a few years since, makes him only 97 at his death (1797).

of James Worsdale the painter (1767), which bore the lines (removed in 1848) by himself—

> 'Eager to get, but not to keep, the pelf,
> A friend to all mankind except himself;'

and that of Henry Jerningham, goldsmith (1761), with the lines by Aaron Hill—

> 'All that accomplish'd body lends mankind,
> From earth receiving, he to earth resign'd;
> All that e'er graced a soul from Heaven he drew,
> And took back with him, as an angel's due.'

On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, its especial market-days, Covent Garden should be visited. It is one of the prettiest sights in London, and it is difficult to say whether the porch given up to flowers, or the avenue devoted to fruit, is most radiant in freshness and colour. How many London painters, unable to go farther afield, have come hither with profit to study effects of colour, which the piles of fruit give as nothing else can! Turner's early love for the oranges, which he knew so well in his home near Covent Garden, comes out in his later life, in his 'Wreck of the Orange Vessel,' in which the fruits of his boyish study are seen tossing and reeling on the waves.

The latter existence of Covent Garden has, from its neighbourhood to the Cockpit, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden Theatres, become associated with actors and actresses.

> 'The convent becomes a playhouse; monks and nuns turn actors and actresses. The garden, formal and quiet, where a salad was cut for a lady abbess, and flowers were gathered to adorn images, becomes a market, noisy and full of life, distributing thousands of fruits and flowers to a vicious metropolis.'—*W. S. Landor.*

Thackeray, who always used to put up at 'the Bedford' in Covent Garden in his youth, has left a vivid description of the place in his time:—

> 'The two great national theatres on one side, a churchyard full of mouldy but undying celebrities on the other; a fringe of houses studded in every part with anecdote or history; an arcade often more gloomy and deserted than a cathedral aisle; a rich cluster of brown old taverns—one of them filled with the counterfeit presentments of many actors long since silent, who scowl and smile once more from the canvas upon the grandsons of their dead admirers; a something in the air which breathes of old books, old painters, and old authors; a place beyond all other places one would choose in which to hear the chimes at midnight, a crystal palace—the representative of the present—which presses in timidly from a corner upon many things of the past; a withered bank that has been sucked dry by a felonious clerk, a squat building with a hundred columns, and chapel-looking fronts, which always stands knee-deep in baskets, flowers, and scattered vegetables; a common centre into which Nature showers her choicest gifts, and where the kindly fruits of the earth often nearly choke the narrow thoroughfares; a population that never seems to sleep, and that does all in its power to prevent others sleeping; a place where the very latest suppers and the earliest breakfasts jostle each other over the footways.'

Many kindly recollections of the present century centre in Evan's Hotel, Covent Garden, now a Club. The house, which formerly

had a façade like a ship's stern, is the background of Hogarth's 'Morning.' Burnet says that it was built for Admiral Lord Edward Russell, afterwards Earl of Orford (who died in 1727), in reward for his defeat of the French fleet off Cape La Hogue in 1692, and its staircase is said to have been made from the timbers of the Admiral's flagship. The house afterwards belonged to Thomas, Lord Archer. It was opened as one of the first family hotels in 1774. Part of the coffee-room of the **Tavistock,** on the north-east side of the market, was once the studio of Richard Wilson the landscape painter.

The names of the greater part of the streets around Covent Garden bear evidence to the time of their erection. Besides those called after the noble family which owned them, we have King Street, Charles Street, and Henrietta Street, called after Charles I. and his Queen; James Street and York Street from the Duke of York; Catherine Street[1] from Catherine of Braganza. At No. 4 York Street, Thomas de Quincey wrote the 'Confessions of an Opium-Eater.' In King Street, where Richardson places the closing scenes of 'Clarissa,' some of the doors are of mahogany, for here lived the lady by whom that wood was first introduced. That **Bow Street,** on the east of Covent Garden, was once fashionable, we learn from the epilogue of one of Dryden's plays—

> 'I've had to-day a dozen billets doux
> From fops, and wits and cits, and Bow Street beaux;'

but, as Sir Walter Scott observes, 'a billet doux from Bow Street,' which has been associated with the principal police-court of London for more than a century, 'would now be more alarming than flattering.' Edmund Waller the poet, and Grinling Gibbons the sculptor, lived in this street, and, at one time, Fielding the novelist in a house destroyed in the riots of 1780. It was to this street also that Charles II. came to visit Wycherley when he was ill, and gave him £500 that he might go to the south of France for his health. Bow Street became famous in the last century as containing Will's —the 'Wits' Coffee House,' described in Prior's 'Town and Country Mouse,' where you might

> 'see
> Priests sipping coffee, sparks and poets tea.'

It was brought into fashion by its being the resort of Dryden. Hither Pope, at twelve years old, persuaded his friend to bring him, that he might look upon the great poet of his childish veneration, whom he afterwards described as 'a plump man, with a down look, and not very conversable.'

'Will's' continued to be the Wits' Coffee House till Addison drew them to 'Button's' (who had been a servant of his)[2] in the neighbouring Russell Street. Here Pope describes him as coming to dine daily, and remaining for five or six hours afterwards. At

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[1] Containing Drury Lane Theatre.
[2] Pope in *Spence's Anecdotes.*

'Tom's Coffee House,' at No. 17 in the same street (taken down in 1865), Dr. Mead, the most famous of English physicians from the reign of Queen Anne to that of George II., used to sit daily, prescribing for his patients upon written or oral statements from their apothecaries. This was the favourite resort of Johnson and Garrick: here also was daily to be seen the familiar figure of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his spectacles on his nose, his trumpet always in his ear, and his silver snuff-box ever in his hand. It was at No. 8 in this street that Boswell first saw Dr. Johnson.

In **Russell Street**, Covent Garden, Charles Lamb and his sister lived over a brazier's shop from 1817 to 1823—in the 'individual spot' he liked 'best in all this great city.' No. 26 Russell Street is the **Albion**, formerly a great resort of actors, and haunt of Edmund Kean.

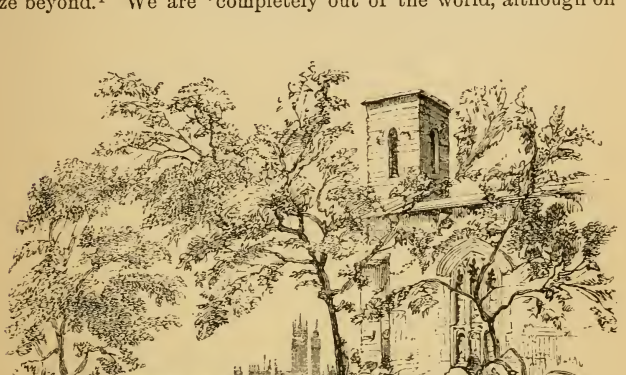
In **Maiden Lane**, which runs parallel with the Strand to the south of Covent Garden, the great artist Turner was born in May 1775, in the shop of his father, who was a hairdresser. In Maiden Lane, No. 20, were the 'Cider Cellars,' a haunt of Porson, latterly the Adelphi Club. Maiden Lane leads into **Chandos Street**, where Claude Duval was taken, at the tavern called 'the Hole in the Wall,' in 1699.

Returning to the Strand, **Burghley Street** and **Exeter Street** commemorate Exeter House, where the great Lord Burghley lived and died. Elizabeth came here to see him when he was ill, in a headdress so high that she could not enter the door. The groom of the chambers ventured to urge her to stoop. 'I will stoop for your master,' she said, 'but not for the King of Spain;' and when Lord Burghley himself apologised for not being able to stand up to receive her on account of the badness of his legs, she replied, 'My lord, we do not make use of you for the badness of your legs, but for the goodness of your head.' The site of the house was afterwards occupied by the Exeter Change, which contained a famous menagerie, of which the elephant Chunee, whose skeleton is now at the College of Surgeons, was a distinctive feature. Dr. Johnson's first London lodging was in Exeter Street. Between the two streets now stands **Exeter Hall** (designed by *Deering* and built in 1831), which, celebrated for its concerts and its religious 'May meetings,' was purchased in 1880 for the Young Men's Christian Association.

On the right, on the site of Beaufort Buildings, stood Worcester House, once the palace of the Bishops of Carlisle, afterwards rented from the Marquis of Worcester by the Lord Chancellor Hyde. Here it was that, with outward reluctance and secret glee, he connived at the strange marriage of his daughter Anne with the Duke of York, afterwards James II., which was celebrated in the middle of the night of September 3, 1660. The house was pulled down when the Duke of Beaufort bought Buckingham House in Chelsea. In Beaufort Buildings lived Fielding the novelist, and it was here that, having given away to a needy friend the money which had been advanced to him in his poverty by Jacob Tonson the publisher for the payment of his taxes, he said coolly to the astonished collector,

'Friendship has called for the money, and had it; let the tax-gatherer call again.'

We must now turn aside by a narrow street upon the right of the Strand, and it will be with a sense of almost surprise as well as relief that we find ourselves transported from the noise and bustle of the crowded thoroughfare to the peaceful quietude of a sunny churchyard, where the old grey tombstones are shaded by a grove of plane-trees and lilacs, and where an ancient church stands upon a height, which, till November 1878, had an open view towards the gleaming river with its busy Embankment, and Westminster Abbey and the houses of Parliament rising in the stillness of the purple haze beyond.[1] We are 'completely out of the world, although on



THE CHURCHYARD OF THE SAVOY.

the very skirt, and verge, and hem, of the roaring world of London.'[2] In this churchyard, and on the ground now occupied by all the neighbouring courts and warehouses, once stood the famous Savoy Palace. Built by Peter, brother of Archbishop Boniface, and uncle of Eleanor of Provence, wife of Henry III., when he came over on a visit to his niece, it became a centre for all the princes, ecclesiastics, and artists who crowded to London in consequence of the marriage. The first owner bequeathed it to the monks of Montjoy at Havering at the Bower, from whom it was bought by Queen

[1] The view is now blocked by the Savoy Hotel.

[2] G. A. Sala.

Eleanor for her second son, Edmund, Earl of Lancaster. It continued in the hands of his descendants, and, after the battle of Poitiers, in 1356, became the residence of the captive King John of France. John was set free in October 1360, but being unable to fulfil the conditions of his release, and unwilling to yield to his captor, the Black Prince, in chivalry and honour, voluntarily returned, and being again assigned a residence in the Savoy, died there, April 9, 1364, at which, says Froissart, 'the king, queen, and princes of the blood, and all the nobles of England, were exceedingly concerned, from the great love and affection King John had shown them since the conclusion of peace.'

While the Savoy was the London residence of John of Gaunt, the poet Chaucer is believed to have been married here to Philippa, daughter of Sir Paon de Roet, a lady in the household of Blanche, Duchess of Lancaster, and sister of Katherine Swynford, who became the Duke's third wife. In 1381 the Duke of Lancaster's house of the Savoy, 'unto the which,' says Stow, 'there was none in the realme to be compared in beauty and statelinesse,' was pillaged and burnt by the rebels under Wat Tyler, to punish the Duke for the protection he had afforded to the followers of Wickliffe. Thirty-two of the assailants lingered so long drinking up the sweet wine in the cellars, that they were walled in, and 'were heard crying and calling seven daies after, but none came to helpe them out till they were dead.' Hardyng's Chronicle commemorates the flight of John of Gaunt from the Savoy :—

> 'The cōmons brent the Sauoye a place fayre
> For evil wyll the hand vnto Duke John :
> Wherefore he fled northwarde in great dispayre
> Into Scotlande : for socoure had he none
> In Englande then, to whō he durste make moane ;
> And there abode tyll commons all were ceased
> In Englande hole, and all the land well peased.'

The Savoy was never restored as a palace, but Henry VII. ordered its rebuilding as a hospital in honour of John the Baptist, and endowed it by his will. The hospital was suppressed by Edward VI., but refounded by Mary, and, becoming a sort of almshouse for needy nobility, was only finally dissolved in 1702. Over its gate, of 1505, were the lines—

> 'Hospitium hoc inopi turbe Savoia vocatum,
> Septimus Henricus solo fundavit ab imo.'

The last important event in the history of the hospital was the Conference of the Savoy, held here soon after the Restoration, for the revision of the Liturgy, so as to meet the feelings of the Nonconformists, when twelve bishops of the Church of England met an equal number of Nonconformists in discussion. Richard Baxter, who had already published his most popular books, was one of the commissioners, and here drew up in a fortnight that reformed liturgy which Dr. Johnson pronounced 'one of the finest compositions of the ritual kind which he had ever seen.'

The remains of the Savoy palace were all swept away when

Waterloo Bridge was built. The church, which was the chapel, not of the palace, but of Henry VII.'s hospital, was originally dedicated to St. John the Baptist, but became known as **St. Mary le Savoy** after it was assigned as a church for the parish of St. Mary le Strand. It is of perpendicular architecture (1505), with a quaint low belfry. The interior (which had been restored by Queen Victoria) was entirely destroyed by fire in 1864, and was for the second time renewed by the munificence of the Queen as Duchess of Lancaster. It has a rich coloured roof, and resembles a college chapel; but the tombs which formerly made it so interesting perished in the flames. Only one small figure from Lady Dalhousie's monument is preserved, and a brass of 1522 from the grave of two Bishops—Thomas Halsey, Bishop of Leighlin, and Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld (son of Archibald Bell the Cat, Earl of Angus), who is represented in 'Marmion' as celebrating the wedding of De Wilton and Clare:—

'A bishop by the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.
Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy;
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.'

Over the font is preserved the central compartment of a triptych, painted for the Savoy palace in the XIV. c., stolen in the XVII., and recovered in 1876. Among the lost monuments were an Elizabethan tomb, wrongfully ascribed to the famous Countess of Nottingham, shaken in her bed by Elizabeth; that of Sir Robert and Lady Douglas; of the Countess of Dalhousie, sister of Mrs. Hutchinson and daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower; of Mrs. Anne Killigrew (1685), daughter of the last Master of the Hospital, described by Dryden as—

'A grace for beauty, and a muse for wit;'

and of Richard Lander, the African traveller, who died (1834) of a wound received from the natives while exploring the Niger. A painted window commemorated Dr. Archibald Cameron, younger son of Lochiel, cruelly executed in London in 1753 for his part in the rising of 1745. Amongst the most remarkable persons buried here without a monument ('within the east door of the church,' says Aubrey) was George Wither (1667), a voluminous poet of the Commonwealth, author of 'The Shepherd's Hunting,' but best known by the lines—

'Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?'

Thomas Fuller of the 'Worthies' and Anthony Horneck were ministers of the Savoy. This historic corner has been left untouched amid the turmoil of the town, and is still one of the quietest spots in London.

'So run the sands of life through this quiet hourglass. So glides the life away in the Old Precinct. At its base, a river runs for all the world; at its summit, is the brawling, raging Strand; on either side, are darkness and poverty and vice; the gloomy Adelphi Arches, the Bridge of Sighs, that men call Waterloo. But the Precinct troubles itself little with the noise and tumult, and sleeps well through life, without its fitful fever.'—*G. A. Sala.*[1]

Formerly the Savoy possessed rights of sanctuary. In 1696, a creditor daring to enter it to demand a debt from one who had taken refuge there was tarred and feathered by its inhabitants, trundled in a wheelbarrow into the Strand, and there tied to the Maypole.

Beyond the wide opening of Wellington Street are the stately buildings of **Somerset House**, erected from the plans of Sir William Chambers, 1776–86. The river front is six hundred feet in length. Its basement was designed to rise from the water, and the central arch was formerly half submerged. This building, now of little interest, occupies the site of one of the most historic houses in London, which was only destroyed when the present house was raised. The old Somerset House was built in 1549 on the site of the old church of St. Mary and the town-houses of the Bishops of Worcester, Lichfield, and Llandaff, by Edward Seymour, the Lord Protector, brother of Queen Jane and uncle of Edward VI. Its architecture was attributed to John of Padua, 'deviser of his Majesty's buildings' to Henry VIII. The tower and the greater part of the Church of St. John's, Clerkenwell, the cloister (called Pardon Churchyard) of St. Paul's, and the chapel of Pardon Churchyard near the Charterhouse, were unscrupulously pulled down, and their materials used in its erection. But long before it was finished the Protector had been beheaded on Tower Hill (1552), and his house was bestowed upon the Princess Elizabeth. James I. gave it to Anne of Denmark, and desired that it might be called Denmark House, and here that Queen lay in state in 1616, and James I. in 1625. Charles I. then gave the house to his Queen, Henrietta Maria, and caused a Roman Catholic chapel to be built here for her use. In this, which was served by Capuchin monks, many of her French attendants were buried: the vaults still exist under the present courtyard. The time of the Commonwealth was marked for Somerset House by the death of Inigo Jones within its walls (1652); and here Cromwell lay in state, his 'effigies being apparelled in a rich suit of uncut velvet,' bearing 'in the right hand the golden sceptre, representing Government; in the left the globe, representing Principality; upon his head the cap of Regality of purple velvet, furred with ermins.'[2] The magnificence of expenditure on this occasion made people collect outside the gates and throw dirt upon the Lord Protector's escutcheon at night.

With the Restoration, Henrietta Maria, then called 'the Queen-Mother,' returned to Somerset House, where the young Duke of Gloucester died in 1660, and was taken 'down Somerset stairs,' to be buried at Westminster. When Henrietta Maria left England, in 1665,

[1] For many interesting particulars, see Loftie's *Memorials of the Savoy*, 1879.
[2] *The Gazette*, Sept. 9, 1658.

she was succeeded by the Portuguese queen, Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles II., who used to spend her days in playing at Ombre, a game which she first introduced into England, and who trembled here in her chapel as she heard the frenzied people shouting round the effigy of the Pope as they burnt it before Temple Bar, on the occasion of the Duke of York's marriage with Mary of Modena. Catherine restored the old palace, which had become greatly neglected, with a magnificence which is commemorated by Cowley, who extols its position :—

> 'Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,
> Which still with waves of crowding people flows;
> And every day there passes by my side,
> Up to its western reach, the London tide,
> The spring-tides of the term : my front looks down
> On all the pride and business of the town.
> . . . . . .
> My other fair and more majestic face
> (Who can the fair to more advantage place ?)
> For ever gazes on itself below,
> In the best mirror that the world can show.'

Monk, Duke of Albemarle, lay in state at Somerset House in January 1669, when his waxwork figure, afterwards preserved in Westminster Abbey, was made, to lie upon his coffin.

The formal gardens of old Somerset House extended far along the river-bank. Edmund Waller, usually of temperate habits, was once made so drunk here that 'at the water stayres he fell down and had a cruel fall.' It was near the watergate of the gardens also that Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey was declared to have been strangled (1678) by the false witnesses who invented the story of his death. Three men were executed for the murder, with which an attempt was made to connect the name of Catherine of Braganza, but Charles II. refused to listen, telling Burnet that she was 'a weak woman, and had some disagreeable humours, but was not capable of a wicked thing.'

After Catherine left England for Portugal in 1692, this old Strand palace continued to be regarded as the dower-house of the queens of England, but as there were no queens-dowager to inhabit it, it was used as Hampton Court is now, as lodgings for needy nobility. By an Act of 1775, Buckingham House was settled on Queen Charlotte instead of Somerset House, and the old palace of the queens of England was then destroyed. The buildings of modern Somerset House are used for the **Audit Office**, where the accounts of the kingdom and colonies are audited; the **Office of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages**; and the **Inland Revenue Office**, where taxes, and legacy and excise duties are received. The centre of the south front is occupied by the **Will Office**,[1] removed

[1] In the *Registry of the Court of Probate* at Somerset House, all *Wills* are preserved in a fire-proof room. Any Will inquired after can be found in a short time, and any one may peruse a Will who obtains a shilling probate stamp. No copies or even memoranda may be made from a Will without a separate Order, for which a charge is made proportionate to the length of the copy required.

from Doctors' Commons in 1874. The courtyard is well proportioned and has a gloomy stateliness. In the centre is the great allegorical figure of the Thames, by John Bacon. Queen Charlotte, whose feeling has been shared by thousands since, said to the sculptor when she saw it, 'Why did you make so frightful a figure?' 'Art,' replied the bowing artist, 'cannot always effect what is ever within the reach of Nature—the union of beauty and majesty.' It is amusing to see the impression which Somerset House makes on a foreigner.

'If you would see something quite dreadful, go to the enormous palace in the Strand, called Somerset House. Massive, heavy architecture, of which the recesses seemed dipped in ink, the porticoes smeared with soot. There is the ghost of a waterless fountain in a hole in the midst of an empty quadrangle, pools of water on the flags, long tiers of closed windows. What can men do in such a catacomb?'—*Taine*, '*Notes sur l'Angleterre*.'

Beyond the east wing of Somerset House, which is occupied by King's College and School, runs the narrow alley called **Strand Lane**, which formerly ended at the landing-place called Strand Bridge, where we read in the *Spectator* that Steele 'landed with ten sail of apricot-boats.' On the left of the winding paved lane a sign directs us to the **Old Roman Spring Bath**, and in this quiet corner we find one of the most remarkable relics of Roman London—a vaulted room containing, enclosed in brick-work and masonry, apparently Roman, a beautiful bath of crystal water, thirteen feet long, six feet broad, and four feet six inches deep. It is believed that the wonderfully cold, clear water comes from the miraculous well of St. Clement, which gave a name to the neighbouring Holywell Street, and was once greatly resorted to for its cures. A second bath, in the same building, still used, and with chalybeate properties, is shown as having been constructed by Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, when he was residing hard by in Essex House. It is said that it was in a house in this neighbourhood that Guy Fawkes and his comrades took the oath of secrecy and received the sacrament before attempting to carry out the Gunpowder Plot.

Now, in the midst of the street, rises the **Church of St. Mary le Strand**, the great ornament of the street, and of special interest as being the first of the fifty new churches whose erection was ordained in Queen Anne's reign, the original St. Mary's having been destroyed by the Protector Somerset when he was building Somerset House, which covers its site. Gibbs was the architect of the present church, but its steeple, so beautiful in spite of having the fault of appearing to stand upon the roof of the church, was not part of the original design. An elegant semicircular portal, with a half cupola, rests against the tower on the west. The church was to have been towerless, but a stately column 250 feet high (*i.e.* 105 feet higher than the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square) was to have risen beside it, crowned by a statue of Queen Anne. The Queen died before the plan was carried out, and flattery being no longer necessary, the church had its steeple.

'Gibbs's steeple at S. Mary le Strand is as harmonious as anything of Wren. The Strand from Charing Cross to this point is one of our few bits of picturesqueness, and owes it in no small measure to its sprinkling of gable ends turned to the street.'—*Fraser's Mag., May* 1874.

In front of the site of the church stood the famous Maypole, one hundred and thirty-four feet high, which was destroyed in the Commonwealth as 'a last remnant of vile heathenism, an idol of the people.' The Maypole was re-erected with great pomp under Charles II., by Clarges, the Drury Lane farrier, to commemorate the good fortune of his daughter in becoming a duchess by having married General Monk when he was a private gentleman. The tract called 'The Citie's Loyaltie Displayed' relates how it was set up by seamen under the command of James, Duke of York, Lord High Admiral, landsmen being supposed unable to raise it, and how, as it rose, the 'little children did much rejoice, and ancient people did clap their hands, saying "golden days begin to appear."' Gathered around the last Maypole on this spot, four thousand London school-children sang a hymn as Queen Anne passed in triumphant procession to take part in the public thanksgiving at St. Paul's for the Peace of Utrecht. The Maypole was finally removed in 1718, and, being given to Sir Isaac Newton, was set up in Sir Richard Child's park at Wanstead in Essex, where it was used for raising a telescope. The London Maypole was long commemorated in Maypole Lane, the old name of Newcastle Street. The exchange for the church is mentioned by Pope in the 'Dunciad'—

> 'Amid that area wide they took their stand,
> Where the tall Maypole once o'erlooked the Strand,
> But now (so Anne and Piety ordain)
> A church collects the saints of Drury Lane.'

Thomas à Becket (though only a deacon) was Rector of St. Mary-le-Strand in the reign of Stephen.[1] According to Hume, Prince Charles Edward's renunciation of the Roman Catholic faith took place in the existing church. Where an ugly little fountain now stands before the western front, the first hackney-coach stand in London was set up by Captain Bailey in 1634: it remained till 1853.

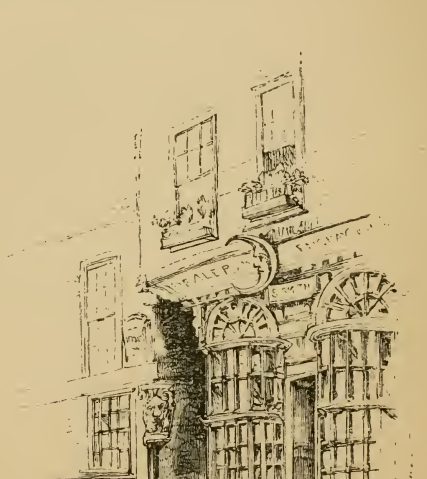
Drury Court, facing the north side of St. Mary-le-Strand, was formerly Maypole Alley, where Nell Gwynne lodged and stood watching the dancing round the Maypole.

'1st May 1667.—To Westminster; in the way meeting many milkmaids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing, with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings door, in Drury Lane, in her smock-sleeves and bodice, looking upon one: she seemed a mighty pretty creature.'—*Pepys' Diary.*

Holywell Street has nothing now which recalls Fitzstephen's description of its well—'sweete, wholesome, and cleere; and much frequented by schollers and youths of the citi in summer evenings, when they walk forth to take the aire.' It is full of book-shops,

[1] See Robertson's *Life.*

chiefly of the lowest description. On its south side (at No. 36) may be seen (1894) an ancient mercer's sign, one of the last of the old shop signs *in situ*—a crescent moon, with the traditional face in the centre. A corner post of the entry beside it, adorned with a lion's head and paws in bold relief, remained till 1880 as the last relic of Lyon's Inn, destroyed in 1863, which Thackeray describes as the resort of Captain Costigan, and which was here entered from the Strand.[1] It stood between Wych Street and Holywell Street,



THE LAST REMNANT OF LYON'S INN.

and was once a hostelry, but from the reign of Henry VIII. an Inn of Chancery—an ancient nursery of lawyers, where Sir Edward Coke was brought up, and where 'his learned lectures so spread forth his fame that crowds of clients came to him for counsel.'[2] In the south-east corner of the Inn lived William Weare, the gambler, murdered (1838) by Thurtell, and commemorated in the ballad—

[1] It is now in the Guildhall Museum.
[2] Lloyd's *State Worthies.*

'They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His brains they battered in;
His name was Mr. William Weare,
He dwelt in Lyon's Inn.'

Holywell Street formerly ended in Butcher's Row, where, covered with roses, fleurs-de-lis, and dragons, was the old timber house of the French ambassadors.

We have now arrived—

'Where the fair columns of Saint Clement stand,
Whose-straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand.'—*Gay*, '*Trivia*.'

The **Church of St. Clement Danes** was erected in 1682 by Edward Pierce, under the superintendence of Wren. In the old Church were buried John Booth, Bishop of Exeter (1478), and his brother, Sir William, who died in the same year; and John Arundell, Bishop of Exeter (1503). Here also was a monument to the first wife (niece of Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Ellesmere), of Dr. John Donne, the poet-dean of St. Paul's, who had been imprisoned for presuming to a clandestine marriage with a young lady of her ancient family and powerful connection. He preached in the church soon after her death on the words, 'I am the man that hath seen affliction' —and 'indeed his very words and looks testified him to be truly such a man.' This was the wife whose spirit he saw twice pass through his room at Paris, bearing the dead child to which she was then giving birth. Like all Wren's parish churches, the existing building depends for its reputation entirely upon its steeple. Its bells chime merrily, even to a proverb—

'Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's;'

but the chimes can also play the Old Hundredth Psalm and other tunes. 'We have heard the chimes at midnight,' says Falstaff.[1] Here Dr. Johnson sat in church, 'repeating,' as Boswell says, 'the responses in the Litany with tremulous energy,' and here in his seventy-fifth year (1784) he returned thanks for a recovery from dangerous illness. A brass plate now appropriately marks the pew (No. 18) in the north gallery whither the old man, who was so vehement in discussion and fierce in argument on week-days, never failed to come humbly on Sundays, to seek, in his own words, 'how to purify and fortify his soul, and hold real communion with the Highest.' William Mountfort the actor, killed in a duel in Howard Street, December 9, 1692, is buried in this church. Here also, on October 11, 1676, Sir Thomas Grosvenor was married to Miss Mary Davies, the humble heiress of the farm now occupied by Grosvenor Square and its surroundings, which have brought such enormous wealth to his family. In the vestry-house is a painting executed for the church as an altar-piece, by Kent the landscape gardener, intended to represent a choir of angels playing in chorus. In 1725 an order was issued by Bishop Gibson for its removal on account of its being supposed to contain surreptitious portraits of

[1] 2 *Henry IV.*, iii. 2.

the Pretender's wife and children. It was removed to a neighbouring tavern—the Crown and Anchor—celebrated for the meetings of 'the Whittington Club.' Here it was parodied in an engraving by Hogarth, with a comic description which caused intense amusement at the time. After some years it was restored to the parish, but not to the church.

'"Tenants and occupiers of a certain tenement called the Forge, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex, come forth and do your service!" Thus, year after year, is proclamation made before the Queen's Remembrancer at the Royal Courts of Justice, and as often does the City Solicitor respond by counting six horse-shoes and sixty-one nails, whereupon the Queen's Remembrancer declares—"Good Number." This quaint ceremony is symbolical of certain rent service due from the Corporation to the Crown in respect of a forge formerly held by them in St. Clement Danes, and which, having been pulled down in a riot, *temp.* Richard II., was not restored.'—*The Builder*, *March* 19, 1887.

Of the strange name, St. Clement Danes, various explanations are given. Stow tells how the body of Harold, the illegitimate son of King Canute, buried at Westminster after a reign of three years, was exhumed by his successor, the legitimate Hardicanute, and thrown ignominiously into the Thames, and how a fisherman, seeing it floating upon the river, took it up and buried it reverently on this spot. This is the more picturesque story; but perhaps that of Strype is more likely, who says that when Alfred expelled the remnant of the Danish nation in 886, those who had married English wives were still permitted to live here, whence the name—St. Clement Danes.

The 'fair fountain' formerly called St. Clement's Well still exists beneath the 'Spotted Dog,' which has taken the place of the 'Unity Tavern,' in the Strand. It was till 1892 commemorated in Clement's Inn—to the left, at the entrance of Wych Street—latterly an Inn of Court dependent on the Temple, but originally intended for the use of patients coming to the miraculous waters of the well. Shakspeare introduces it in his *Henry IV.* as the home of 'Master Shallow,' who says 'I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet,' while Falstaff says, 'I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring.' Oliver Cromwell lived in Clement's Lane, as a student of Lincoln's Inn. The quiet red-brick courts contained the quaint chapel where an anchor commemorated the martyrdom of the sainted Pope Clement, who was tied to an anchor and thrown into the sea. Hence, through a brick archway, we had a pleasant glimpse of trees and flowers, and entered a garden square, in the centre of which, in the front of 'the Garden House,' a picturesque relic of Queen Anne's time (now destroyed), was a curious kneeling figure of a Moor supporting a sundial, brought from Italy by Holles, Earl of Clare, and presented to the Inn when one of its members was murdered by his Indian servant. At the time when these examples of 'God's image carved in ebony' were popular in ancient gardens,[1]

[1] There are similar figures at Knowsley, at Arley in Cheshire, and Glemham in Suffolk.

a clever squib upon its owners was once found attached to the Moor of Clement's Inn :—

'In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
For thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For Mercy dwells not here.

From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain
The last will do't alive.'

THE MOOR OF CLEMENT'S INN.

The Moor was recently sold for £20 to a private individual, but has now found its way to the Inner Temple Garden.

A further archway led into what is still the poor and crowded district of **Clare Market,** named, as is told by a tablet on one of the houses, by Gilbert, Earl of Clare, in memory of his uncle Denzil, Lord Holles, who died in 1679, 'a great honour to his name, and the exact patterne of his father's great meritt, John, Earl of Clare.' From the same person comes the name of the neighbouring **Denzil Street,** which became notorious as the resort of the thieves known as the 'Denzil Street Gang,' while **Houghton Street** marks the residence of William Holles, created Baron Houghton in 1616, and **Holles Street,** built 1647, is associated with the second Earl, who lived on the site of Clare House Court. In Pope's time Clare Market was famous for the lectures of the insolent 'Orator Henley,' commemorated in the 'Dunciad' :—

> 'Imbrowned with native brass, lo! Henley stands,
> Tuning his voice and balancing his hands.
> . . . . . .
> Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain,
> While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.'

The narrow lanes of Clare Market were full of butchers and greengrocers, and London poverty was seen here in full force on Saturday night, when crowds of poor women were making their bargains by gaslight. Clare Market was doomed to destruction in 1882. It was here that Nat Lee, the dramatist (1692), being overcome with wine, fell down and was suffocated in the snow.

Wych Street (Via de Aldwych), which opens behind Holywell

WYCH STREET.

Street, close to the entrance of Clement's Inn, contains some curious old houses and is excessively narrow. Theodore Hook said he 'never passed through Wych Street in a hackney-coach, without being blocked up by a hearse and coal-waggon in the van, and a mud-cart and the Lord Mayor's carriage in the rear.' This

street is famous in the annals of London thieving for the exploits of Jack Sheppard, who gave rendezvous to his boon companions at the White Lion (now pulled down) in White Lion Passage. It was from the Angel Inn in Wych Street that Bishop Hooper, in 1554, was taken to meet his fate at Gloucester. The *Shakspeare Head Tavern* was kept, in 1839, by Mark Lemon, first editor of *Punch*.

In the Strand, parallel with Holywell Street, are three picturesque houses built in the time of Charles I. The streets which debouch here from the Strand—Surrey Street, Norfolk Street, and Howard Street—mark the site of Arundel House, originally the palace of the Bishops of Bath and Wells, in which, according to the parish register of Chelsea, died (February 25, 1603) Catherine, Countess of Nottingham, who yielded to her husband's solicitation in not sending the ring intrusted to her by Lord Essex for Elizabeth, and confessing this to the Queen upon her deathbed, was answered by 'God may forgive you, but I never can.' The house was sold by Edward VI. to his uncle, Lord Thomas Seymour, described by Latimer as 'a man the furthest from the fear of God that ever he knew or heard of in England.' After the execution of Seymour for treason the house was sold to the Earl of Arundel, and, thenceforth called Arundel House, became the receptacle of the busts and statues, a portion of which, now at Oxford, are still known as the 'Arundel Marbles.' It was Lord Arundel who, when 'Old Parr' was far advanced in his hundred and fifty-third year, brought him up from Shropshire to London to make acquaintance with Charles I. The Earl's good fare killed him, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his epitaph narrates how he lived in the reign of ten sovereigns, and had a son by his second wife when he was a hundred and twenty years old. After the great fire, Henry Howard, Earl of Arundel, gave shelter at Arundel House to the Royal Society, who were driven out of Gresham College, which was temporarily needed as a Royal Exchange.

Norfolk Street, which Dickens has made familiar as the home of Mrs. Lirriper, will recall Sir Roger de Coverley, who there, 'by doubling the corner, threw out the Mohocks,' who 'attacked all that were so unfortunate as to walk through the streets which they parade.'[1] Peter the Great was lodged here, 'in a house prepared for him near the water-side,' on his first arrival in England in the reign of William III., and in the same house—that nearest the river on the right—lived William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. He had a peeping-hole at the entrance, through which he surveyed every one who came to see him before they were admitted. One of these, having been made to wait for a long time, asked the servant impatiently if his master would not see him. 'Friend,' said the servant, 'he hath seen thee, but he doth not like thee.'[2]

[1] The follies and cruelties perpetrated by the Mohocks are described in the *Spectator*, Nos. 324, 332, 335, 347.

[2] Hawkins' *Life of Johnson*.

The fact was, he had discovered him to be a creditor. Coleridge lived at No. 4 Norfolk Street, 1814–16.

William Congreve (1670–1729), in whose licentious plays the immaculate Mrs. Bracegirdle obtained her greatest successes, lived and died in **Surrey Street.** Condemned now, no English author was more praised by his contemporaries; Pope dedicated his Iliad to him, Dr. Johnson lauded his merit 'as of the highest kind,' and Dryden wrote—

> 'Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
> To Shakspeare gave so much, he could not give him more.

Perhaps the only snub which Congreve received was from Voltaire, who came to visit him here, and on being received with the airs of a fine gentleman, announced that if he had thought he was *only a gentleman*, he should not have come to see him.

In **Howard Street**, which connects Norfolk Street with Surrey Street, Mr. Mountfort was murdered (December 9, 1692) by Captain Hill and Lord Mohun for love of the beautiful and virtuous actress, Mrs. Anne Bracegirdle, 'the Diana of the stage,' so greatly beloved for her charities to the poor women of Clare Market.

Milford Lane (right) takes its name from a corn-mill and from a famous ford which once existed across the river here. It leads to Milford Stairs, where Pepys used 'to take boat;' and is commemorated by Gay in the unflattering lines—

> 'Behold that narrow street, which steep descends,
> Whose building to the slimy shore extends.'—*Trivia.*

At the foot of the lane was till recently the printing-office of Messrs. Woodfall and Kinder, the first name perpetuating the memory of the Woodfall of 'Junius' celebrity, whose last surviving descendant was connected with the firm to a very recent date.

We now come to **Essex Street**, where Dr. King in his Anecdotes of his own Time describes his presentation to Prince Charles Edward in September 1750, at the house of Lady Primrose, where he stayed for five days. The same Lady Primrose (daughter of Drelincourt, Dean of Armagh, and widow of Hugh, third Viscount Primrose) gave a home in 1747 to Flora Macdonald after her release by the Government. Essex Street occupies the site of Exeter House, which was built by Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter. After the Reformation, Exeter House was inhabited by the Earl of Leicester, and then by Elizabeth's latest favourite, the Earl of Essex (whose Countess was the widow of Sir Philip Sidney), when the name was changed to Essex House. It was here that the handsome Earl tried to rouse the people against Sir R. Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, and other reigning court favourites, whom he believed to have been the cause of his losing his ascendency over the Queen. Here he was blockaded, cannon being pointed at Essex House from the roofs of the neighbouring houses and the tower of

St. Clement Danes, and hence, having surrendered, he was taken away to the Tower, where he was beheaded. It is to Essex House that Spenser alludes, after describing the Temple, in the 'Prothalamion:'—

> 'Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
> Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
> Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,
> Whose want too well now feels my freendles case.'

A pair of stone pillars, possibly belonging to the watergate, at the end of the street, are the only existing remains of the old house,

THE WATERGATE OF ESSEX HOUSE.

but in **Devereux Court** (on the left of Essex Street), high up on a wall, is a bust of Lord Essex, attributed to Cibber. It marks the celebrated Grecian Coffee-House, where the wits of the last century loved to congregate, and whence Steele, in the first number of the *Tatler*, says that he shall date all his learned articles. The dandyism and affectation displayed by the young students of the Inns of Court frequenting the Grecian excited the contempt of Addison (*Spectator*, 491), who says, 'I do not know that I meet, in any of my walks, objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Searle's, and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law,

who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-coloured gown, to be ensigns of dignity; for the vain things approach each other with an air which shows they regard one another for their vestments.'

The *Chapel* in Essex Street has long been the headquarters of Unitarians in London. The picturesque offices of *The Portfolio* on the opposite side of the street were designed by *Boyes*, 1884.

Palsgrave's Place, which, till recently, was the next entry on the right of the Strand, marked the site of the 'Palsgrave's Head Tavern,' which commemorated the marriage of Frederick, Palsgrave of the Rhine, for one winter King of Bohemia, with Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James I. Ship Yard, opposite, destroyed in building the Law Courts, was a relic of Sir Francis Drake, inasmuch as it contained the Tavern which took as its sign the ship in which he circumnavigated the world.

We now arrive where (till 1878) Temple Bar, black and grimy, in much sooty dignity, ended the Strand, and marked the division between the City of London and the Liberty of Westminster. The Bar was never used as a City gate, but, as defining the City bounds, was, according to ancient custom, invariably closed on every public occasion on which a sovereign approached the City. When the monarch arrived, one herald sounded a trumpet, another herald knocked, a parley ensued, the gates were flung open, and the Lord Mayor presented the sword and keys of the City to the sovereign, who returned them to him again. Thus it was at the old Temple Bar with Elizabeth when she went to return thanks at St. Paul's for the destruction of the Armada; so it was with Cromwell when he went to dine in state in the City in 1649; so with Queen Anne after the battle of Blenheim; so with Queen Victoria when she has gone to the City in state.

Strype says that 'anciently there were only posts, rails, and a chain' at Temple Bar. It is first mentioned as Barram Novi Templi in a grant of 1301 (29 Edward I.), but we have no definite idea of it till the sixteenth century. A wooden edifice, supposed to have been erected in the time of Henry VII., was the gate beneath which the bier of Elizabeth of York, on its way from the Tower to Westminster, was sprinkled with holy water by the abbots of Bermondsey and Westminster. We know that the Bar was 'newly paynted and repayred' for the coronation of Anne Boleyn (1533), and that it was 'painted and fashioned with battlements and buttresses of various colours, richly hung with cloth of arras, and garnished with fourteen standards of flags' (1547) for the coronation of Edward VI.[1] It was by this 'Tempull Barre' that Sir Thomas Wyatt was taken prisoner. Being summoned to surrender, he said he would do so to a gentleman, and Sir Maurice Berkeley riding up, 'bade him lepe up behind him, and so he was carried to Westminster.'

[1] Stow

The last Temple Bar was built in 1670. Charles II. promised towards its erection (but never paid) a large contribution from the revenue he received from licensing the then newly invented hackney-coaches. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect and Joshua Marshall the mason. Bushnell, a sculptor who died mad in 1701, was employed to adorn it with four feeble statues, those on the west representing Charles I. and Charles II., those on the east James I. and Anne of Denmark.

The statue of Anne of Denmark was generally imagined to be that of the popular Elizabeth, and used annually to receive an ovation on the anniversary of her accession, that event being kept as the chief festival of Protestantism till after the coming of William III., when Protestant ardour was transferred to Guy Fawkes' day. Roger North, in his 'Examen,' describes how the statue was provided every 17th of November with a wreath of gilded laurel and a golden shield with the motto—'The Protestant Religion and Magna Charta,' and how, while the figure of the Pope was burnt beneath it, the people shouted and sang—

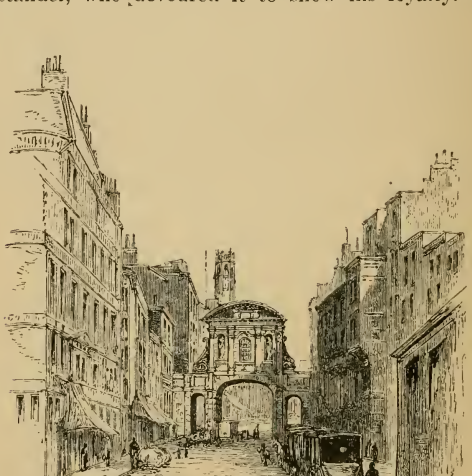
> 'Your popish plot and Smithfield threat
> We do not fear at all,
> For lo! beneath Queen Bess's feet,
> You fall! You fall! You fall!
> O Queen Bess! Queen Bess! Queen Bess!'

It was on the occasion of a tumult which arose at one of these anti-papal demonstrations (1680) that the Archbishop of York, going to Lord Chief Justice North, and asking what was to be done, received the answer—'My Lord, fear God, and don't fear the people.'

Within the arch hung the heavy oaken panelled gates, festooned with fruits and flowers, which opened to receive Charles II., James II., and every succeeding sovereign. In 1769 these gates were forcibly closed in 'the Battle of Temple Bar,' by the partisans of 'Wilkes and Liberty,' against the civic Tory procession on its way to present an address to George III. expressive of confidence and attachment. The whole of the gateway was hung with black for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

No one saw Temple Bar without connecting it with the human remains—dried by summer heats, and beaten and occasionally hurled to the ground by winter storms—by which it was so long surmounted. The first ghastly ornament of the Bar was one of the quarters of Sir William Armstrong, Master of the Horse to Charles II., who was concerned in the Rye House Plot, and who, after his execution (1684), was boiled in pitch and divided into four parts. The head and quarters of Sir William Perkins, and the quarters of Sir John Friend, who had conspired to assassinate William III., 'from love to King James and the Prince of Wales,' were next exhibited—'a dismal sight,' says Evelyn, 'which many pitied.' The next head raised here was that of Joseph Sullivan, executed for high treason in 1715. Henry Osprey followed, who died for love of 'the Old Pretender' in 1716, and Christopher Layer, executed for a plot to

seize the king's person in 1723. The last heads which were exposed on the Bar were those which were concerned in the 'rebellion of '45.' It is difficult to believe that it is not a hundred and fifty years since Colonel Francis Townley, George Fletcher, and seven other Jacobites were so barbarously dealt with—hanged on Kennington Common, cut down, disembowelled, beheaded, quartered, and their hearts tossed into a fire, from which one was snatched by a bystander, who devoured it to show his loyalty. Walpole



TEMPLE BAR FROM THE STRAND.

afterwards saw their heads on Temple Bar, and says that people used to make a trade of letting out spy-glasses to look at them at a halfpenny a look. The last of the heads fell from its spike in 1772, but the spikes which supported the heads were removed only in the present century.[1] It was in front of the Bar that the miserable Titus Oates stood in the pillory, pelted with dead cats

[1] The head of Francis Townley still exists, preserved in the chapel of Townley in Lancashire.

and rotten eggs, and that De Foe, placed in the pillory for a libel on the Government, stood there enjoying a perfect ovation from the people, who drank his health as they hung the pillory with flowers.

'I remember once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poets' Corner, I said to him, "Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis." When we got to Temple Bar he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slyly whispered, "Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis." ' *Dr. Johnson.*

With the removal of Temple Bar an immensity of the associations of the past has been swept away.[1] Almost all the well-known authors of the last two centuries have somehow had occasion to mention it. Fleet Street, just within its bounds, is still the centre for the offices of nearly all the leading newspapers and magazines, and those who stood beneath the soot-begrimed arches had to the last somewhat of the experience which Dr. Johnson describes in his 'Project for the Employment of Authors' (1756) :—

'It is my practice, when I am in want of amusement, to place myself for an hour at Temple Bar, and examine one by one the looks of the passengers ; and I have commonly found that between the hours of eleven and four every sixth man is an author. They are seldom to be seen very early in the morning or late in the evening, but about dinner-time they are all in motion, and have one uniform eagerness in their faces, which gives little opportunity of discovering their hopes or fears, their pleasures or their pains. But in the afternoon, when they have all dined, or composed themselves to pass the day without a dinner, their passions have full play, and I can perceive one man wondering at the stupidity of the public, by which his new book has been totally neglected ; another cursing the French, who fight away literary curiosity by their threat of an invasion ; another swearing at his bookseller, who will advance no money without copy ; another perusing as he walks his publisher's bill ; another murmuring at an unanswerable criticism ; another determining to write no more to a generation of barbarians ; and another wishing to try once again whether he cannot awaken a drowsy world to a sense of his merit.'

It is ludicrously characteristic of English taste that, while Temple Bar, with all its associations, was sacrificed in 1878 upon the pretext that it blocked up the highway for traffic, a contemptible pillar surmounted by a dragon, blocking the way to a far greater extent, was set up in 1880 as a "memorial" of Temple Bar. The statues upon this memorial, representing the Queen and the Prince of Wales, are by *Boehm.* While Temple Bar itself might have been re-erected as an entrance to the Temple Gardens for £500, this absurd 'memorial' of it cost £10,696 ! Temple Bar was rebuilt as the entrance to Sir H. B. Meux's grounds at Theobalds, Waltham Cross, in 1888.

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1 The last stone was removed June 14, 1879.

CHAPTER II.

THE INNS OF COURT.

JUST beyond the site of Temple Bar we may turn aside into the repose of the first of the four Inns of Court (Middle Temple, Inner Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn), which Ben Jonson calls 'the noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the kingdom.' Here, beside the bustle of Fleet Street, yet utterly removed from it, are the groups of ancient buildings described by Spenser :—

> '——those bricky towers,
> The which on Thames' broad aged back doe ride,
> Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
> There whilom wont the Templar knights to bide,
> Till they decayed through pride.'

The earliest residence of the Templars was in Holborn, but they removed to what is now the Temple in 1184. After their suppression in 1313 Edward I. gave the property to Aymer de Valence. At his death it passed into the hands of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, but was leased to the Inns of Court, so called because their inhabitants, who were students of the law, belonged to 'the King's Court.' It is interesting to notice how many of the peculiar terms used by the Templars seem to have descended to their successors in the property. Thus the sergeants-at-law represent the *fratres servientes*—'freres serjens' of the Templars; and the title of Knight re-appears in that of the Judges. The waiters were. and are still, called panyers, from the *panarii*, bread-bearers, of the Templars; and the scullions are still called wash-pots. The register of the Temple is full of such entries as 'On March 28th died William Brown, wash-pot of the Temple.'

Before the Temple was leased by the lawyers, the laws were taught in hostels—*hospitia curiae*, of which there were a great number in the metropolis, especially in the neighbourhood of Holborn, but afterwards the Inns of Court and Chancery increased in prosperity till they formed what Stow describes as 'a whole university of students, practisers or pleaders, and judges of the laws of this realm, not living on common stipends, as in the other universities it is for the most part done, but of their owne private maintenance.' The name of *Hostel* was continued in that of *Inn*. Butler, playing on the latter, speaks of

> '——the hostess
> Of the Inns of Court and Chancery—Justice.'

The prosperity of the lawyers, however, was not without its reverses, and such was their unpopularity at the time of Jack Cade's rebellion that they were chosen as his first victims. Thus, in Shakspeare's *Henry VI.* (Pt. II. Act iv. sc. 2), Dick, the Butcher of Ashford, is introduced as saying, 'The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers;' to which Cade replies, 'Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled over, should undo a man?' And in scene 7 Cade says, 'Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the Inns of Court; down with them all!'

In the end, Jack Cade really did the lawyers no harm, though their houses had been pulled down in the invasion of Wat Tyler, and their books burnt in Fleet Street. Nevertheless the Inns of the Temple continued to increase in importance till the reign of Mary I., when the young lawyers had become such notorious fops that it was actually necessary to pass an Act of Parliament to restrain them. Henceforth they were not to wear beards of more than three weeks' growth upon pain of a fine of forty shillings; and they must restrain their passion for Spanish cloaks, swords, bucklers, rapiers, gowns, hats, or daggers at their girdles. Only Knights and Benchers might luxuriate in doublets or hose of bright colours, except scarlet or crimson; and they were forbidden to wear velvet caps, scarf-wings to their gowns, white jerkins, buskins, velvet shoes, double shirt-cuffs, or feathers and ribbons in their caps.

The Temple was not finally conferred upon the lawyers till the time of James I., who declared in one of his speeches in the Star Chamber that 'there were only three classes of people who had any right to settle in London—the courtiers, the citizens, and the gentlemen of the Inns of Court.' The division into two Halls dates from the time of Henry VI., when the number of students who frequented the Temple first made it necessary, and the two Halls have ever since maintained a distinct individuality. Though their gateways rise almost side by side on the right of Fleet Street, and their courts and passages join, the utmost distinction exists in the minds of the inmates.

Before any student can be admitted to either of the four Societies of the Inns of Court, he must obtain the certificate of two barristers, and in the case of the Middle Temple that of a bencher, to show he is 'aptus, habilis, et idoneus moribus et scientia.' On his admission, he has the use of the library, may claim a seat in the church or chapel of the Inn, and can have his name set down for chambers. He must then keep *commons*, by dining in hall for twelve terms, of which there are four in each year. Before keeping terms he must also deposit £100 with the treasurer, to be returned, without interest, when he is called to the Bar.

No student can be *called* till he is of three years' standing, and twenty-one years of age: after he is called, he becomes a *Barrister*. The call is made by the *Benchers*, the governing body of seniors, chosen for their 'honest behaviour and good disposition,' and 'such

as from their experience are of best note and ability to serve the kingdom.'

Lectures are given at each of the Inns, which are open to all its students; examinations take place and scholarships are awarded. *Keeping commons* by dining in hall is an indispensable qualification for being called to the Bar.[1]

There is great difficulty in finding out when it was that the Bar began to be looked upon as a profession by which a man could gain a living, but it is certain that men entered it with this view before the end of the XVI. c.

'The Inns of Court are interesting to others besides lawyers, for they are the last working institutions in the nature of the old trade guilds. It is no longer necessary that a shoemaker should be approved by the company of the craft before he can apply himself to making shoes for his customers, and a man may keep an oyster-stall without being forced to serve an apprenticeship and be admitted to the Livery of the great Whig Company; but the lawyers' guilds guard the entrance to the law, and prescribe the rules under which it shall be practised. There are obvious advantages in having some authority to govern such a profession as the Bar, but it is sufficiently remarkable that the voluntary societies of barristers themselves should have managed to engross and preserve it.'—*Times Journal.*

A dull red-brick *Gateway*, by Wren (1684), forms the entrance to **Middle Temple Lane.** The site was formerly occupied by a gate decorated with the arms of Cardinal Wolsey, which was erected by Sir Amias Paulet while he was the Cardinal's prisoner in the other Temple Gate-house, in the hope of appeasing his displeasure.

The second **Gate-house**, belonging to the **Inner Temple**, was once surmounted by gables and annexed to very picturesque buildings of great extent. Only a fragment of the ornamental portion remains, adorned with the feathers of Henry, Prince of Wales. A hairdresser of lively imagination has set up an inscription declaring it to have been the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey, but it was really built in the time of James I., when it belonged to Henry, Prince of Wales, and became the office for the Duchy of Cornwall; amongst the State Papers are documents of 1618, dated 'from His Highness's Council-chamber in Fleet Street.' Afterwards it became 'Nando's,' a coffee-house, where the foundation of Lord Thurlow's fortunes was laid. Some lawyers overheard him here arguing cleverly about the famous Douglas case, and the next day he received his first important brief. The sides of this gate are adorned with the arms of the Inner Temple, as that of the Middle Temple is with the lamb bearing the banner of Innocence and the red cross, which was the original badge of the Templars. Here the shields bear a horse, now representing Pegasus, with the motto, 'Volat ad astra virtus,' but when this emblem was originally chosen it was a horse with two men upon it, the two men on one horse being intended to indicate the poverty of the Templars. The men became gradually worn from the shield, and when it was restored they were

[1] Books on the Inns of Court are, for the most part, repetitions from Dugdale's 'Origines Judiciales.'

mistaken for wings; hence the winged horse. A wit once wrote here :—

'As by the Templar's hold you go,
The horse and lamb display'd
In emblematic figures show
The merits of their trade.

The clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession;
The lamb sets forth their innocence,
The horse their expedition.

Oh! happy Britons, happy isle!
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay.'

But very soon another inscription appeared from another witty hand :—

'Deluded men, these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems tend to show
The *clients*—not *themselves*.

'Tis all a trick; these all are shams
By which they mean to cheat you:
But have a care—for *you're* the *lambs*,
And they the *wolves* that eat you.

Nor let the thought of "no delay"
To these their courts misguide you;
'Tis *you're* the showy horse, and they
The *jockeys* that will ride you.'

It was at No. 1 on the right of the **Inner Temple Lane** (now rebuilt as Dr. Johnson's Buildings) that Dr. Johnson lived from 1760 to 1765. Boswell describes his visit to him there :—

'His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt neck and the knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particulars were forgotten the moment he began to talk.'

By Inner Temple Lane we reach the only existing relic of the residence of the Knights Templar in these courts, their magnificent **Temple Church** (St. Mary's), which fortunately just escaped the Great Fire, in which most of the Inner Temple perished. But an ignorant 'restoration' in 1825, destroyed the chapel of St. Anne on the south side of the church. A far more abominable restoration in 1839–42—at an expense of £70,000—swept away nearly the whole remaining interest of the church; tearing up the old gravestones to lay down encaustic tiles; annihilating the beautiful carved Corinthian reredos and the Wrenian altar-rails; tearing down from the walls the tablets and monuments on which Pepys 'looked with pleasure,' and either destroying them or exiling them to the triforium; and not suffering a single ancient stone of the building to remain, all being renewed or re-chiselled.

The outside of the church on the Inner Temple side was re-faced as we now see it in 1822; the north or Middle Temple side was

completely covered by very old houses till about 1868, when these were all pulled down. Beneath the court on the south side of the church are remains of a cloister or ambulatory.

The church is entered by a grand Norman arch under the western porch, which will remind those who have travelled in France of the glorious door of Loches. This opens upon the Round Church of 1185 (fifty-eight feet in diameter), built in recollection of the Round Church of the Holy Sepulchre, one of the only five remaining round churches in England; the others being at Cambridge, Northampton, (restored), Ludlow (in ruins), and Little Maplestead in Essex. Hence, between graceful groups of Purbeck marble columns, we look into the later church of 1240; these two churches, built at a distance of only fifty-five years from each other, forming one of the most interesting examples we possess of the transition from Norman to early English architecture. The Round Church is surrounded by an arcade of narrow early English arches, separated by a series of heads.[1] On the pavement lie two groups of restored effigies of 'associates' of the Temple (not Knights Templar), carved in freestone, being probably the 'eight images of armed knights' mentioned by Stow in 1598. In their present arrangement they no longer mark the graves; they have been defaced and planed down by the charlatan Richardson, who destroyed the monuments at Chichester Cathedral, and they cannot be identified with any certainty. They are supposed to be—

Right—

1. William Marshall the younger, husband of Eleanor, sister of King Richard I. and John, sheathing his sword.

2. His father, the Protector Pembroke, Earl Marshal, 1119, his sword piercing an animal. It is this William Marshall who, a man of unsullied life, is introduced by Shakspeare as interceding for Prince Arthur.

3. Unknown.

4. Gilbert Marshall, another son of Pembroke, drawing the sword which he never was able to bear to the Crusades, having been killed by a runaway horse at a tournament in 1241, when he was going to start. His wife was Princess Margaret of Scotland. This was the last of the great family of the Marshalls, whose extinction was at that time believed to be due to a curse of the Abbot of Fernes, whom the Protector had robbed of his lands. Matthew Paris narrates how the abbot 'came with great awe,' and standing here by the Earl's tomb, promised him absolution if the lands were restored. But the dead gave no sign, so the curse fell.

Left—

1. The first Earl of Essex.

2. Geoffry de Magnaville, who was driven to desperation by the acts of injustice he received from Stephen, and fought against him. He was mortally wounded whilst attacking Burwell Castle in Cambridgeshire, and died excommunicated. His body was soldered up in lead and hung up by the Templars on a tree in their orchard, till he received absolution upon its being proved that he had expressed repentance in his last moments.

3. Unknown.

4. Unknown.

[1] Scarcely a stone of the Round Church is original, the pillars and heads are all new.

The sight of these effigies will recall the lines in Spenser's 'Faerie Queene'—

> 'And on his breast a bloudie cross he bore,
> The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
> For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
> And dead, as living, ever him adored.
> Upon his shield the like was also scored,
> For sovereign hope which in his help he had.'

Against the wall, behind the Marshalls, is the effigy of Robert Ros, Governor of Carlisle in the reign of John. He was one of the great Magna Charta Barons, and married the daughter of a king of Scotland, but he was not a Templar, for he wears flowing hair, which was forbidden by the rites of the Order: at the close of his life, however, he took the Templars' habit as an associate, and was buried here in 1227. On the opposite side is a Purbeck marble sarcophagus, said to be that of Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine, but her effigy is at Fontevrault, where the monastic annals prove that she took the veil after the murder of Prince Arthur. Henry II. left five hundred marks by his will for his burial in the Temple Church, but was also buried at Fontevrault. Gough considers that the tomb here may be that of William Plantagenet, fifth son of Henry III., who died in infancy, and (according to Weever) was buried in the Temple in 1256.

In olden times the Round Church was the place where the lawyers used to meet their clients and—

> 'Retain all kinds of witnesses
> That ply i' the Temple under trees;
> Or walk the Round with Knights o' the Posts,
> About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts.'
> *Hudibras*, pt. iii. c. 3.

Ben Jonson also speaks of this in the *Alchemist*.

A staircase in the wall leads to the triforium of the Round Church, which is now filled with the tombs, which, spared by the Fire, destructive restoration ruthlessly removed from the chancel beneath. Worthy of especial notice is the coloured kneeling effigy of Martin, Recorder of London, and Reader of the Middle Temple, 1615. Near this is the effigy—also coloured and under a canopy—of Edmund Plowden, the famous jurist, of whom Lord Ellenborough said that 'better authority could not be cited;' and referring to whom Fuller quaintly remarks, 'How excellent a medley is made, when honesty and ability meet in a man of his profession!' There is also a monument to James Howell (1594–1666), whose entertaining letters, written chiefly from the Fleet, give many curious particulars relating to the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Opening upon the stairs leading to the triforium is a penitential cell (four feet six inches by two feet six inches) with slits towards the church, through which the prisoner, unable to lie down, could still hear mass. Here the unhappy Walter le Bacheler, Grand Preceptor of Ireland was starved to death for disobedience to the

Master of the Templars; and hence probably it was that, under the severe discipline of the Templars, other culprits were dragged forth naked every Monday to be flogged publicly by the priest before the high altar.

The Church (eighty-two feet long, fifty-eight wide, thirty-seven high), begun in 1185 and finished in 1240, was, till its interest was restored away by Smirke, one of our most beautiful existing specimens of early English pointed architecture: 'the roof springing, as it were, in a harmonious and accordant fountain, out of the clustered pillars that support its pinioned arches; and these pillars, immense as they are, polished like so many gems.'[1] In the entirely modern ornaments of the ceiling the banner of the Templars is frequently repeated—black and white, 'because,' says Fawyne, 'the Templars showed themselves wholly white and fair towards the Christians, but black and terrible to them that were miscreants.' The letters 'Beausean' are for 'Beauseant,' their war-cry.

The old pulpit, in which 'Hooker preached Canterbury in the forenoon and Travers Geneva in the afternoon,' has been destroyed. In a dark hole to the left of the altar is the white marble monument of John Selden, 1654, called by Milton 'the chief of learned men reputed in this land.' He poured forth an endless stream of volumes filled with research and discrimination. Of these, his work 'On the Law of Nature and of Nations' is described by Hallam as amongst the greatest achievements in erudition that any English writer has performed; but he is perhaps best known by his 'Table Talk,' of which Coleridge says, 'There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer.' His funeral sermon was preached here by Archbishop Usher, to whom he had said upon his death-bed, 'I have surveyed most of the learning that is among the sons of men, but I cannot recollect any passage out of all my books and papers whereon I can rest my soul, save this from the sacred Scriptures: "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity."'

'Mr. Selden was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue. He was of such stupendous learning in all kinds, and in all languages, as may appear from his excellent and transcendent writings, that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant among books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, courtesy, and affability were such that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good-nature, charity, and delight in doing good and in communicating all he knew exceeded that breeding.' —*Earl of Clarendon, Life.*

On the right of the choir, near a handsome marble piscina, is the effigy of a bishop, usually shown as that of Heraclius,

[1] Hawthorne.

Patriarch of Jerusalem, by whom the church was consecrated, but he left England in a fury, after Henry II. refused to perform his vow of joining the Crusades in person, to atone for the murder of Becket. The figure more probably represents Silverston de Eversdon, Bishop of Carlisle, 1255. In the vestry are monuments to Lords Eldon and Stowell, and that of Lord Thurlow (1806) by *Rossi*. A (removed) tablet to a son of Sir Edward Coke and his wife bore the famous lines—

'For while this jewel here is set,
The grave is but a cabinet.'

The organ, by Father Smidt or Smith, is famous from the long competition it underwent with one by Harris. Both were temporarily erected in the church. Blow and Purcell were employed to perform on that of Smith; Battista Draghi, organist to Queen Catherine, on that of Harris. Immense audiences came to listen, but though the contest lasted a year, they could arrive at no decision. Finally, it was left to Judge Jeffreys of the Inner Temple, who was a great musician, and who chose that of Smith.

By the side of a paved walk leading along the north side of the church is a modern monument (1860) to Oliver Goldsmith, who died April 4, 1774, and was buried 'on the Middle Temple side of the north churchyard.' It is only inscribed, 'Here lies Oliver Goldsmith.'

'Let not his faults be remembered: he was a very great man.'—*Dr. Johnson.*
'He died in the midst of a triumphant course. Every year that he lived would have added to his reputation.'—*Prof. Butler.*
'The wreath of Goldsmith is unsullied; he wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors.'—*Sir Walter Scott.*

The wall leads to **the Master's House**, a good simple building of Queen Anne's time. The preacher at the Temple is called 'the Master,'[1] though he has no authority whatever, and can do nothing without permission from the Benchers. The 'learned and judicious' Hooker held the mastership, and began to write his 'Ecclesiastical Polity' here. 'It was a place,' says Walton, 'which he rather accepted than desired,' and whence he wrote to Archbishop Whitgift, 'I am weary of the noise and opposition of this place; and, indeed, God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. . . . I shall never be able to finish what I have begun unless I be removed into some quiet parsonage, where I may see God's blessings spring out of mother earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy.' Hooker's chair and table remain in the Master's House, which was built for William Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, and Master of the Temple. His successor was his son, Dr. Thomas Sherlock, who held the mastership with the successive bishoprics of Bangor, Salisbury, and London. His residence here

[1] Being the successor of the Masters of the Templars. The mastership of the Temple is one of the oldest offices remaining. It is still in the gift of the Crown, having been preserved by James I., when (August 13, 1608) he granted the Temple to the two societies *jointly*, yet made *each* society pay £10 per annum.

in 1748, when the sees of Canterbury and London became vacant at the same time, occasioned the epigram—

> 'At the Temple one day, Sherlock taking a boat,
> The waterman asked him, "Which way will you float?"
> "Which way?" says the Doctor; "why, fool, with the stream!"
> To St. Paul's or to Lambeth was all one to him;'

and he was made Bishop of London.

In the registers of the Temple, kept in the Master's House, perhaps the most interesting of many remarkable records is that which attests the marriage—the surreptitious marriage—of Mr. Sidney Godolphin with Margaret Blague or Blagge, the lady whose lovely and lovable life was portrayed by Evelyn and published by Bishop Wilberforce. The entry is not entered on the regular page, but pinned in afterwards, apparently when the event was made public, the lady having been previously provided with her 'marriage lines.'

The labyrinthine courts of the Temple are all replete with quaint associations. The Inner Temple is the least so. Most of it was destroyed by the great fire of 1666, which even 'licked the windows' of the Temple Church, and what remained perished in the fire of January 1678, when the Thames and the pumps were frozen so hard that no water could be obtained, and all the barrels of ale in the Temple cellars were used to feed the fire-engines. The old **Inner Temple Hall** of James I.'s time (where the last revel of the Inns of Court took place in 1733 when Mr. Talbot was made Lord Chancellor) was replaced in 1870 by a perpendicular gothic hall from designs of *Sydney Smirke;* the interior is miserably mean.

'At the Inner Temple, on certain grand occasions, it is customary to pass huge silver goblets (loving cups) down the table, filled with a delicious composition, immemorially termed "sack," consisting of sweetened and exquisitely flavoured white wine: the butler attends its progress to replenish it, and each student is restricted to a *sip*. Yet it chanced not long since at the Temple, that, though the number present fell short of seventy, thirty-six quarts of the liquid were consumed!'—*Quarterly Review*, 1836, No. 110.

Dr. Johnson's Buildings (S. Smirke, architect) have replaced the chambers Nos. 1 and 2 Inner Temple Lane, in which Dr. Johnson and Lamb respectively lived. The staircase, with the doorway and its head, was presented by the Benchers to the Crystal Palace Company in November 1857.

Hare Court is so called from Nicholas Hare (1557), Master of the Rolls in the time of Mary I. **Crown Office Row** has been partially rebuilt, but Nos. 1 and 2, still standing, were the birthplace of Charles Lamb, who afterwards lived in 4 Inner Temple Lane, whence he wrote, 'The rooms are delicious, and Hare's Court trees come in at the window, so that it's like living in a garden.' In 1800 Lamb moved again.

'I am going to change my lodgings,' he wrote. 'I have partly fixed upon most delectable rooms, which look out (when you stand a tip-toe) over the Thames, and Surrey hills; at the upper end of King's Bench Walk, in the Temple. There I shall have all the privacy of a house without the encumbrance, and shall be able to lock my friends out as often as I desire to hold free converse with any immortal mind. I shall be airy, up four pair of steps, as in the country; and in a garden, in the midst of enchanting, more than Mahometan paradise, London,

whose dirtiest, drab-frequented alley, and her lowest bowing tradesman, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, James, Walter, and the parson into the bargain.'

It was in **King's Bench Walk** that William Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield, had chambers (No. 5), and here that he was visited as client by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who came late in the evening, and was disgusted at finding him gone out to a supper party. 'I could not tell who she was,' said the servant, reporting her visit, 'for she would not tell me her name, but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality.'

'One of the doorways in King's Bench Walk shows more thought, more knowledge, more just ideas of architectural proportion, and more mechanical skill, than all the new buildings of the Middle Temple.'—*W. J. Loftie.*

In **Tanfield Court**, on this side of the Temple, old Mrs. Duncomb, with her companion Elizabeth Harrison and her maid Anne Price, was murdered in 1732 by Sarah Malcolm, a washerwoman of the Temple, who having, after her execution in Fleet Street (opposite Mitre Court), been buried, against all rules, in St. Sepulchre's churchyard, was dug up again. Her skeleton is now exhibited at the Botanic Garden at Cambridge. She was extremely handsome, and, two days before her execution, she dressed up in scarlet and sate to Hogarth for her portrait. Immediately above Tanfield Court, adjoining what is now the Master's Garden, stood the old refectory of the knights, only pulled down within the last few years.

Turning to the Middle Temple, it will be interesting to remember that Chaucer was one of its students in the reign of Edward III., and, while here, gave a sound thrashing to a Franciscan friar who insulted him in Fleet Street. On the first floor of No. 2 **Brick Court** lived the learned Blackstone, and here in his 'Farewell to the Muse,' after bidding a fond adieu to the woods and streams of his youth, he wrote—

> 'Then welcome business, welcome strife,
> Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
> The visage wan, the purblind sight,
> The toil by day, the lamp by night,
> The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
> The pert dispute, the dull debate,
> The drowsy bench, the babbling hall—
> For thee, fair Justice! welcome all!'

Here the great lawyer was soon immersed in writing the fourth volume of his famous Commentaries; but in his calculation of the trials of legal life there was one which he had not foreseen. Oliver Goldsmith had taken the rooms above him, and sorely was he disturbed by the roaring comic songs in which the author of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' was wont to indulge, and by the frantic games of blind-man's-buff which preceded his supper-parties, and the dancing which followed them.[1] Here Sir Joshua Reynolds, coming

[1] He took and furnished these rooms with £400 received for *The Good-Natured Man.*

in suddenly, found the poet engaged in furiously kicking round the room a parcel containing a masquerade dress which he had ordered and had no money to pay for; and here, on April 4, 1774, poor Goldsmith died, from taking too many James's powders, when he had been forbidden to do so by his doctor—died, dreadfully in debt, attended to the grave by numbers of the poor in the neighbourhood, to whom he had never failed in kindness and charity—'mourners without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for; outcasts of the great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable.'

FOUNTAIN COURT, TEMPLE.

The pleasantest part of the Middle Temple is the **Fountain Court,** with its little fountain, replacing an older one, which, Sir Christopher Hatton says, sprang 'to a vast and almost incredible altitude' in his time. The original fountain is commemorated in a poem of L. E. L. (Miss Landon), with the lines—

> 'The fountain's low singing is heard on the wind,
> Like a melody, bringing sweet fancies to mind;
> Some to grieve, some to gladden; around them they cast
> The hopes of the morrow, the dreams of the past.

Away in the distance is heard the vast sound
From the streets of the city that compass it round,
Like the echo of mountains or ocean's deep call;
Yet the fountain's low singing is heard over all.'

Charles Dickens has left a pretty description of Ruth Pinch going to meet her brother in this court—'coming briskly up, with the best little laugh upon her face that ever played in opposition to the fountain, and beat it all to nothing;' and how, when John Westlock came one day—'merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded more and more, until they broke into a laugh against the basin's rim and vanished.' The fountain, alas! has been robbed of all its beauty in the last few years, and completely modernised.

In this court is the **Middle Temple Hall**, an admirable Elizabethan building (of 1572), with a screen, which is very handsome, though it is not, as is often said, made from the spoils of the Spanish Armada, being thirteen years earlier in date. A series of coats-of-arms are those of the treasurers, and they include the shield of one who, not having inherited arms, and scorning to take out a grant from the Herald's College, has only inscribed it with his initials. The old Cow's Horn, by the blowing of which the Benchers used to be summoned to dinner, is still preserved. It is a fact worth notice, as showing the habits of these Benchers in former days, that when the floor of the Middle Temple Hall was taken up in 1764, there were found beneath it nearly a hundred pairs of very small dice which had slipped through between the ill-adjusted boards. In the time of Elizabeth the Benchers were so quarrelsome a body that an edict was passed that no one should come into hall with other weapons than a sword or a dagger! The feasts of Christmas, Halloween, Candlemas, and Ascension were formerly kept here with great splendour, a regular Master of the Revels being elected, and the Lord Chancellor, Judges, and Benchers opening the sports by dancing solemnly three times around the sea-coal fire.

'Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;
The seal and maces danced before him.'

This dance called forth many satires—especially from Buckingham in his play of *The Rehearsal*, from Prior in his *Alma*, and Dr. Donne in his *Satires*. In Pope's *Dunciad* we find—

'The judge to dance, his brother serjeant calls.'

In this hall Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night, or What you Will*, was performed soon after its production, February 2, 1601 (1602); and it is probably the only remaining building in which one of his plays was seen by his contemporaries. Sir John Davys was expelled the Society for thrashing his friend Mr. Richard Martin (the Bencher to whom Ben Jonson dedicated his 'Poetaster') in this hall during dinner.

'Truly it is a most magnificent apartment; very lofty, so lofty, indeed, that the antique oak roof is quite hidden, as regards all its details, in the sombre gloom that broods under its rafters. The hall is lighted by four great windows on each of the two sides, descending half-way from the ceiling to the floor, leaving all beneath enclosed by oaken panelling; which, on three sides, is carved with escutcheons of such members of the society as have held the office of reader. There is likewise, in a large recess or transept, a great window, occupying the full height of the hall and splendidly emblazoned with the arms of the Templars who have attained to the dignity of Chief-Justices. The other windows are pictured, in like manner, with coats of arms of local dignitaries connected with the Temple; and besides all these there are arched lights, high towards the roof, at either end, full of richly and chastely coloured glass, and all the illumination of that great hall came through those glorious panes, and they seemed the richer for the sombreness in which we stood. I cannot describe, or even intimate, the effect of this transparent glory, glowing down upon us in the gloomy depth of the hall.'—*Hawthorne, English Note-Books.*

The expression 'moot (mot) point' is connected with the custom of proposing difficult points of law for discussion during dinner, which was formerly observed in the halls of the Inns of Court.

Near the Hall is the **New Library** erected by *H. R. Abraham.* Its garden had till lately a tree—Catalpa Syringifolia—said to have been planted by Sir Matthew Hale.

Four Sun-Dials in the Temple have mottoes. That in Temple Lane, 'Pereunt et imputantur;' that in Essex Court, 'Vestigia nulla retrorsum;' that in Brick Court, 'Time and Tide tarry for no man;' that opposite Middle Temple Hall, 'Discite justitiam moniti.'

'I was born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?—these are my oldest recollections. . . . What an antique air had the now almost effaced sun-dials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never catched, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep!

Ah, yet doth beauty like a dial-hand
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived!'

Charles Lamb.

The **Temple Garden** is the place where Shakspeare makes the partisans of the Houses of York and Lancaster first choose a white and red rose as their respective badges.

'*Suffolk.* Within the Temple Hall we were too loud:
The garden here is more convenient. . . .
Plantagenet. Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.
Somerset. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me. . . .
Plantagenet. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Somerset. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet? . . .
Warwick. This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Gardens,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.'

First Part of Henry VI., act ii. sc. 4.

There are charming views of the river—the busy silent highway—from the gardens, though on Lord Mayor's Day you can no longer

> 'Stand in Temple Gardens, and behold
> London herself on her proud stream afloat;
> For so appears this fleet of magistracy,
> Holding due course to Westminster.'
> *Shakspeare's Henry V.*

No roses will flourish now in the smoke-laden air, but the gardens are still famous for their autumnal show of chrysanthemums, the special flowers of the Temple. Near a dial given by 'Henricus Wynne, Londini, 1770,' are the remains of a sycamore of Shakspeare's days.

'So, O Benchers, may the Winged Horse, your ancient badge and cognisance, still flourish! So may future Hookers and Seldens illustrate your church and chambers! So may the sparrow, in default of more melodious quiristers, unpoisoned hop about your walks! So may the fresh-coloured and cleanly nursery-maid, who, by leave, airs her playful charge in your stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing curtsy as ye pass, reductive of juvenescent emotion! So may the younkers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately terrace, with the same superstitious veneration with which the child Elia gazed on the Old Worthies that solemnised the parade before ye!'—*Charles Lamb.*

Opposite the Temple, occupying a space of eight acres, in the clearance of which as many as thirty wretched courts and alleys were removed, the **New Law Courts** have risen, with a noble and varied front four hundred and eighty-three feet in length towards the Strand and Fleet Street. They were built 1879–83, in the decorated style, from the designs of *G. E. Street, R.A.*, who did not live to see the completion of this his greatest work. Intended to unite all the principal Law Courts (hitherto divided between Lincoln's Inn and Westminster) upon one site, they form one of the handsomest piles of building in London; but unfortunately the architect, who so well understood beauty of detail, was devoid of genius for plan, so that the tortuous passages and dark corners of the building unfit it for the purpose for which it was intended, and it is regarded as 'the grave of modern gothic.' The immense structure encloses two quadrangles which the buildings surround. The clock-tower and screen of arches towards the Strand are perhaps the most picturesque features. The great central hall has a lofty stone vault, and is a noble specimen of early English architecture.

A little farther down Fleet Street is the entrance of **Chancery Lane** (once New Street, then Chancellor's Lane), a long winding street where the great Lord Strafford was born (1593), and where Izaak Walton, 'the father of angling,' lived as a London linen-draper (1627–1644). Pope says—

> 'Long Chancery Lane retentive rolls the sound.'

The Lane and its surrounding streets have a peculiar legal traffic of their own, and abound in wig-makers, strong-box makers, and law stationers and booksellers. In former times, when the Inns of

Court were more like colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and when the students which belonged to them lived together within their walls, dined together, and shared the same exercises and amusements, the Inns of Court always had Inns of Chancery annexed to them. These were houses where the younger students underwent a course of preparation for the greater freedom of the colleges of the Inns of Court, to which, says Jeaffreson, in his 'Book about Lawyers,' they bore much the same position as Eton bears towards King's College at Cambridge, or Winchester to New College at Oxford. Now the Inns of Chancery are comparative solitudes: readers of Dickens will recollect the vivid descriptions in 'Bleak House' of Symonds' Inn, where Richard Carstone had chambers.

On the right of Chancery Lane, behind St. Dunstan's Church, are the courts of **Serjeants' Inn**, originally intended only for judges and serjeants-at-law. Till the Judicature Act of 1873, the degree of Serjeant was indispensable for a seat on the judicial bench. In 1877 the serjeants, seeing that their principal claim to existence as a body was gone, sold their Inn and divided the proceeds.[1] The little Hall (38 ft. by 21) and Chapel (31 ft. by 20)—both with richly stained windows—will probably ere long be pulled down,

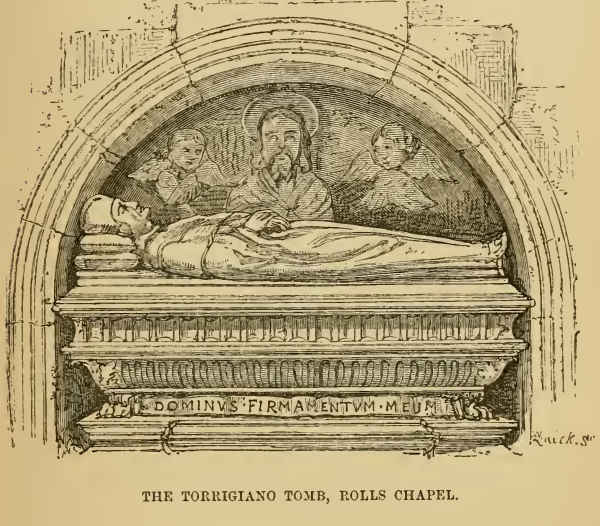
The courts of Serjeants' Inn join those of the earliest foundation of those Inns of Chancery which we have been describing, **Clifford's Inn** (entered from Fetter Lane), which is so called because the land on which it stands was devised in the reign of Edward II. (1310) to 'our beloved and faithful Robert de Clifford.' It was in the hall of Clifford's Inn that Sir Matthew Hale and seventeen other judges sate after the Great Fire to adjudicate upon the perplexed claims of landlords and tenants in the destroyed houses—a task which they accomplished so much to the satisfaction of every one concerned that their portraits are all preserved in Guildhall in honour of patient justice.

'Clifford's was an Inn of Chancery in the eighteenth year of Edward the Third's reign, and still cherishes the legend of how its principal, and those of Furnival's and Barnard's, were sent prisoners to Hertford Castle as hostages for the good behaviour of some tumultuous apprentices of the law. It has its Principal and its Aules, and its Juniors or Kentish men; and at every dinner during term the chairman of the Kentish men receives four manchets, or loaves, as the dole for the poor students. In Clifford's lived Robert Pultock, who wrote *Peter Wilkins*, and George Dyer, to whom Charles Lamb has devoted an essay. In Clifford's were the chambers of the six attorneys of the Marshalsea Court, a fact which rendered this little spot the fountain-head of more misery than any whole county in all England.'—*The Observer, Feb.* 17, 1884.

Farther up Chancery Lane, on the same side, is a courtyard leading to the **Record Office**, into which is incorporated the **Rolls Chapel**, occupying the site of a House of Maintenance just outside the wall of London, founded in the XIII. c. for converted Jews, who lived together somewhat like the inmates of a college or alms-

[1] It was, till the latter part of the eighteenth century, the rule for serjeants to wear parti-coloured robes for one year from their creation. See Sir E. Brabrook in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries*, 2nd Series, vol. iii. p. 414.

house. The core of the walls is of that time, but roof, windows, and doors have alike been altered at subsequent dates.[1] The Rolls house and chapel were annexed to the office of Custos Rotulorum, or Keeper of the Rolls, by Edward III. The chapel, originally erected in the time of Henry III., was almost rebuilt by Inigo Jones in 1617, when Dr. Donne preached the consecration sermon. Bishop Atterbury and Bishop Butler were Preachers at the Rolls, and also Bishop Burnet, who was dismissed on account of the



THE TORRIGIANO TOMB, ROLLS CHAPEL.

offence given to King and Court by his preaching a sermon here on the text, 'Save me from the lion's mouth; for thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns.' All this while, however, the chapel served as a storehouse of the records of Chancery, which were stowed away in presses along the walls and even under the seats used by the congregation within the memory of persons still living. Until three or four years ago, the Rolls Chapel served as

[1] Its Master was originally always an ecclesiastic, and he continued till a recent date to exercise certain quasi-ecclesiastical functions. It is therefore curious to note that a Jew—Sir George Jessel—should have been the last Master of the Rolls appointed under the old régime.

the final trysting-place between mortgagees and mortgagers, the last of whom seldom appeared to save their property.

It is little known that within the walls of this chapel is one of the noblest pieces of sculpture which England possesses—a tomb which may be compared for beauty with the famous monuments of Francesco Albergati at Bologna, and of Bernardo Giugni in the Badia at Florence. The visitor will at once be struck by the contrast of the terra-cotta tomb of Dr. John Young, Master of the Rolls in the time of Henry VIII. and Bishop of Gallipoli, 1516, with the usual types of English monuments. The aged Master reposes in the most sublime serenity of death upon a sarcophagus, shaped like a Florentine 'bridechest,' within a circular arch, on the back of which the half figure of the Saviour rises in low relief between two cherubim. In the panel of the pedestal beneath is the inscription and the date MDXVI. The whole is the work of the immortal *Torrigiano*, who was the sculptor of Henry VII.'s tomb, and words would fail to give an idea of the infinite repose which he has here given to the venerable features of the dead. Another stately monument on the same side of the chapel commemorates Lord Bruce of Kinloss (1610), rewarded by James I. with the Mastership of the Rolls for having efficiently opened a secret correspondence with Cecil, under the pretence of congratulating Elizabeth on the failure of the revolt under Lord Essex. In front kneel his four children. The eldest son, in armour, was the Lord Bruce of Kinloss who was killed in a duel with Sir Edward Sackville near Bergen-op-Zoom, in 1613. On the opposite side of the altar is the tomb of Sir Richard Allington, of Horseheath (1561): he kneels with his wife at an altar on which their three daughters are represented. Amongst other Masters buried here are Sir John Strange, of whom Pennant gives the punning epitaph—

'Here lies an honest lawyer, that is—Strange'—

and Sir John Trevor, Speaker of the House of Commons, who boldly cautioned his cousin Jeffreys and King James II. against their untoward conduct, but was himself compelled to pronounce his own conviction and dismissal for bribery. Near the altar is the grave of the Hon. W. Fortescue, Master of the Rolls (*ob.* 1749), addressed by Gay in his 'Trivia,' and the friend of Pope, who dedicated one of his Imitations of Horace to him. In the windows is some fine XVII. c. heraldic glass, including the arms of Sir Harbottle Grimston (1594—1683), Master of the Rolls.

'He was a just judge: very slow, and ready to hear anything that was offered, without passion or partiality. He was a very pious and devout man, and spent at least an hour in the morning and as much at night in prayer and meditation. And even in winter, when he was obliged to be very early on the bench, he took care to rise so soon that he had always the command of that time, which he gave to those exercises.'—*Burnet.*

The **Rolls House**, which adjoins upon the north, was erected in the reign of George I. for the Master of the Rolls, and contained his

court, but it has not been inhabited for more than fifty years, and is now used for official purposes by the Deputy Keeper of the Records, and the members of his staff. The ground on which the Record Office now stands was the Master's field or garden. Sir W. Grant, Master of the Rolls, who died in 1818, kept a cow there; his successor, Sir T. Plumer, was a man of fashion, and went to live in the west.

Chichester Rents, the name of a wretched court on the left of Chancery Lane, still commemorates the town-house of the Bishops of Chichester, built in 1228 by Bishop Ralph Nevill, Chancellor in

GATEWAY, LINCOLN'S INN.

the time of Henry III., and where he died in 1244. Here also died his sainted successor, Richard de Wyche, to whom the original chapel of Lincoln's Inn was dedicated. The adjoining Bishop's Court was pulled down in 1891. **Took's Court** was famous for its sponging houses, in one of which Sheridan underwent a brief detention.

On the left of the lane is the noble brick **Gateway** of **Lincoln's Inn**, bearing the date 1518, and adorned with the arms of Sir Thomas Lovell, by whom it was built in the reign of Henry VIII. It is ornamented by inlaid brickwork of different colours, in the style of Hampton Court, and is the only example remaining in

London except the gate of St. James. Till 1880, when the greater part was destroyed, a number of curious towers and gables with pointed doorways and Tudor windows stretched along the inner front of the Inn, forming, with the chapel opposite upon its raised arches, one of the most picturesque architectural groups in London. The brick was made and baked in the Bishop's 'coney-garth,' in the south-west part of the premises. It is upon this gateway that Fuller describes Ben Jonson as working, with his Horace in one hand and a trowel in the other, when, 'some gentlemen, pitying that his parts should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a calling, did of their bounty manumize him freely to follow his own ingenious inclinations.' But the generation which can delight in the Albert Hall and the Albert Memorial has no admiration to spare for these grand relics of architects who knew their business, and, unless public opinion protects it, the Gateway of Lincoln's Inn will in time share the fate of Northumberland House, the Burlington Portico, and the Tabard.

The name Lincoln's Inn came from Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, *ob.* 1311, buried at St. Paul's, whose town-house once occupied its site. Its courtyards have a greater look of antiquity than those of the Temple. A tablet marks the residence on the left of the ground-floor at No. 24 in the 'Old Buildings,' of Oliver Cromwell's secretary, John Thurloe, from November 1646 to November 1659. There is a tradition that the Protector came thither one day to discuss with Thurloe the plot of Sir Richard Willis for seizing the persons of the three princes, sons of Charles I. Having disclosed his plans, he discovered Thurloe's clerk apparently asleep upon his desk. Fearing treason, he would have killed him on the spot, but Thurloe prevented him, and after passing a dagger repeatedly over his unflinching countenance, he was satisfied that the clerk was really asleep. He was not asleep, however, and had heard everything, and found means to warn the princes. In a false ceiling of what was No. 13, whither Thurloe had removed after his dismissal from office during the short protectorate of Richard Cromwell, the collection called the Thurloe State Papers was accidentally found in the time of William III. Thurloe concealed the papers because they would have compromised many of his friends had they fallen into the hands of Charles, and in these chambers—pulled down to lengthen the chapel in 1882—he died, February 21, 1668.

Two of the old gables have sun-dials with the mottoes—'Qua redit, nescitis horam,'—'Ex hoc momento pendet aeternitas.' The perpendicular **Chapel**, at the right of the entrance, was built from designs of Inigo Jones, though his admirable work was much injured by 'restoration' in 1882. It is raised upon arches which form a kind of crypt open at the sides, where Pepys went 'to walk under the chapel, by agreement,' and where John Thurloe, 1668, 'Secretary of State to the Protector Oliver Cromwell,' has an epitaph. The stained windows are remarkably good; they represent different saints, and it is not to be wondered at that Archbishop Laud thought it odd that so much abuse should be raised against his

windows at Lambeth while these passed unnoticed, yet would not speak of it lest he should 'thereby set some furious spirit on work to destroy those harmless goodly windows, to the just dislike of that worthy society.' The chapel bell was taken by the Earl of Essex at Cadiz in 1596. William Prynne, the Puritan, was buried here. Dr. Donne, Usher, Tillotson, Warburton, Heber, and Frederick Maurice were preachers of Lincoln's Inn. In the porch is a monument to Spencer Perceval (murdered May 11, 1812), Attorney-General and Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn. The chapel was lengthened in 1882,—two sets of fine Jacobean chambers being pulled down to

CHAPEL AND GATEWAY, LINCOLN'S INN.

make room for the addition—and much was done at the same time to 'improve away' the design of Inigo Jones.

Crossing one end of the old-fashioned brick square of **New Inn**, we reach a handsome group of brick buildings by *Hardwick*, 1843–1845, comprising the **Hall** and the **Library**. In the former are a great fresco by *G. F. Watts* (1854–59), representing 'The Origin of Legislation,' *Hogarth's* picture of Paul before Felix, and a fine statue of Lord Eldon by *Westmacott*. The library contains a valuable collection of manuscripts, chiefly bequeathed by Sir Matthew Hale. One of the curious customs, preserved till lately, at Lincoln's Inn, was that a servant went to the outer hall door and shouted three

times 'Venez manger' at twelve o'clock, when there was nothing on the table.

The ancient

'Walks of Lincoln's Inn
Under the elms,'

mentioned by Ben Jonson, are much curtailed by the new hall and library; but **Lincoln's Inn Fields**, 'perplexed and troublous valley of the shadow of the Law,' as Dickens calls it, is still the largest and shadiest square in London. It was laid out by Inigo Jones. Its dimensions have been erroneously stated to be the same as the base of the great pyramid, which is, however, much larger. The square was railed off only in 1735, and till then bore a very evil reputation. Gay says—

'Where Lincoln's Inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with venturous step; there oft is found
The lurking thief, who, while the daylight shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.'

It was here (Sept. 20 and 21, 1586) that Babington and other conspirators for Mary, Queen of Scots, were 'hanged, bowelled, and quartered, even in the place where they used to meet and conferre of their traitorous' purposes. Here also, the brave and upright William, Lord Russell, unjustly suffered for alleged high treason. He was attended to the scaffold by Tillotson and Burnet.

'His whole behaviour looked like a triumph over death. . . . He parted with his lady with a composed silence: and as soon as she was gone, he said to me, "The bitterness of death is passed;" for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression, as she well deserved it in all respects. She had the command of herself so much that at parting she gave him no disturbance. . . . Some of the crowd that filled the streets wept, while others insulted; he was touched with the tenderness that the one gave him, but did not seem at all provoked by the other. He was singing psalms a great part of the way; and said he hoped to sing better very soon. As he observed the great crowd of people all the way, he said, "I hope I shall quickly see a much better assembly." . . . He laid his head on the block, without the least change of countenance: and it was cut off at two strokes.'—*Burnet.*

On the north side of the square, beyond the handsome **Inns of Court Hotel**, is (No. 13) the eccentric **Soane Museum**, formed in his own house and bequeathed to the nation by Sir John Soane (*ob.* 1837), who was the son of a bricklayer at Reading, but, being distinguished as a student in the Royal Academy, and sent to Rome with the Academy pension, lived to become the architect of the Bank of England. The museum, which Mrs. Jameson calls 'a fairy palace of *vertu*,' was especially intended by its founder to illustrate the artistic and instructive purposes to which it is possible to

devote an English private residence, and is open to the public from eleven to five on Tuesdays and Thursdays in February and March; and on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays in April, May, June, July, and August. Few people know of it, and fewer visit it, which is much to be regretted, since, though, as Dr. Waagen says, the overcrowded and labyrinthine house leaves an impression as of a feverish dream, it contains, together with much rubbish, several most interesting pictures.

Room I.

Sir J. Reynolds. 'The Snake in the Grass,' or 'Love unloosing the Zone of Beauty'—bought at the Marchioness of Thomond's sale. In very bad condition—little more than a 'mass of corrupting pigments.'
Sir T. Lawrence. Portrait of Sir John Soane.

Room II.—(*Right.*)

Canaletto. The Grand Canal at Venice—a glorious picture, full of light and air, with sparkling waves and animated figures—so different from the wooden abortions usually attributed to this injured artist, that few can be said to have made his acquaintance who have not looked upon it. From the Fonthill collection.
Hogarth. The Election. A series of four pictures—bought at the sale of David Garrick's effects.
1. *The Entertainment.* It is the end of the feast. The mayor is seized with apoplexy from a surfeit of oysters, and the barber is bleeding him in vain. A candidate is flattering an old woman. A crowd of the opposing faction have thrown brickbats into the room, one of which has struck a lawyer on the head. A virago resents the refusal of a bribe by her tailor husband, whose son exhibits his need of it by showing his worn-out shoe.
2. *The Canvassing.* Bribery is exhibited in all its forms. In the background is the Excise Office. Hogarth's quaint wit is shown in the man at the end of the beam to which the crown is suspended, busily engaged in sawing it down, forgetful that he must fall with it.
3. *The Polling.* The rival candidates are seated in a booth where votes are received. A Chelsea pensioner is objected to by a lawyer, because he cannot lay his right hand, but only a stump, on the book. A man is bawling into the ears of another who is deaf the name of the person he is to vote for. A dying man is carried to vote in blankets. In the background is Britannia being overturned in her coach, while her servants are playing cards on the box.
4. *The Chairing of the Successful Candidate.* The new Member, represented by Bubb Dodington, is in danger of being upset in his chair, one of his bearers having had his head broken by the club of a countryman who is fighting with a Greenwich pensioner. The tailor of the former is beaten by his wife; an old woman is thrown down amongst the pigs. In the midst of the confusion the cooks are carrying in the dinners.
'Hogarth painted life as he saw it. He gives no vision of bygone things—no splendid images of ancient manners; he regards neither the historian's page nor the poet's song. He was contented with the occurrences of the passing day—with the folly or the vice of the hour; to the garb and fashion of the moment, however, he adds story and sentiment for all time.'—*Allan Cunningham.*

Room III.—(*Breakfast Room.*)

Francesco Goma. Portrait of Napoleon, 1797.
Isabey. Miniature of Napoleon, painted at Elba.

Upper Floor.

Hogarth. The Rake's Progress, a series of eight pictures.
1. *The Rake comes into his Fortune.* The accumulations of the relation whose fortune he has inherited are displayed, while the starved cat and the woman

bringing chips to the empty grate show the penury in which the miser has lived. The heir, an empty-headed lout, is being measured for fine clothes. A girl whom he has seduced, accompanied by her mother, with her lap full of love-letters, vainly seeks the fulfilment of his promises. A villainous attorney, who has been employed in making an inventory, is stealing a bag of gold from the table.

2. *The Levée of the Rake.* His chamber is crowded with sycophants, and persons seeking his patronage. Amongst the portraits introduced are those of Dubois the fencing-master, Figg the prize-fighter, and Bridgeman the king's gardener.

3. *The Orgies of the Rake.* A woman picks the pocket of the drunken rake of his watch, which she hands to an accomplice. On the floor are the lanthorn and staff of a watchman with whom he has been fighting. Everything indicates the most vicious dissipation. The harlot in the background, setting fire to the world, is peculiarly Hogarthian.

4. *The Arrest of the Rake.* He is arrested in his sedan chair, while going to court on the queen's birthday, as is indicated by the leek in the Welshman's cocked hat (S. David's Day being the birthday of Queen Caroline). S. James's Palace is seen in the background, with White's Chocolate House, where the Rake has probably completed his ruin at the gaming table. The lamplighter, while gaping at the scene beneath, lets his oil stream down on the Rake's peruke. A touch of human sympathy is shown in the neglected girl of the first picture, who is shown here as having redeemed the past, and who, accidentally seeing her faithless lover in trouble, offers her purse to save him.

5. *The Marriage of the Rake.* Discharged by the assistance of the girl he has injured, the Rake again deserts her to redeem his fortunes by marrying a hideous but rich old woman. While placing the ring upon her finger, he leers at her maid in the background. The neglected girl and her mother try to forbid the marriage, but are ejected from the church by the pew-opener. The absurdity of the courtship is parodied in that of the two dogs in the background. The scene is the old Church of Marylebone, then (1735) in the country and the resort of couples seeking to be privately married — the Commandments are cracked across, the Creed is effaced, the poor-box is covered with cobwebs; all is significant.

6. *The Rake at the Gambling Table.* At White's (where the incident of the fire here portrayed really occurred in 1733) the Rake loses the second fortune for which he has sold himself.

7. *The Rake in Prison.* The Rake is seated in despair, his wife is cursing him; only the girl whose early affections he won remains kind, and comes to visit him, but faints on seeing his misery. A rejected tragedy by which he has tried to obtain money lies upon the table. In contrast to this scene of poverty, an alchemist is at work in the background.

8. *The Rake in Bedlam.* Here we see the Rake in the last stage of degradation, naked, and shaven, still sustained by the one friend who has refused to desert him. All phases of madness—the man who thinks himself an astronomer—the man who thinks himself a king, the melancholy madness of religion, the simpering idiocy of love—are introduced; and to visit and ridicule them, as was then permitted, come two fine ladies.

The other pictures here are unimportant. We may notice—

Turner. Van Tromp's barge returning to the Helder, 1645.
W. Hilton (1786–1839). Marc Antony reading Caesar's will.
Sir C. Eastlake (1793–1865). The Cave of Despair.

In the dimly lit under-chambers, surrounded by an extraordinary and heterogeneous collection, is the magnificent sarcophagus of Seti I., father of Rameses the Great, discovered by Belzoni (1815) in the valley of Biban el Molook. It is covered with hieroglyphics, and is cut out of a single block of the substance called by mineralogists aragonite.

The beautifully illuminated manuscripts of this museum are well

deserving of study, the finest being the Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles by Cardinal Marino Grimani, Patriarch of Aquileja, with exquisite miniatures by Giulio Clovio, the portrait of the cardinal which it contains being perhaps the best work of the artist. Amongst other literary curiosities preserved here is the original MS. of the 'Gerusalemme Liberata' of Tasso.

At the north-western corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields is **Newcastle House** (with a double staircase to its entrance), built in 1686 (from designs of Captain Winde—Webb's pupil) for William Herbert, Marquis of Powis, who followed James II. into exile, and was created Duke of Powis by him. It was inhabited by the insignificant prime minister of George II.'s reign, the Duke of Newcastle, of whom Lord Wilmington said, 'He loses half an hour every morning, and runs after it all the rest of the day, without being able to overtake it.' Close by is still the so-called 'Old Curiosity Shop' of Dickens.

Great Queen Street leads from hence into Long Acre. Here Lord Herbert of Cherbury lived, and wrote the first part of his 'De Veritate,'—'justly deemed inimical to every positive religion.'[1] The celebrated inhabitants of the street include Sir Godfrey Kneller; T. Hudson, the portrait painter (Sir J. Reynolds' master); Hoole, the translator of Tasso; John Opie; Sir Robert Smirke, R.A.; William Hayley the poet; Sheridan; Mrs. Clive; Miss Pope; and Mary Robinson ('Perdita').

'In Great Queen Street Sir Godfrey Kneller lived next door to Dr. Radcliffe. Kneller was fond of flowers, and had a fine collection. As there was great intimacy between him and the physician, he permitted the latter to have a door into his garden; but Radcliffe's servants gathering and destroying the flowers, Kneller sent him word he must shut the door. Radcliffe replied peevishly, "Tell him he may do anything with it but paint it."—"And I," answered Sir Godfrey, "can take anything from him but physic."'—*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.*

Nos. 55 and 56 are good specimens of street house architecture, and were built by Inigo Jones. Richard Brinsley Sheridan lived there in 1778–90. The fleur-de-lis, which till lately might be seen on the fronts of some of the houses on the south of Great Queen Street, was in compliment to Henrietta Maria, after whom it was named.

On the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, No. 58, is the house which Dickens describes as the abode of Mr. Tulkinghorn, having been familiar with it as the residence of his friend Forster. No. 59 **Lindsey House**, afterwards **Ancaster House** (marked by its little semicircular portico), was built by Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, Charles the First's general, who fell in the battle of Edgehill, and who resided here before he went to Lindsey House in Chelsea, also built by him. The part of the original house fronted with stone is by Inigo Jones. Opposite the other part, which is of brick plastered

[1] Hallam, *Int. to the Lit. of Europe.*

over, still remain two out of the six brick piers which originally, with curious iron-work between them, formed 'a strong, beautiful court gate' in front of the house.[1] Close to a low massive archway, leading into Sardinia Street, is the **Sardinian Chapel**, built in 1648, the year before Charles I. was beheaded, being the oldest foundation in London always in the hands of Roman Catholics. It was partially destroyed in the Gordon Riots, when the mob hanged on a lamp-post in front of it a cat dressed in priestly vestments and with the holy wafer in its paws. This is the church frequented by the Savoyard organ-boys who live on Saffron Hill.

In a house opposite the chapel Benjamin Franklin lived in 1725, when he was a journeyman printer in the office of Mr. Watts in Wild Court. He lodged with a Roman Catholic widow lady and her daughter, to whom he paid a rent of 3s. 6d a week. When his landlady was confined to her room by the gout, he was frequently asked to spend the evenings with her. 'Our supper,' he says in his autobiography, 'consisted only of half an anchovy a-piece, upon a slice of bread and butter, with half a pint of ale between us: but the entertainment was in her conversation.' In the upper floor of the same house lived—on water-gruel only—a Roman Catholic maiden lady of fortune, as if in a nunnery, spending £12 a year on herself, and giving away all the rest of her estate. While he worked in Wild Court Franklin relates that he only drank water, while the other workmen, some fifty in number, were great beer-drinkers; but he used to be much stronger, and could carry far greater weights than his companions, who were greatly surprised at the power of the 'American Aquatic,' as they called him.

Great Wild Street (right) takes its name from Humphrey Wild, Lord Mayor in 1608. Wild House was afterwards the Spanish Embassy, and the ambassador escaped with difficulty by its back door in the anti-papal riots under James II. The site of the house is now occupied by a Baptist Chapel, where a sermon is annually preached commemorative of the great storm of Nov. 26, 1703, when more than 800 houses were laid in ruins in London alone. Addison refers to this storm when he compares Marlborough in 'The Campaign' to an angel guiding a storm—'such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed.' The house where Franklin worked as a printer has been identified with No. 16 Wild Court, at the eastern end of the court, near Chapel Place. In 1768 he revisited his old workshop, and addressing the workmen said, 'Come, my friends, we will drink together; it is now forty years since I worked like you at this press as a journeyman printer.'

Pit Place, between Great Wild Street and Drury Lane, occupies the site of the ancient Cock-pit, demolished by the mob in 1617, and rebuilt as the Phœnix Theatre.

Duke Street and Kemble Street lead into **Drury Lane**, one of the great arteries of the parish of St. Clement Danes, an aristocratic

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[1] Hatton's *New View*, 1708.

part of London in the time of the Stuarts.[1] It takes its name from Drury House, built in the time of Henry VIII. (where the Olympic Theatre now stands) by Sir William Drury, whose grand-daughter Elizabeth, wife of Dr. Donne, met her 'untimely and religious death' there. From the Drurys it passed into the hands of William, Lord Craven (the son of a peasant in Wharfedale, who rose to be Lord Mayor), celebrated in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus. He rebuilt Drury House, which was for a short time the residence of the unfortunate Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, to whom he always showed the most chivalrous devotion, and who is sometimes believed

THE OLD HOUSE IN DRURY LANE.

to have become his wife, though twelve years his senior. Here he heroically stayed during the great Plague, which began in Drury Lane, and, at the hazard of his life, assisted in preserving order amidst the terrors of the time. He is still commemorated in **Craven Buildings**, where a fresco, now quite obliterated, long represented him riding on his white charger. Near the entrance of Drury Lane from the Strand was an old house, the tavern of the 'Cock and Magpie,' only destroyed in 1890, which stood in the Lane, with the old mansion of the Drurys, before the street was built. When Justice Shallow vows that Falstaff shall remain to

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[1] The Marchioness of Ormond was living in Great Wild Street in 1655.

enjoy his hospitality, he swears 'by cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night.'

Aubrey mentions that the Duchess of Albemarle, wife of General Monk, was daughter of one of the five female barbers of Drury Lane celebrated in the ballad—

> 'Did you ever hear the like,
> Or ever hear the fame,
> Of five women barbers,
> That lived in Drury Lane?

This was the 'plain and homely dowdy'—the 'ill-look'd woman' of Pepys. The respectability of Drury Lane began to wane at the end of the XVII. c., and Gay's lines—

> 'Oh may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
> Of Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes!'—

are still as applicable as when they were written.

Drury Lane Theatre was first opened in 1663, burnt in 1672, and reopened in 1674 with an address by Dryden, who extolled the advantages of its then country situation over those of the 'Duke's Theatre' in Dorset Gardens:—

> '*Our* House relieves the ladies from the frights
> Of ill-paved streets and long dark winter nights.'

The burning of the third theatre on the site (Feb. 24, 1809) is rendered memorable by the publication of the 'Rejected Addresses,'[1] the famous *jeu d'esprit* of James and Horace Smith, the 'very best imitations,' says Lord Jeffrey (and often of difficult originals), 'that ever were made,' but of which Murray refused to buy the copyright for £20.

At the south-west angle of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Portsmouth House, built by Inigo Jones for the Earl of Portsmouth, has given a name to **Portsmouth Street.** Here the *Black Jack Public House* was long called 'The Jump,' from Jack Sheppard having jumped from a window on its first floor to escape the emissaries of Jonathan Wild. Till 1816 the Honourable Society of Jackers met here, of which John Kemble and Theodore Hook were members.

An opposite house has claimed (without authority) to be the original of the 'Old Curiosity Shop' of Dickens, the home of 'Little Nell.'

Portsmouth Street leads into **Portugal Street** (named in honour of Catherine of Braganza), where **King's College Hospital** and its surroundings have obliterated the recollections and annihilated the gravestones of the Burial Ground of St. Clement Danes, where Nathaniel Lee, the bombastic dramatist (1657–1692), author of 'Sophonisba' and 'Gloriana,' was buried. Here also was the monument with an epitaph to 'Honest Joe Miller,' the 'Father of Jokes' (1684–1738), long an actor in the Drury Lane Company, in

[1] Supposed to have been presented for competition at the opening of the new house in 1812.

which he was the acknowledged 'favourite of the town.' This was the burial-ground whither, in 'Bleak House,' 'Joe' conducted 'Lady Dedlock.' 'The Duke's Play-house' stood

'Behind the row which men call Portugal.'[1]

The neighbouring *Carey Street* takes its name from the house of Sir George Carey, 1655.

On the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields is No. 40 to 42, the **Royal College of Surgeons**, designed by *C. Barry*, 1835. It has a fine library, in which the cartoon for Hogarth's picture of the grant of the charter to the Barber-Surgeons is preserved. In the Council-Room is *Reynolds'* admirable portrait of John Hunter (1728-1793), the chief benefactor of the College. There are several good busts by *Chantrey*.

The **Museum** (right of entrance) was founded by, and is chiefly due to the exertions of, Hunter, and 'was intended to illustrate, as far as possible, the whole subject of life, by preparations of the bodies in which its phenomena are represented.' The skeleton of the elephant Chunee, brought to England in 1810, is preserved here. It is 12 feet 4 inches in height.

If we follow Chancery Lane into Holborn, a long series of gables of the time of James I. breaks the sky-line upon the right, and beneath them is a grand old house, following the bend of the street, with its architecture, projecting more and more boldly in every story, broken by innumerable windows of quaint design and intention, and with an arched doorway in the centre. This is the entrance to **Staple Inn**, now belonging to the *Prudential Assurance Company*. Originally a hostelry of the merchants of the Wool Staple,[2] who were removed to Westminster by Richard II. in 1378, it became an Inn of Chancery in the reign of Henry V., and after the time of Henry VIII. became a dependency of Gray's Inn.

'Behind the most ancient part of Holborn, where certain gabled houses some centuries of age still stand looking on the public way, as if disconsolately looking for the Old Bourne that has long run dry, is a little nook composed of two irregular quadrangles, called Staple Inn. It is one of those nooks, the turning into which out of the clashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears, and velvet soles on his boots. It is one of those nooks where a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they called to one another, "Let us play at country," and where a few feet of garden mould and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings. Moreover, it is one of those nooks which are legal nooks; and it contains a little Hall, with a little lantern in its roof: to what obstructive purposes devoted, and at whose expense, this history knoweth not.'—*Dickens*, '*Edwin Drood*.'

Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his first visit to London, says:—

'I went astray in Holborn through an arched entrance, over which was "Staple Inn," and here likewise seemed to be offices; but, in a court opening inwards from this, there was a surrounding seclusion of quiet dwelling-houses,

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1 Sir William Davenant's *Play-house to Lett*.

2 See the representation of a wool-sack over the hall door.

with beautiful green shrubbery and grass-plots in the court, and a great many sun-flowers in full bloom. The windows were open; it was a lovely summer afternoon, and I have a sense that bees were humming in the court, though this may have been suggested by my fancy, because the sound would have been so well suited to the scene. A boy was reading at one of the windows. There was not a quieter spot in England than this, and it was very strange to have drifted into it so suddenly out of the bustle and rumble of Holborn; and to lose all this repose as suddenly, on passing through the arch of the outer court. In all the hundreds of years since London was built, it has not been able to sweep its roaring tide over that little island of quiet.'

STAPLE INN, HOLBORN.

Beyond the miniature **Hall**—eminently picturesque, with its high timber roof and lanthorn, its stained windows and ancient portraits and busts of the Caesars—is a second court containing some admirable modern buildings on a raised terrace (by *Wigg* and *Pownall*, 1843), after the early Jacobean style, devoted to the offices of the Taxing-Masters in Chancery. It was to Staple Inn that Dr. Johnson removed from Gough Square (March 23, 1759), and here that—to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral and fulfil the few debts she left behind her—he wrote in the evenings of one week what he describes to Miss Porter as a little story-book—*i.e.*, his 'Rasselas,' for which he received £100.

A little lower down on the same side of Holborn a passage under a hair-dresser's house forms the humble entrance to **Barnard's Inn**, a little Inn of Chancery once known as Mackworth's Inn, from having been the residence of Mackworth, Dean of Lincoln, in the time of Henry VI. Again there are tiny courts with a single tree

growing in them and flowers lining the window-sills, divided by a tiny hall with a baby lanthorn of admirable design, and a line of quaint windows decorated by coats of arms and set in a timber framework. The Inn, as Loftie in his 'History of London' aptly observes, transports one into the scenery of one of De Hooghe's pictures, and its picturesque little buildings by no means merit the description, in Dickens's 'Great Expectations,' of 'the dirtiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for tom-cats.' In this century No. 2 was occupied by an alchemist, described by Sir Humphrey Davy.

On the opposite side of the street is **Furnival's Inn**, which was called after a Sir William Furnival, who once owned the land. It was an Inn of Chancery attached to Lincoln's Inn, to which the site still belongs. Its buildings, shown by old prints to have been exceedingly stately, with a front by Inigo Jones, were for the most part pulled down in the time of Charles I., and the Inn was entirely rebuilt in 1818, when it was let to Henry Peto on a building-lease of 100 years; his statue (1830) stands in the modern courtyard. Sir Thomas More was a 'reader' of Furnival's Inn, and Dickens was residing here when he wrote his 'Sketches by Boz' and began his 'Pickwick Papers,' which he finished at 48 Doughty Street.

Very near this was Scroope's Inn, described by Stow as one of the 'faire buildings' which stood on the north side of 'Old Borne Hill,' above the bridge. It belonged to the Serjeants at Law, but is entirely destroyed.

On the opposite side of the street, close to where St. Andrew's Church now stands, was Thavie's Inn, the most ancient of all the Inns of Court, which in the time of Edward III. was the 'hospitium' of John Thavie, an armourer, and leased by him to the 'Apprentices of the Law.' Its buildings were destroyed by fire at the end of the eighteenth century.

Gray's Inn Road leads from the north of Holborn to **Gray's Inn**, which is now the fourth Inn of Court in importance, but which in Ben Jonson's time stood at the head of the Inns, the number of its students in 1585 being double that of each of the others. The manor was in the possession of Reginald de Gray in the time of Edward I., and was only sold by Lord Gray de Wilton (to Hugh Denny) in 1505. But before 1570 it had been leased to the lawyers, and soon became so popular that until the time of James I. its buildings were always inadequate for the number of students. Even the Benchers were sometimes forced to lodge double; and in the reign of Henry VIII. we hear of Sir Thomas Neville accepting the Attorney-General (Sir Christopher Hales) as his bedfellow.

Gray's Inn is entered from Holborn by a gateway built on land purchased from Christopher Fulwood, who is still commemorated in the miserable entry called Fulwood's Rents. It was at this gate —a fine specimen of brickwork ruined by stucco—that the alms of the Society were formerly distributed. Here also Sir Samuel Romilly stood all night under arms as sentinel during the Gordon Riots. A little bookshop in the gateway recalls that of Jacob Tonson,

the famous bookseller, who published Addison's 'Campaign'[1] here. The vast pink-red court, with steep roofs and small-paned windows which recall French buildings, still contains a handsome hall of 1560, in which, on all festal meetings, the only toast proposed is 'the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Queen Elizabeth,' by whom the members of Gray's Inn were always treated with great distinction. Much of the fine armorial glass, formerly in XVII. c. chapel (recently rebuilt), has been set up in the hall.

Sir William Gascoigne, the just judge who committed Henry V. as Prince of Wales to prison for contempt of court; Cromwell, Earl of Essex; Bishop Gardiner; Lord Burleigh; Sir Nicholas Bacon, the great Lord Bacon, and Sir S. Romilly, were members of Gray's Inn, as were Archbishop Whitgift, Bishop Hall, and Archbishop Laud. Here, too, Lord Bacon wrote his 'Novum Organum,' a work which, in spite of King James, who declared it was 'like the peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' was welcomed with a tumult of applause by all the learned men of Europe. His *Essays* (1597) also were inscribed from his 'chamber at Graie's Inn.' Dr. Richard Sibbes, who wrote the 'Soul's Conflict' and the 'Bruised Reed,' was a Preacher in this Inn, and died here in one of the courts—he of whom Dr. Doddridge wrote—

> 'Of this blest man let this just praise be given,
> Heaven was in him before he was in Heaven.'

'Gray's Inn is a great quiet domain, quadrangle beyond quadrangle, close beside Holborn, and a large space of greensward enclosed within it. It is very strange to find so much of ancient quietude right in the monster city's very jaws, which yet the monster shall not eat up—right in its very belly, indeed, which yet, in all these ages, it shall not digest and convert into the same substance as the rest of its bustling streets. Nothing else in London is so like the effect of a spell, as to pass under one of these archways, and find yourself transported from the jumble, rush, tumult, uproar, as of an age of week-days condensed into the present hour, into what seems an eternal Sabbath.'—*Hawthorne*, '*English Note-Books*.'

Gray's Inn is described by Dickens in 'The Uncommercial Traveller.' The trees in **Gray's Inn Gardens** (now closed to the public) were originally planted by Lord Bacon, who was Treasurer of the Society in 1597, on the 4th of July in which year it was 'ordered that the summe of £7 15s. 4d. due to Mr. Bacon, for planting of elm-trees, in the walkes, be paid next term.' In the next year more trees were ordered, at a cost of £60 6s. 8d., as appears by Bacon's account. A catalpa, which still exists on the north-west of the garden, is said to have been planted by Bacon. On the north of the garden is 'Lord Bacon's Mount,' answering to his recommendation in his 'Essay on Gardens'—'a mount of some pretty height, leaving the wall of the enclosure breast high, to look abroad into the fields.' These gardens were a fashionable promenade of Charles II.'s time. Pepys, writing in May 1662, says:—

'When church was done, my wife and I walked to Graye's Inne, to observe the fashions of the ladies, because of my wife making some clothes.'

[1] See the *Builder*, March 30, 1878.

In 1621 Howell wrote of them as 'the pleasantest place about London, with the choicest society;' and in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* they are mentioned in similar terms. In those days, however, it will be remembered that Gray's Inn was almost in the country, for we read in the *Spectator* (No. 269)—

'I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks, but I heard my friend (Sir Roger de Coverley) upon the terrace, hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.'

Charles Lamb said—

'These are the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court—my beloved Temple not forgotten—have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law-breathing. Bacon has left the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks.'

The rooks in Gray's Inn Gardens were only scared away by the erection of a corrugated iron building near them a few years ago.

The characteristics of the four Inns of Court are summed up in the distich—

'Gray's Inn for walks, Lincoln's Inn for wall,
The Inner Temple for a garden, and the Middle for a hall.'

CHAPTER III.

BY FLEET STREET TO ST. PAUL'S.

TEMPLE BAR marked the boundary between the City of London and the Shire, from which fact came the name of 'Shire Lane' (removed for the New Law Courts), which was the nearest artery on the north-western side. As soon as we pass the site of the historic Bar we are in the City. We enter **Fleet Street**, which, like Fleet Market and Fleet Ditch, takes its name from the once rapid and clear, but now fearfully polluted, River Fleet, which has its source far away in the breezy heights of Hampstead, and flows through the valley where Farringdon Streeet now is, in which it once turned the mills still commemorated in Turnmill Street. Originally (1218) it was called the 'River of Wells,' being fed by the clear springs now known as Sadler's Wells, Bagnigge Wells, and the Clerks' Well or Clerkenwell, and it was navigable for a short distance. The river was ruined as the town extended westwards. Ben Jonson graphically describes in verse the horrors to which the increasing traffic had subjected the still open Fleet in his day, and Gay, Swift, and Pope also denounce them; but in 1765 the stream was arched over, and since then has sunk to the level of being recognised as the most important sewer—the Cloaca Maxima —of London.

Having always been considered as the chief approach to the City, Fleet Street is especially connected with its ancient pageants. All the Coronation processions passed through it, on their way from the Tower to Westminster; but perhaps the most extraordinary sight it ever witnessed was in 1441, when Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, aunt of King Henry VI., was forced to walk bare-headed through it to St. Paul's with a lighted taper in her hand, in penance for having made a wax figure of the young king and melted it before a slow fire, praying that his life might melt with the wax.

Just within the site of Temple Bar, on the right of the street, is **Child's Bank**, which deserves notice as the oldest banking-house in England, still kept where Francis Child, an industrious apprentice of Charles I.'s time, married the rich daughter of his master, William Wheeler the goldsmith, and founded the great banking family. Here 'at the sign of the Marygold'—the quaint old emblem of the expanded flower with the motto, 'Ainsi mon ame,' which still adorns the banking-office and still appears in the water-mark of the bank cheques—Charles II. kept his great account

and Nell Gwynne her small one, not to speak of Prince Rupert, James, Duke of York, William and Mary, Prince George of Denmark, Pepys, Dryden, and many others. Francis Child and his partner Rogers were 'ye executors of Madame Gwin,' and in 1687 signed an agreement acknowledging that she died in debt of the bank £6900, but that the Duke of St. Albans had paid off £2300, and that the sale of her plate had realised £3791 5s. 9d. Lord Westmoreland, dining here with Robert Child in 1782, asked what he would do if he was in love with a girl and her father would not allow a marriage. 'Run away with her of course,' imprudently cried the banker, and Lord Westmoreland forthwith eloped with his daughter Mary Anne. The father pursued them, and had nearly caught them, when Lord Westmoreland, kneeling on the seat of his carriage, shot the leading horse of his pursuers. Mr. Child would not forgive them, but, dying in a few months, left all his fortune to their eldest child, called Sarah. To protect themselves, the Westmorelands christened all their children Sarah, even their son; but the property remained with the eldest daughter, who married Lord Jersey. A fine old gothic crypt under this bank was destroyed when the old house was pulled down, 1877–78.

Several other great banks are in this neighbourhood. No. 19 is **Gosling's Bank**, with the sign of the three squirrels (represented in ironwork on the central window), founded in the reign of Charles II. No. 37, on the site of Johnson's 'Mitre Tavern,' is **Hoare's Bank**, which dates from 1680: the sign of 'the Golden Bottle' still preserved over the door (a leathern bottle, such as was used by haymakers for their ale), represents the flask carried by the founder when he came up to London to seek his fortunes.[1]

Fleet Street retains its old reputation of being occupied by newspaper editors and their offices, and it is almost devoted to them. But it also contains many taverns and coffee-houses, where lawyers and newspaper writers congregate for luncheon, and which are more frequent here than almost anywhere else in London. Many of these, of great antiquity, are celebrated in the pages of the *Rambler* and *Spectator*.

'The coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and those who wished to find a gentleman, commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow.'—*Macaulay*.

Next door to Child's Bank stood the famous 'Devil Tavern,'[2] with the sign of St. Dunstan and the Devil, where the Royal Society held its dinners, and where the Apollo Club had its meetings, guided by poetical rules of Ben Jonson, which began—

> 'Let none but guests or clubbers hither come;
> Let dunces, fools, and sordid men keep home;
> Let learned, civil, merry men b' invited,
> And modest too; nor be choice liquor slighted;

[1] Sir R. Colt Hoare considers it a sign adopted by James Hoar of Cheapside, 'from his father Ralph having been a citizen and cooper of the City of London.'

[2] Taken down in 1788.

Let nothing in the treat offend the guest:
More for delight than cost prepare the feast.'

We hear of Swift dining 'at the Devil Tavern with Dr. Garth and Addison,' when 'Garth treated,'[1] and of Dr. Johnson presiding here at a supper-party in honour of the publication of Mrs. Lennox's first book.

Close beside 'the Devil,' Bernard Lintot, the great bookseller of the last century, kept the stall on which Gay was so anxious that his works should appear.

'Oh, Lintot, let my labours obvious lie
Ranged on thy stall for every envious eye;
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.'
Trivia, bk. ii.

The neighbouring **Rainbow** commemorates a coffee-house established in 1637, the second to be opened in London. James Farr, a barber, its proprietor in 1657, was prevented by the parish from 'makinge and sellinge of a drinke called coffee, whereby in making the same he annoyeth his neighbours by evil smells.' In this house Dr. Nicholas Barebone, son of 'Praise God Barebone,' established the Phoenix Fire Office in 1682.

No. 8 is *Dick's* (entered by a passage), a XVII. c. coffee-house still remaining, though now an Italian restaurant. It stands on the site of the printing-office of Richard Tottel, law-stationer in the time of Henry VIII., but is named from Richard Turner, its landlord in 1680.

In Shire Lane was the 'Kit-Kat Club' (which first met in Westminster in the house of a pastry-cook called Christopher Kat), consisting of thirty-nine young nobleman and gentlemen attached to the House of Hanover. Here in Queen Anne's reign they were wont to

'Sleep away the days and drink away the nights.'

Thither it was that Steele and Addison brought Hoadly, Bishop of Bangor, on the anniversary of William III., to drink his 'immortal memory,' and thence, as Steele dropped drunk under the table, the scandalised bishop stole away home to bed, but was propitiated in the morning by the lines—

'Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits.'

The members of this club all had their portraits painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller for Jacob Tonson, their secretary, and the half-size then chosen by the artist has always since caused the term 'Kit Kat' to be applied to that form of portrait. These pictures are now at Bayfordbury in Hertfordshire.

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[1] *Journal to Stella.*

Hard by, also in Shire Lane, was the tavern—'the Bible Tavern'—which was appropriately chosen by Jack Sheppard for many of his orgies, for it was possessed of a trapdoor, through which, in case of pursuit, he could drop unobserved into a subterranean passage communicating with Bell Yard, an alley which is associated with Pope, who used to come thither to visit his friend Fortescue, afterwards Master of the Rolls. It was in Shire Lane that Sedley the poet was born.

The necessity for increased space, caused by the erection of the ludicrous Temple Bar Memorial, led, in 1887, to the destruction of

DRAYTON'S HOUSE, FLEET STREET.

the old Cock Tavern, No. 201 Fleet Street, opposite the first gate of the Temple, marked by its golden bird over the door. This was one of the few ancient taverns remaining unaltered internally from the time of James I., retaining its long low room, subdivided by settees, and its carved oak chimney-piece of that period. It was hither that Pepys, to his wife's great aggravation, would come gallivanting with pretty Mrs. Knipp, and here that they 'drank, ate a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry till almost midnight.' Tennyson begins 'Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue, made at The Cock,' with the lines—

'O plump head waiter at The Cock,
To which I most resort,
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.
Go fetch a pint of port.'

The Cock Tavern was finally closed April 18, 1886, after more than three hundred years' existence. The ancient sign of the Cock has been set up on the other side of the street.

As we pass the angle of Chancery Lane we must recollect that the gentle Izaak Walton, author of the 'Compleat Angler' (afterwards published in St. Dunstan's Churchyard), lived as a hosier and shirt-maker in the corner house next door to the Harrow Inn, sharing the house with one John Mason, a hosier, from 1624 to 1632, after which he moved into Chancery Lane. In this house, pulled down in 1799, the 'Popish Plot' conspirators under Lord Howard met in 1678. In a house with projecting windows, which was destroyed in 1891, the poet Drayton is said to have lived. In a house close by, now also demolished, Abraham Cowley, whose father was a printer, was born in 1618, and studied, as a child, the large copy of Spenser's 'Faerie Qveene' which lay on his mother's window-sill, till he became, as he himself narrates, 'irrecoverably a poet.'

The chief feature of Fleet Street, as seen on entering it, is the sham gothic **Church of St. Dunstan in the West**, built by *Shaw*, 1831, replacing the fine old church in which the great Lord Strafford was baptized. This old church was famous for its clock, in which two giants[1] struck the hour. They are commemorated by Cowper in his 'Table-Talk':—

'When Labour and when Dulness, club in hand,
Like the two figures of St. Dunstan's stand,
Beating alternately, in measured time,
The clock-work tintinnabulum of rhyme.'

It was here that Baxter was preaching when there arose an outcry that the building was falling. He was silent for a moment, and then said solemnly, 'We are in God's service, to prepare ourselves that we may be fearless at the great noise of the dissolving world, when the heavens shall pass away, and the elements melt with fervent heat.'[2] In the middle of the last century the church became well known from the lectures of William Romaine, author of 'The Life, the Walk, and the Triumph of Faith.' When he preached, the crowds were so great as entirely to block up the street. The opposition of the Rector, who placed all possible hindrances in his way, and prevented his having more than a single candle, which he held in his hand during his sermon, only secured for him the firmer support of the people.

Over the side entrance towards the street is a **Statue of Queen Elizabeth** holding the orb and sceptre, which is of much interest as having survived the Great Fire of London (when the building in

[1] Now at St. Dunstan's Villa, in the Regent's Park.
[2] Bates' *Funeral Sermon for Baxter.*

which it stood was consumed), and as one of the few existing relics of the old City gates, for it formerly adorned the west front of Ludgate, one of the ancient entrances to the City.[1]

In **Falcon Court**, opposite St. Dunstan's, was the office of Wynkyn de Worde, the famous printer, whose sign was the Falcon. Fleet Street was the great centre of printing from the time of Caxton. Richard Pynson, who was one of Caxton's apprentices, published his 'Dives and Pauper' (July 5, 1493) at Temple Bar, and this was the first book printed in London with a date away from Westminster.

At the corner of **Fetter Lane** (named from the professed beggars, called Faitours or Fewters), which opens now upon the left, Lords Eldon and Stowell were upset in their sedan-chair in a street row.[2] The celebrated 'Praise God Barebone' was son of a leather-seller in or near Fetter Lane. Here is a Moravian Chapel (No. 32) replete with memories of Baxter, Wesley, Whitfield, and in later times of Count Zinzendorf. Dryden and Otway lived opposite to each other in this street, and used to quarrel in verse. In 1767 Fetter Lane obtained notoriety as the abode of Elizabeth Brownrigg, the prenticecide, who lived in the first house on the right of the entrance of Flower de Luce (Fleur de Lis) Court. She is commemorated in the inscription for her cell in Newgate in the poetry of 'The Anti-Jacobin':—

> 'For one long term, or e'er her trial came,
> Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these cells
> Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
> She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her
> Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
> St. Giles, its fair varieties expand;
> Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went
> To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
> She whipp'd two female 'prentices to death
> And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind
> Shaped strictest plans of discipline.'[3]

85–87 Fetter Lane is a fine old house, where the Swedenborgians have their meetings. In **Newton Hall**, where Sir Isaac had the first meeting of the Royal Society, the Positivists keep their busts, &c. The **White Horse**, Fetter Lane, was famous in coaching annals.

On the left of Fetter Lane the **Public Record Office** is best seen. The main block of the building was erected between 1851 and 1866, at a cost of over £200,000, from designs by Sir James Pennethorne. The architecture is of a nondescript gothic character, and the structure is chiefly remarkable for the pains taken to render it fireproof, the doors and casements, for instance, being of iron and the bookshelves of slate. Despite of these practical considerations, the

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[1] The five gates were Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Aldersgate, and Ludgate.

[2] Horace Twiss's *Life of Eldon*, i. 49.

[3] Canning's lines are an admirable parody on Southey's on Marten, omitted in his last edition of his poems, apparently because he had completely changed his political notions.

building has a certain majesty, and the principal tower looks well from certain points, especially from Clifford's Inn.

The object of the Public Record Office is to provide a safe and permanent abode for the national archives, which during the present reign have been removed thither from the Tower of London, the Chapter House at Westminster, and some sixty other repositories, which were for the most part wholly unsuitable. Unlike the British Museum, the Public Record Office does not purchase manuscripts, the distinctive character of its contents lying in the fact that they have never been out of official custody since they were written. Foremost among them is the famous **Domesday Book** of 1086, in two thick volumes of unequal size, recently rebound. The detailed accounts of the public revenue extend over a series of seven centuries, and the more bulky records of proceedings in the different courts of law and equity are wonderfully perfect. The Patent Rolls, which extend in an unbroken series from the reign of King John to the present time, contain contemporary enrolments of all grants of honours, dignities, privileges, and property made by the Crown, and are of equal legal authority with the originals issued under the Great Seal. Year after year, almost every Department of State transmits to the Public Record Office all those documents of permanent value which are not wanted for frequent use. Thus one room contains original treaties with foreign powers, some of which are richly illuminated, another contains the Log Books of the Royal Navy, a third contains despatches from Marlborough, Wellington, and other military commanders. Among the State Papers are those of Wolsey and Thomas Cromwell, impounded by Henry VIII., original letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, the confessions of Guy Fawkes before and after torture, and a vast quantity of other documents of the greatest value to historians.

There are three Reading Rooms (open from 10 to 4.30), one frequented by lawyers, another by persons engaged in literary researches, and a third reserved for persons who have special permits to see documents of comparatively recent date which are not open to public inspection. At present the chief historical and artistic treasures are scattered in different parts of the building, arranged according to subject and date, but it is to be hoped that on the completion of a new block which is now (1894) being erected in Chancery Lane, some of them will be collected in a Museum and made visible in glass cases. The Rolls Chapel (see p. 70) is now incorporated with the buildings of the Record Office.

On the left of Fleet Street, beyond Fetter Lane, is the opening of **Crane Court** (formerly Two-Crane Court), rebuilt immediately after the Fire, and retaining many houses of Charles II.'s time. In the first house on the right (rebuilt), Dryden Leach, the printer, was arrested at midnight on suspicion of having printed Wilkes' *North Briton*, No. 45. The site at the end of the court was purchased by the Royal Society from Dr. Nicholas Barebone, son of the 'Praise God Barebone,' who gave his name to a Parliament of which he was a conspicuous member. It is said that the son was christened

'If Jesus Christ had not died for thee thou hadst been damned Barebone,' but he was generally known by the name of 'damned Dr. Barebone.' The situation of the house was recommended by Sir Isaac Newton, then President, as 'in the middle of the town, and out of noise.' The Society removed hither in 1710 from Gresham College, to accommodate the Mercers' Company, and here they remained in the house built for them by Sir Christopher Wren for seventy-two years, till in 1782 they moved to Somerset House.

HOUSE OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, CRANE COURT, 1877.

'The promotion of inoculation received its attention from 1714 to 1722; electrical experiments were the chief features of its efforts of 1745; ventilation and the suppression of fevers absorbed the efforts of 1750. In 1757 thermometers and the laws of light were the topics of investigation; astronomy came to the fore in the year following, and the Greenwich Observatory followed; and the succeeding years were directly and indirectly productive of an amount of real substantial good, by which the whole world has benefited, and which should be amply sufficient to make the story of this old house a deeply interesting one.'—*The Builder, Jan.* 8, 1876.

The house in Crane Court was sold by the Royal Society to **The**

Scottish Corporation, an excellent national charity, which, founded soon after the accession of James I., for the relief of persons of Scottish parentage who have fallen into distress, now gives constant assistance to as many as six hundred indigent persons of Scottish birth within ten miles of London.

'It has passed by the able-bodied impostors, but it has been of incalculable service to many who have hoped to find London streets paved with gold and been disappointed: to many who have entered on the great battle of life and broken down in the conflict. It relieves aged soldiers, those who from various causes have failed to lay up a sufficient provision for old age; it lends a helping hand to those who are willing to help themselves.'—*Speech of Lord Rosebery as President, 211th Anniversary.*

The Hall of the Royal Society (where Sir Isaac Newton usually sate as President), with a fine ceiling of 1666, remained in its ancient condition till the winter of 1877, when the greater part of the building was destroyed by fire. The valuable collection of pictures which perished in the flames included a grand portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots—'piissima Regina Franciae dotaria'—attributed to Zucchero.

The adjoining room, which escaped the fire, was that employed by the Royal Society for their larger meetings. The ladies' gallery with its narrow oak staircase still remains. The Scottish Corporation have used this room as a chapel.

Fleet Street is peculiarly associated with Dr. Johnson, who admired it beyond measure. Walking one day with Boswell on the beautiful heights of Greenwich Park, he asked, 'Is not this very fine?'—'Yes, sir, but not so fine as Fleet Street.'—'You are quite right, sir,' replied the great critic. Thus, passing over the recollections of a tavern called 'Hercules' Pillars,' where Pepys enjoyed many a supper-party, and the 'Mitre Tavern,' (on the site occupied by the **Clachan**), whither Boswell came so often to meet Johnson, let us, if we care for them, visit, in the swarthy courts and alleys on the left, a number of the different scenes in which Johnson's life was passed.

Here we may fancy him as Miss Burney describes him—'tall, stout, grand, and authoritative, but stooping horribly, his back quite round, his mouth continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something; with a singular method of twirling and twisting his hands; his vast body in constant agitation, see-sawing backwards and forwards; his feet never a moment quiet, and his whole great person looking often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, from its chair to the floor.' There is no figure out of the past with which we are able to be as familiar as we are with that of Samuel Johnson: his very dress is portrayed for us by Peter Pindar:—

'Methinks I view his full, plain suit of brown,
The large grey bushy wig, that graced his crown;
Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,
And shirt, that had no ruffles for his knuckles.

I mark the brown great-coat of cloth he wore,
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,
Which Patagonians (wondrous to unfold!)
Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold.'

The dismal court called **Gough Square** still exists where he resided (at No. 17, marked by a tablet) from 1748 to 1758, where his wife died, and where he wrote the greatest part of his Dictionary and began the *Rambler* and the *Idler;* in the narrow blackened **Johnson's Court** (not named from him) he dwelt in a house, No. 7 (now swallowed up in Anderton's Hotel), from 1765 to 1776, after which he lived at No. 8 in **Bolt Court,**[1] till, in December 1784, he lay upon his death-bed, surrounded by the faithful friends of his life. With Johnson, in Bolt Court, dwelt a curious collection of disappointed, cross, and aged persons, chiefly old ladies, who depended upon the bounty of the man whose bearish exterior ever covered a warm heart. It was not a very harmonious household. 'Williams,' he wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, speaking of one of these ladies—'Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both, and Poll Carmichael loves none of them.' 'He is now become miserable, and that ensures the protection of Johnson,' was Goldsmith's answer when some one expressed his surprise at one of the objects selected for the friendship of the lexicographer.

While Johnson was living in this neighbourhood, Goldsmith was residing at No. 6 **Wine Office Court,** and the favourite seat of the friends, in the window of the **Cheshire Cheese Tavern,**[2] is still pointed out. It was in this court that Goldsmith for the first time received Johnson at supper. He came—his clothes new and his wig nicely powdered, wishing, as he explained to Percy (of the 'Reliques'), who inquired the cause of such unusual neatness, to show a better example to Goldsmith, whom he had heard of as justifying his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting his practice. It was hence, while Goldsmith's landlady was pressing him within doors and the bailiff without, that Dr. Johnson took the manuscript of a novel he had written to James Newbery, sold it for sixty pounds, and returned with the money to set him free. The manuscript lay neglected for two years, and was then published without a notion of its future popularity. It was 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'

An offshoot of Shoe Lane (formerly Showell Lane), a narrow entry on the left, called 'Gunpowder Alley,' was connected with the sad fate of another poet, Richard Lovelace the Cavalier, who died here of starvation.[3] Anthony Wood describes him, when he was presented at the Court of Charles I. at Oxford, as 'the most beautiful and amiable youth that eye ever beheld. A person too of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but specially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex.' For a few months before

1 The Bolt Court house of Dr. Johnson was burnt in 1819.
2 Now the most perfect old tavern in London.
3 Though Aubrey says, 'in a cellar at Long Acre.'

the death of Charles I., he was imprisoned in the Gatehouse at Westminster for his devotion to the King and when he was released, he went to serve in the French army, writing to his betrothed, Lucy Sacheverell, the lines ending—

> 'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more.'

But he was left for dead upon the field of Dunkirk, and when he came back his Lucy was married. He never looked up again: all went wrong, he was imprisoned, ruined, and died here in miserable destitution.

Bangor House, in Shoe Lane (long since destroyed), was the town residence of the Bishops of Bangor till 1633. From the **Ben Jonson Tavern** a trade-token was issued in 1672. Hard by the entry of **Poppin's Court** in Fleet Street still marks the site of Poppingaye, the town palace of the Abbots of Cirencester. The Poppinjay is appropriately introduced above the modern brick gate of 1879. No. 109 Fleet Street, near this, is an admirable specimen of a modern house in the olden style.

One of the streets which open upon the right of Fleet Street still bears the name of **Whitefriars**, which it derives from the convent of the Brotherhood of the Virgin of Mount Carmel, founded by Sir Richard Grey in 1241.[1] The establishment of one of the earliest Theatres in London in the monastic hall of Whitefriars was probably due to the fact of its being a sanctuary beyond the jurisdiction of the Mayor and Corporation, who have then and ever since opposed theatrical performances within the City. The first playhouse was at Blackfriars, and Whitefriars followed in 1576. After the Dissolution, this district retained the privilege of sanctuary, and thus it became the refuge for troops of bad characters of every description. It obtained the name of Alsatia, a name which is first mentioned in a tract of 1623, was rendered famous by Otway (1681) in his 'Soldier's Fortune' and Shadwell (1688) in his 'Squire of Alsatia,' and to which Sir Walter Scott has imparted especial interest through 'The Fortunes of Nigel.' In the reign of James I. almost as much sensation was created here by a singular crime in high life as in Paris by the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin in our own time. Young Lord Sanquhar had his eye put out while taking lessons in fencing from John Turner, the famous fencing-master of the day. Being afterwards in France, King Henry IV., after inquiring kindly about his accident, said, condolingly but jokingly, 'And does the man who did it still live?' From that time it became a monomania with Lord Sanquhar to compass

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1 It contained the tombs of Sir Robert Knolles, the builder of Rochester Bridge, celebrated in the French wars (1407); of Robert Mascall, Bishop of Hereford, who built the choir and steeple (1416); of William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury and King of Man, killed in a tournament at Windsor (1343); and of Stephen Patrington, confessor of Henry IV. and Bishop of St. David's and Chichester (1417). King Henry VIII. gave the chapter-house of Whitefriars to his physician, Dr. Butts, the enemy of Cranmer.

the death of the unfortunate Turner, though two years elapsed before he was able to accomplish it—two years in which he dogged his unconscious victim like a shadow, and eventually had him shot by two hired assassins at a tavern which he frequented in Whitefriars. The deputy murderers were arrested, and then Lord Sanquhar surrendered to the mercy of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but he was sentenced to death, and was hanged before the entrance of Westminster Hall.

The rookeries of Alsatia were broken up when **Tudor Street** was driven through them, and a great part of the site is occupied by the new buildings of the City of London School, emblematical of the later prosperity and culture of London. Bordering on Alsatia is **Salisbury Square**, marking the site of the townhouse of the Bishops of Salisbury. Here we have again literary reminiscences, Samuel Richardson—'the little printer of Salisbury Square'—having written and printed his 'Pamela' there, and Goldsmith having sat there as his press corrector.

In 1629 the first 'Salisbury Court Theatre' was erected. Destroyed in 1649, it was rebuilt in 1660, and was the early scene of the triumphs of the 'Duke's Company' previous to their removal to Lincoln's Inn theatre in 1662. The old house was burnt in the Great Fire, and the new Duke's Theatre was erected in 1671 in Dorset Gardens, Dorset Street, on a slightly different site. It was designed by Wren and decorated by Gibbons, and Dryden describes it as 'like Nero's palace, shining all with gold.' It faced the river, and had a landing-place for those who came by water, and a quaint front resting on open arches. Pepys was a great admirer of the performances at the Duke's Theatre. Here he saw 'The Bondsman'—'an excellent play and well done,'—and here he reports that, while he was watching Sir W. Davenant's opera of the 'Siege of Rhodes,' 'by the breaking of a board over our heads, we had a great deal of dust fall in the ladies' necks and the men's haire, which made good sport.' The theatre declined in 1682, but was still in existence in 1720.

Through Alsatia, the abode of the rogues, we descend appropriately upon the site of their famous prison of **Bridewell**, which was demolished in 1863-64. It was founded, like Christ's Hospital, by King Edward VI., under the first flush of emotion caused by a sermon on Christian charity which he had heard from Bishop Ridley, who urged that there was 'a wide empty house of the King's Majesty, called Bridewell, that would wonderfully well serve to lodge Christ in,' and it was used as a refuge for deserted children, long known as 'Bridewell Boys.' Gradually, from a reformatory, it became a prison, and the horrors of the New Bridewell Prison are described by Ward in 'The London Spy,' and pourtrayed in the fourth plate of Hogarth's 'Harlot's Progress.' The prisoners, both men and women, used to be flogged on the naked back, and the stripes only ceased when the president, Sir Robert Clayton, who sat with a hammer in his hand, let it fall upon the block before him. 'Oh, good Sir Robert, knock; pray, Sir Robert, knock!' became afterwards often a cry of reproach against those who had been im-

prisoned in Bridewell. Here died Mrs. Creswell, a famous criminal of Charles II.'s reign, who bequeathed £20 to a divine of the period upon condition that he should say nothing but what was good of her. It was a difficult task, but the clergyman was equal to the occasion. He wound up a commonplace discourse upon mortality by saying—'I am desired by the will of the deceased to mention her, and to say nothing but what is *well* of her. All that I shall say therefore is this—that she was born well, lived well, and died well; for she was born a Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell.'

The hall, court-room, and governor's house are retained, with the gateway (No. 14 New Bridge Street) with a head of Edward VI. over it. The court-room contains a large picture of Edward VI. giving the charter of endowment to the Mayor, falsely attributed by Walpole to Holbein (who died ten years before the charter was given), perhaps by Guillim Stretes, but much repainted.

The prison was, as we have said, founded upon the old palace of Bridewell, which, in its turn, had occupied the site of the tower of Montfiquet, built by a Norman follower of the Conqueror. The palace embraced courts, cloisters, and gardens, and close against the walls ran the Fleet. It was to this Bridewell Palace that Henry VIII., after he had been captivated by Anne Boleyn, summoned the members of Council, the Lords of the Court, and the Mayor and Aldermen, and communicated to them that scruples had 'long tormented his mind with regard to his marriage with Katherine of Arragon.' Shakspeare makes the whole third act of his *Henry VIII.* pass in the palace at Bridewell, which is historically correct. It was there that the unhappy Katherine received Wolsey and Campeggio, 'having a skein of red silke about her neck, being at work with her maidens.'[1]

The name of Bridewell comes from St. Bride's or St. Bridget's Well, a holy spring with supposed miraculous powers like that of St. Clement, which we have already noticed, in the Strand. The well here, of which Milton certainly drank, has shared the fate of all the other famous wells of London, and has become a pump. **St. Bride's Church** was rebuilt by Wren after the Fire, and its steeple is one of those on which he bestowed particular pains. Though often not unjustly compared to the slides of a telescope drawn out, it has a lightness and simplicity unsurpassed in the best gothic churches. It stands effectively at the end of a little entry at the foot of Fleet Street, but it should be remembered that, owing to its having been twice struck by lightning, it is somewhat shorn of the lofty proportions which were originally given to it by the great architect (226 feet instead of 234). Its bells, put up in 1710, are dear to the Londoner's soul. Wynkin de Worde, the famous printer, who rose under the patronage of the mother of Henry VII., and published no fewer than 400 works, was buried in the old church, which also contained the graves of the poets Sackville (1608) and

1 Cavendish.

Lovelace (1658), and of Sir Richard Baker (1645), who died in the Fleet Prison, author of the very untrustworthy 'Chronicle of the Kings of England,' beloved by Sir Roger de Coverley. In the existing building are the gravestone of Samuel Richardson (1761), who is buried here with his wife and family, and a monument to John Nichols, the historian of Leicestershire. John Cardmaker, who suffered for his faith in Smithfield, May 30, 1553–54, was vicar of this church.

Here, in the churchyard of St. Bride, still a quiet and retired spot, John Milton came to lodge in 1640, in the house of one Russel, a tailor; but remained only five months, in which he was chiefly occupied in the education of his sister's two boys.

At the entrance of the passage down which the tower of St. Bride's is seen from Fleet Street, the well-known figure of 'Punch' will always attract attention to the office whence so much fun has emanated since the first establishment of the paper in 1841.

Bridewell was not the only prison which was waiting on the outskirts of Alsatia for its frequenters. The great prison of the *Fleet* was only demolished in 1844, having been first used for those who were condemned by the Star Chamber. It is an evidence of the size of the River Fleet in old days, difficult as it is to believe possible now, that the prisoners used to be brought from Westminster by water, and landed at a gate upon the Fleet like the Traitor's Gate upon the Thames at the Tower. It was here that poor old Bishop Hooper was imprisoned (1555) before he was sent to be burnt at Gloucester, his bed being 'a little pad of straw, with a rotten covering,' and here, to use his own words, he 'moaned, called, and cried for help' in his desperate sickness, but the Warden charged that none of his men should help him, saying, 'Let him alone, it were a good riddance of him.' Here Prynne was imprisoned for that denunciation of actresses which was supposed to reflect upon Queen Henrietta Maria, who had lately been indulging in private theatricals at Somerset House, and for which he was condemned to pay a fine of £10,000, to be burned in the forehead and slit in the nose, and to have his ears cut off. Hence, six years later, for reprinting one of Prynne's books, 'free-born John Lilburne' was whipped to Westminster, and then brought back to be imprisoned, till he was triumphantly released by the Long Parliament. The cruelties which were discovered to have been practised in the Fleet led, in 1727, to the trial of its gaoler, Bambridge, for murder, when horrors were disclosed which appalled all who heard of them. Bambridge was found to have frequently beguiled unwary and innocent persons to the prison gatehouse, and then seized and manacled them without any authority whatever, and kept them there until he had extorted a ransom. In several cases the prisoners were tortured; in others they were left for so many days without food that they died from inanition; in others, Bambridge having ordered his men to stab them with their bayonets, they perished from festered wounds. Hogarth first rose to celebrity by his picture of the Fleet Prison Committee. Horace Walpole describes it:

'The scene is the committee. On the table are the instruments of torture. A prisoner in rags, half-starved, appears before them. The poor man has a good countenance, that adds to the interest. On the other hand is the inhuman gaoler. It is the very figure that Salvator Rosa would have drawn for Iago in the moment of detection. Villainy, fear, and conscience are mixed in yellow and livid on his countenance. His lips are contracted by tremor, his face advances as eager to lie, his legs step back as thinking to make his escape. One hand is thrust precipitately into his bosom, the fingers of the other are catching uncertainly at his button-holes. If this was a portrait, it is the most striking that ever was drawn; if it was not, it is still finer.'

The formation of the Fleet Committee found a more lasting eulogium in the lines in Thomson's 'Winter'—

> 'And here can I forget the generous band
> Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
> Into the horrors of the gloomy jail,
> Unpitied and unheard, where Misery moans,
> Where Sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger burn,
> And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice.'

The precincts of the prison were long celebrated for the notorious 'Fleet Marriages,' which were performed, without license or publication of banns, by a set of vicious clergymen confined in the prison for debt, and therefore free from fear of the fine of £100 usually inflicted on clergymen convicted of solemnising clandestine marriages. The first Lord Holland was married here to Lady Caroline Lennox. No fewer than 217 marriages are shown by the Fleet registers to have been sometimes celebrated there in one day! The 'marrying houses,' as they were called, were generally kept by the turnkeys of the prison, and the different degraded clergymen of the Fleet maintained touts in the street to beguile any arriving lovers to their especial patrons. Pennant, walking past the Fleet in his youth, was often tempted with the question, 'Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?' In the curious poem called 'The Humours of the Fleet' we read—

> 'Scarce had the coach discharged its trusty fare,
> But gaping crowds surround th' amorous pair,
> The busy plyers make a mighty stir,
> And whispering cry, "D'ye want the parson, sir?
> Pray step this way—just to the 'Pen in Hand,'
> The doctor's ready there at your command."
> "This way," another cries. "Sir, I declare,
> The true and ancient register is here."
> Alarmed parsons quickly hear the din,
> And haste with soothing words to invite them in.'

Before leaving the Fleet, we may recollect that Dickens paints Mr. Pickwick as having been imprisoned there for several months, and that he has given a vivid picture of the latter days of the old debtors' prison. The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway passes over part of the site of the Fleet Prison. The Congregational Hall, with its tall spire, stands on another part. But vividly remembered is its long blank wall, with the only entrance in the centre, and (in summer) an open grating, through which an iron box was protruded, while a miserable prisoner curled up in a corner every now and then cried out, 'Remember the poor prisoners.'

With the Fleet was swept away 'the emporium of petty larceny'

called Field Lane, especially connected with the iniquities of Jonathan Wild and his companions, who are said to have disposed of many of their murdered victims by letting them down from a back window into the silent waters of the Fleet. The surrounding streets bore the name of 'Jack Ketch's Warren,' from the number of persons hung at Tyburn and Newgate whose houses were in its courts and alleys. Farringdon Street (1738) and Bridge Street (1768) were built on arches over the Fleet, to form an approach to Blackfriars Bridge. Until the Great Northern Sewer was made, the Fleet used to discharge a flood of black water into the Thames, through three arches just above the bridge.

In **Ludgate Circus**, an **Obelisk** (opposite his house) commemorates Robert Waithman, the alderman and sheriff who escorted the remains of Queen Caroline to the coast, and whose courage prevented the riot of August 14, 1821.

Under Farringdon Street[1] the now invisible Fleet still pursues its stealthy course beneath the roadway, where it was once crossed by Fleet Bridge. Here, on the east side, is the **Congregational Memorial Hall**, opened 1874 to commemorate the bi-centenary of the refusal of the Act of Uniformity. At the foot of Ludgate Hill is the site of one of the great ancient gates of the city—the Lud Gate—destroyed November 1760.[2] 'Here eight men, well armed and strong, watched the city gate by night.'[3] The name of the gate is usually described as having been derived from the legendary king Lud (a fancy of Stow the antiquary), who is said to have built it sixty-six years before the birth of Christ. Speed, the historian, relates 'that King Cadwallo being buried in St. Martin's Church, near Ludgate, his image, great and terrible, triumphantly riding on horseback, artificially cast in brass, was placed upon the western gate of the city, to the fear and terror of the Saxons.' But unfortunately the name of the gate has no real historic reference; Lydgate is simply old English for a postern. On the western face of this gate stood the statue of Queen Elizabeth, which we may still see over the door of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West. On the eastern front were statues of King Lud and his sons, Androgeus and Theomantius, which have now disappeared. Adjoining the gate was a prison, and the poor prisoners used to beg piteously from those who passed beneath it. Jane Shore was immured here by Richard III. The gate itself was restored by the widow of one of these prisoners, Stephen Forster. She had admired his good looks through the grating, obtained his release, and married him, and he lived to be Lord Mayor of London in the time of Henry VI.[4] In the chapel of the gatehouse was inscribed—

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[1] Farringdon Ward is named from William Faringdon, a goldsmith, sheriff in 1281.

[2] It was sold July 30, 1760, with two other gates, to Blagden, a carpenter of Coleman Street. Ludgate fetched £148; Aldgate, £177, 10s.; and Cripplegate, £91.

[3] Riley, p. 92.

[4] The story of Stephen Forster is commemorated in Rowley's *A Woman Never Vext, or the Widow of Cornhill.*

'Devout soules that passe this way,
For Stephen Forster, late Maior, heartily pray;
And Dame Agnes, his spouse, to God consecrate,
That of pitie this house made for Londoners in Ludgate,
So that for lodging and water prisoners here nought pay,
As their keepers shall all answer at dreadful domesday.'

Instead of the old gateway, the Ludgate Hill Railway Viaduct now crosses the street, entirely spoiling the finest view of St. Paul's.

'Of the horrible railway viaduct across Ludgate Hill, the tongue refuses to speak: would that the eye might refuse to see it.'—*Fraser*, *May* 1874.

As we ascend Ludgate Hill, on the left is **Belle Sauvage Yard**, which is generally supposed still, as it was by Addison, to derive its odd name from the popular story of the patient Griselda, but which is really named from Savage,[1] its first innkeeper, and his hostelry, 'the Bell.' A curious woodcut of 1595 shows the courtyard of the Belle Sauvage surrounded with wooden balconies, filled with spectators to witness the wonderful tricks of the horse Marocco, which was publicly exhibited in Shakspeare's time by a Scotchman named Banks. This inn was altogether closed during the Great Plague, when its host issued advertisements that 'all persons who had any accompts with the master, or farthings belonging to the said house,' might exchange them for the usual currency: for the Belle Sauvage, like many other taverns, then had its own 'tokens.' It was in the Belle Sauvage Yard that Gibbons, introduced to the notice of Charles II. by Evelyn, first became known as a sculptor, by having carved 'a pot of flowers, which shook surprisingly with the motion of the coaches which passed by.'[2]

The memory of the old inn is chiefly kept alive now by the Pickwick reputation of 'the celebrated Mr. Weller, of the Belle Sauvage.' The relief of the Elephant and Castle, let into a modern wall on the east of the yard, is the crest of the Cutlers' Company, to whom the house was left in 1568.

It is recorded that Sir Thomas Wyatt, the rebel of Mary's reign, being refused admittance to Ludgate, rested him awhile on a bench opposite the Belle Sauvage, before he turned back towards Temple Bar, where he was taken prisoner.

Ludgate Hill is very picturesque, and leads worthily up to St. Paul's. On its north side were the offices of Rundell & Bridge, jewellers to the Crown, with the sign of two golden salmon; their strong cellars remain under the former warehouse of Isbister's publishing office. **St. Martin's Church**, with a good and simple tower by Wren, combines admirably with the first view of the cathedral, and greatly adds, by contrast, to the effect of the dome, as was doubtless intended by the architect.

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[1] Savage's inn is mentioned in a deed of 31 Henry VI.
[2] Walpole.

'When, in walking up Ludgate Hill, we see the spire of St. Martin's brought clear against the dome of the cathedral, we discern a new majesty in St. Paul's, a new inimitable elegance in St. Martin's. We see what scale and distance is given to the building behind, by the dark leaden tone of the steeple in front; we see how its slender form and subtle curves give size and boldness to the cathedral dome. And in return for this good service done, the mother-church lends the little spire a delicacy and a gentle loveliness surpassing that it would of itself possess.'—*A. H. Mackmurdo.*

'Lo, like a bishop upon dainties fed,
St. Paul lifts up his sacerdotal head;
While his lean curates, slim and lank to view,
Around him point their steeples to the blue.'

Cadwallo, king of the Britons, who died in 677, is often said to have been buried in St. Martin's Church, though Bede (v. 7) speaks of his death and burial in Rome. Robert of Gloucester declares him to have been its founder—

'A church of St. Martin, livying he let rere,
In whych yat men shold Goddys seruyse do,
And singe for his soule and al Christene also.'

To this church, which is interesting as being in its original state, belongs the well-known epitaph :

Earth goes to
Earth treads on
Earth as to
Earth shall to
} Earth {
As mold to mold,
Glittering in gold,
Return nere should,
Goe ere he would.

Earth upon
Earth goes to
Earth though on
Earth shall from
} Earth {
Consider may,
Naked away,
Be stout and gay,
Passe poor away.

In **St. Martin's Court**, on the other side of the street, there might have been discovered till very recently, jammed in between crowded shops and swallowed up in the present, a thick black grimy fragment of the City Wall.

In **Stationers' Hall Court**, a quiet courtyard on the left, over which a great plane-tree spreads its arms, is the **Hall of the Stationers' Company**, incorporated 1557. Occupying the site of Burgavenny House, the residence of the sixth Earl of Abergavenny, it was rebuilt after the Great Fire and refronted in 1800. A musical festival used annually to be held in the **Hall** on St. Cecilia's Day, and Dryden's ode 'Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music,' was first performed here. In the **Committee Room** are a number of portraits, including those of Richard Steele, of Vincent Wing the astronomer (1669), and of Samuel Richardson (Master of the Company in 1754) and his wife, by *Highmore*. In the **Court Room** is *Benjamin West's* picture of 'Alfred dividing his Loaf with the Pilgrim,' well known from engravings.

Formerly the Stationers' Company enjoyed the monopoly of

printing all books, and long after that privilege was withdrawn it maintained the sole right of printing almanacks, which was only contested with success in 1771. The Company, however, continue to derive a great revenue from their almanacks, which they issue on or about the 22nd of November. The copyright of books is still secured by their being 'entered at Stationers' Hall.'

The grimy little garden at the back of the Hall has its associations, for, during the time of the Star Chamber, the Archbishop of Canterbury, one of its most active members, used frequently to send warrants to the Master and Wardens of the Stationers' Company, requiring them, on pain of the penalties of the Church and forfeiture of all their temporal rights, to search for seditious publications every house in which there was a press. These, wherever found, they were to seize and burn in the Hall garden.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. PAUL'S AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

WE have now arrived where, dark and grand, **St. Paul's Cathedral** occupies the platform on the top of the hill. Sublimely impressive in its general outlines, it has a peculiar sooty dignity all its own, which, externally, raises it immeasurably above the fresh modern-looking St. Peter's at Rome. G. A. Sala says, in one of his capital papers, that it is really the better for 'all the incense which all the chimneys since the time of Wren have offered at its shrine, and are still flinging up every day from their foul and grimy censers.' Here and there only is the original grey of the stone seen through the overlying blackness, which in early spring is intensified by the green grass and trees of the churchyard which surrounds the eastern part of the building. When you are near it, the mighty dome is lost, but you have always an inward all-pervading impression of its existence, as you have seen it a thousand times rising in dark majesty over the city; or as, lighted up by the sun, it is sometimes visible from the river, when all minor objects are obliterated in mist. The colonnade surrounding the dome is incomparable: by blocking up every fourth intercolumniation, Wren not only obtained an appearance of great strength, but an invaluable variety of light and shadow. And, apart from the dome, the noble proportions of every pillar and cornice of the great church cannot fail to strike those who linger to look at them, while even the soot-begrimed garlands, which would be offensive were they clean, have here an indescribable stateliness.

'St. Paul's appears to me unspeakably grand and noble, and the more so from the throng and bustle continually going on round its base, without in the least disturbing the sublime repose of its great dome, and indeed of all its massive height and breadth. Other edifices may crowd close to its foundation and people may tramp as they like about it; but still the great cathedral is as quiet and serene as if it stood in the midst of Salisbury Plain. There cannot be anything else in its way so good in the world as just this effect of St. Paul's in the very heart and densest tumult of London. It is much better than staring white; the edifice would not be nearly so grand without this drapery of black.'—*Hawthorne, English Note-Books.*

When Sir Christopher Wren was laying the foundations of the present cathedral, he found relics of three different ages at three successive depths beneath the site of his church—first, Saxon coffins and tombs; secondly, British graves, with the wooden and

ivory pins which fastened the shrouds of those who lay in them; thirdly, Roman lamps, lachrymatories, and urns, proving the existence of a Roman cemetery on the spot.[1] It has never with any certainty been ascertained when the first church was built here, but, according to Bede, it was erected by Ethelbert, King of Kent, and his nephew Sebert, King of the East Angles, and was the church where Bishop Mellitus refused the sacrament to the pagan princes.

'Sebert, departing to the everlasting kingdom of heaven, left his three sons, who were yet pagans, heirs of his temporal kingdom on earth. Immediately on their father's decease they began openly to practise idolatry (though whilst he lived they had somewhat refrained), and also gave free license to their subjects to worship idols. At a certain time these princes, seeing the Bishop (of London) administering the Sacrament to the people of the church, after the celebration of mass, and being puffed up with rude and barbarous folly, spake, as the common report is, thus unto him: "Why dost thou not give us also some of that white bread which thou didst give unto our father Sebba, and which thou does not yet cease to give to the people in the church?" He answered, "If ye will be washed in that wholesome font wherein your father was washed, ye may likewise eat of this blessed bread of which he was a partaker; but if ye condemn the lavatory of life, ye can in no wise taste the bread of life." "We will not," they rejoined, "enter into this font of water, for we know that we have no need to do so; but we will eat of that bread nevertheless." And when they had been often and earnestly warned by the bishop that it could not be, and that no man could partake of this holy oblation without purification and cleansing by baptism, they at length, in the height of their rage, said to him, "Well, if you will not comply with us in the small matter we ask, thou shalt no longer abide in our province and dominions," and straightway they expelled him, commanding that he and all his company should quit their realm.'—*Bede.*

St. Paul's has been burnt five times; thrice by fire from heaven. It attained its full magnificence when, in the XIII. c., it was a vista of gothic arches, seven hundred feet in length. At the east end was the shrine of St. Erkenwald, its fourth bishop, the son of King Offa, containing a great sapphire which had the reputation of curing diseases of the eye. In the centre of the nave was the tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, son of the great Earl of Warwick, and Constable of Dover—a tomb popularly known as that of Duke Humphrey (of Gloucester), who was, however, really buried at St. Albans. The rest of the church was crowded with monuments. Against the south wall were the tombs of two Bishops of London, Eustace de Fauconberg, Justice of Common Pleas in the reign of John and Henry de Wengham, Chancellor of Henry III. In St. Dunstan's Chapel was the fine tomb of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln (1310), who left his name to Lincoln's Inn. Kemp, Bishop of London, who built Paul's Cross Pulpit, also had a chapel of his own. In the north aisle were the tombs of Ralph de Hengham, judge in the time of Edward I.; of Sir Simon Burley, tutor and guardian to Richard II. (a noble figure in armour in a tomb with gothic arches); and, ascending to a far earlier time, of Sebba, King of the East Angles, in the VII. c.; and of Ethelred the Unready (1016), son of Edgar and Elfrida, in whose grave his grandson Edward Atheling is believed also to have been buried.

[1] *Parentalia* (by Wren's grandson), p. 226.

The Choir of St. Paul's was as entirely surrounded by important tombs as those of Canterbury and Westminster are now. On the left were the shrine of Bishop Roger Niger; the oratory of Roger de Waltham, Canon in the time of Edward II.; the magnificent tomb of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster (1399, son, father, and uncle of kings), upon which he was represented with his first wife Blanche, who died of the plague, 1369, and in which his second wife, Constance, 'mulier super feminas innocens et devota,'[1] was also buried. On the right was the tomb of Sir Nicholas Bacon (1578), father of the Lord Chancellor Bacon; and the gorgeous monument of Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor (1591), one of the great fashionable tombs of Elizabeth's time, which took so much room as only to allow of tablets to Sir Philip Sydney and his father-in-law, Sir Francis Walsingham, Elizabeth's secretary, thus occasioning Stow's epigram:—

'Philip and Francis have no tomb,
For *great* Christopher takes all the room.'

In the south aisle of the choir were monuments to Dean Colet, founder of St. Paul's School, and to Dr. Donne, the poet, also Dean of St. Paul's. In the north choir aisle, behind the tomb of John of Gaunt, Vandyke was buried in 1641.[2]

Against the wall of old St. Paul's at the S.W. corner was the parish church of St. Gregory, which was pulled down *c.* 1645. It was the existence of this building which caused Fuller to describe old St. Paul's as being 'truly the mother church, having one babe in her body—St. Faith's, and another in her arms—St. Gregory's.' The north cloister, or 'Pardon Churchyard,' was surrounded by the frescoes of the Dance of Death, the 'Dance of Paul's,' executed for John Carpenter, town-clerk of London in the reign of Henry V. Here was the long-remembered epitaph—

'Vixi, peccavi, penitui, Naturae cessi.'

A chapel founded by Thomas-à-Becket's father, Gilbert, rose in the midst of the cloister, where he was buried with his family in a tomb which was always visited by a new Lord Mayor when he attended service in St. Paul's: it was destroyed with the cloister in 1549 by Edward, Duke of Somerset.

'Old S. Paul's must have been a magnificent building. The long perspective view of the twelve-bayed nave and twelve-bayed choir, with a splendid wheel-window at the east end, must have been very striking. The Chapter House embosomed in its Cloister; the little Church of S. Gregory nestling against the breast of the tall Cathedral; the enormously lofty and majestic steeple with its graceful flying buttresses, together with the various chapels and shrines filled with precious stones, must have combined to produce a most magnificent effect; and the number of tombs and monuments of illustrious men must have given an interest to the building, perhaps even more than equal to that now felt in Westminster Abbey.'—*W. Longman.*

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1 Walsingham.

2 For the other tombs of St. Paul's see Weever's *Funeral Monuments.*

It was in the old St. Paul's that King John, in 1213, acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope. There (1337) Wickliffe was cited to appear and answer for his heresies before Courtenay, Bishop of London, and came attended and protected by John of Gaunt, and a long train of illustrious persons. There John of Gaunt's son, afterwards Henry IV., wept by his father's grave, and there with mocking solemnity he exposed the body of Richard II. after his murder at Pontefract, and—

> 'At Poules his Masse was done and diryge,
> In hers royall, semely to royalte;
> The Kyng and Lordes, clothes of golde there offerde,
> Some VIII. some IX., upon his hers were proferde.'

In 1401 the first English martyr, William Sawtre, was stripped of all his priestly vestments in St. Paul's before being sent to the stake at Smithfield. Hither, after the death of Henry V., came his widow, Katherine de Valois, in a state litter with her child upon her knee, and the little Henry VI. was led into the choir by the Duke Protector and the Duke of Exeter that he might be seen by the people. Here the body of the same unhappy king was exhibited that his death might be believed. Here also the bodies of Warwick the king-maker and his brother were exposed for three days. On Shrove-Tuesday, 1527, the Protestant Bible was publicly burnt in St. Paul's by Cardinal Wolsey.

By the middle of the XVI. c. St. Paul's had been desecrated to such an extent as to have become known rather as an exchange and house of business than as a church. Its central aisle, says Bishop Earle,[1] resounded to 'a kind of still roar or loud whisper.' 'The south alley,' writes Dekker in 1607, 'was the place for usury and popery, the north for simony, the horse-fair in the midst for all kind of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murthers, conspiracies, and the font for ordinary payments of money.' The simony in St. Paul's was famous even in Chaucer's time. His parson is described as one who—

> '—— sette not his benefice to hire
> And left his shepe acombred in the mire
> And ran unto London, *unto Seint Poules*
> To seken him a chanterie for soules,' &c.

In the north aisle was the 'Si Quis Door,' so called from the placards beginning 'Si quis invenerit' with which it was defiled. Its situation is pointed out by a passage in Hall's satires :—

> 'Sawst thou ever Si quis patched on Paul's Church door,
> To seek some vacant vicarage before?
> Who wants a churchman that can service say,
> Read fast and fair his monthly homily,
> And wed, and bury, and make christian souls,
> Come to the left-side alley of Saint Paul's.'
> *Virgidemiarum*, Sat. v. Bk. ii.

[1] Microcosmography.

That people were in the habit of bringing burthens into the church is proved by the inscription over the poor-box—

> 'And those that shall enter within the church doore.
> With burthen or basket must give to the poore.
> And if there be any aske what they must pay,
> —To this Box a penny, ere they pass away.'

The middle aisle of the nave, called 'Paul's Walk,' or 'Duke Humphrey's Walk' from the tomb there, was the fashionable promenade of London, and 'Paul's Walkers'[1] was the popular name for 'young men about town.'

'It was the fashion of the times, for the principal gentry, lords, commons, and all professions, not meerely mechanick, to meet in St. Paul's Church by eleven, and walk in the middle ile till twelve, and after dinner from three to six, during which time some discoursed of businesse, others of newes.'—*Francis Osborne*, 1658.

'While Devotion meets at her prayers, doth Profanation walk under her nose in contempt of religion.'—*Dekker*, 1607.

A Corinthian portico, of which the first stone was laid by Laud, was built by Inigo Jones, to lessen this confusion, being intended, says Dugdale, as 'an ambulatory for such as usually walking in the body of the church, destroyed the solemn service in the choir.' It is believed that Charles I. meant this portico merely as the first instalment of a new cathedral, but his attention was otherwise occupied, and under the Commonwealth the soldiers of Cromwell stabled their horses in the nave. With the Restoration it was intended to restore the old church, but, in the words of Dryden—

> 'The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
> The awful beauties of the sacred quire:
> But since it was profaned by Civil War,
> Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.'
> *Annus Mirabilis.*

Christopher Wren, son of a Dean of Windsor, was chosen as the architect of the new church, and on June 21, 1675, was laid the first stone of the **New St. Paul's**, which was not finished for thirty-five years. Divine service was, however, first performed in 1697, on the thanksgiving for the Peace of Ryswick. When he was occupied on St. Paul's, Wren was consulted as to the repairs of Ely Cathedral, a building which took such hold upon his mind that, in spite of the difference of styles, an architect may detect his admiration for the great church of the eastern counties in many details of St. Paul's, not always with advantage, as in the case of the meaningless arches which break the simplicity of the cornice in the pillars of the dome. The whole cost, £747,954 2*s.* 9*d.*, was paid by a tax on every chaldron of coal brought into the Port of London, on which account it is said that the cathedral has a special claim of its own to its smoky exterior. It will be admitted that, though in general effect there is nothing in the same style of architecture which exceeds the

[1] Moser's *Europ. Mag.*, July 1817.

exterior of St. Paul's, it has not a single *detail* deserving of attention, except the Phoenix over the south portico, which was executed by *Cibber*, and commemorates the curious fact narrated in the 'Parentalia,' that the very first stone which Sir Christopher Wren directed a mason to bring from the rubbish of the old church to serve as a mark for the centre of the dome in his plans was inscribed with the single word *Resurgam*—I shall rise again. The other ornaments and statues are chiefly by *Bird*. Those who find greater faults must, however, remember that St. Paul's, as it now stands, is not according to the first design of Wren, the rejection of which cost him bitter tears. Even in his after work he met with so many rubs and ruffles, and was so insufficiently paid, that the Duchess of Marlborough said, in allusion to his scaffold labours, 'He is dragged up and down in a basket two or three times in a week for an insignificant £200 a year.'

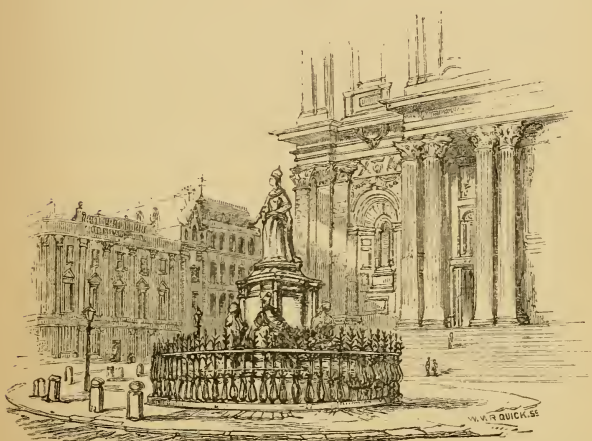
'The exterior of S. Paul's consists throughout of two orders, the lower being Corinthian, the upper Composite. It is built externally in two stories, in both of which, except at the north and south porticos and at the west front, the whole of the entablatures rest on coupled pilasters, between which, in the lower order, a range of circular-headed windows is introduced. But in the order above, the corresponding spaces are occupied by dressed niches standing on pedestals pierced with openings to light the passages in the roof over the side aisles. The upper order is nothing but a screen to hide the flying buttresses carried across from the outer walls to resist the thrust of the great vaulting.'—*W. Longman.*

That the west front of the Cathedral does not exactly face Ludgate Hill is due to the fact that too many houses were already built to allow of it, the commissioners for reconstructing the city having made their plans before anything was decided about the new Cathedral. The **Statue of Queen Anne** in front of the church was renewed in 1886, when the fine old railing of wrought Lamberhurst iron, which gave such a picturesqueness to the old statue, was removed, and replaced by an ordinary fence. The present statue of the Queen and her satellite figures of Britannia, France, Ireland, and the American Colonies, are coarse copies from the fine marble originals by Francis Bird (author of some of the best and some of the worst tombs at Westminster), which are now preserved at Holmhurst, near Hastings. It is historically interesting here, as commemorating the frequent state visits of Queen Anne to the church to return public thanks for the repeated victories of the Duke of Marlborough. Lately the effect of the west front of St. Paul's has, in the opinion of many, been much injured by the removal of the iron railing of the churchyard, which (though not part of Wren's design) was invaluable for comparison and measurement, and which fully carried out the old gothic theory that a slight and partial concealment only gives additional dignity to a really grand building. Besides, the railing (part of which remains at the side) was in itself fine, and cost £11,217, 18s. It must, however, be conceded that the railing was first put up in opposition to the wish of Wren, who objected to its height as concealing the base of the Cathedral and the western flight of steps; and that

its destruction was chiefly due to the wish of Dean Milman, who abused it as a 'heavy, clumsy, misplaced fence.'[1] In the Churchyard some traces of the Chapter-house and Cloister have been unearthed.

It may be interesting to those who are acquainted with the two great churches of London and Rome to compare their proportions in feet.

	St. Paul's.	St. Peter's.
Length (external)	502	613
Breadth	244	440
Height to top of cross	370	448



IN FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S.

The **Interior** of St. Paul's is not without a grandeur of its own, but in detail it is bare, cold, and uninteresting, though Wren intended to have lined the dome with mosaics, and to have placed a grand baldacchino in the choir. Though a comparison with St. Peter's inevitably forces itself upon those who are familiar with the great Roman basilica, there can scarcely be a greater contrast than between the two buildings. There, all is blazing with precious

[1] A great portion of the railing was purchased by a man who had made a large fortune in America, because, when a poor man, he had courted his wife beneath its shadow. The ship bearing the railing was lost at sea, but part of the ironwork, recovered with difficulty, has been used to surround the wife's grave.

marbles; here, there is little colour except from the poor glass of the eastern windows, or where a tattered banner waves above a hero's monument. In the blue depths of the misty dome the London fog loves to linger, and has hitherto only veiled the remains of some feeble frescoes by Thornhill, Hogarth's father-in-law, which, though not of high rank as works of art, are interesting as the work of a man who was in office with Wren, and as having met with his full approval: had not the clergy interfered, they would have been executed in colour. Recently, for the decoration of the dome, mosaics of the Prophets have been ordered from Salviati at Venice, the four greater prophets being executed from designs of Alfred Stevens; St. Mark and St. Luke are by Britten, St. John by Watts. In St. Paul's, as in St. Peter's, the statues on the monuments, though they have seldom any beauty or grace to excuse them, destroy the natural proportion of the arches by their monstrous size. Week-day services[1] are well attended now (1894), though when this book was published, it seemed, from the nave, as if the knot of worshippers near the choir was lost in the immensity, and the peals of the organ and the voices of the choristers were vibrating through an arcaded solitude. In 1773, Dr. Newton, as Dean of St. Paul's, conceded to the wish of Sir Joshua Reynolds, then President of the Academy, that the unsightly blank spaces on the walls of the cathedral should be filled with works by Academicians. Sir Joshua himself promised the Nativity, West the Delivery of the Law by Moses. Barry, Dance, Cipriani, and Angelica Kaufmann were selected by the Academy for the other works. But when Dr. Terrick, then Bishop of London, heard of the intention, he peremptorily refused his consent. 'Whil-t I live and have the power,' he wrote to Dean Newton, 'I will never suffer the doors of the Metropolitan Church to be opened to Popery.' It was then proposed only to put up the works of West and Reynolds —the Foundation of the Law and Gospel—over the doors of the north and south aisles, but the concession was absolutely refused, and the Cathedral was left in its bareness.[2]

The central space under the dome is now employed for the Sunday Evening Service, a use which Dean Milman considered 'was no doubt contemplated by Wren.'

'Many persons entering the Cathedral suppose that the dome over their heads is the actual lining of the external dome. They are not aware that it is a shell, of a different form from the outer structure, with a brick cone between it and the outer skin, so to speak; that this brick cone is supported by the main walls and the great arches of the Cathedral, and that the brick cone supports the outer structure, the lantern, the upper cupola, and the gilt cross and ball; or that again between the brick cone and the outer skin is a curious network of wooden beams supporting the latter.'—*W. Longman.*

Over the north porch is an inscription to Sir Christopher Wren, ending with the 'four words which comprehend his merit and his fame,'—'Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.' The oratories at the sides of the nave were added, against the wishes of Wren,

[1] The services are at 10 A.M. and 4 P.M.

[2] See Leslie and Taylor's *Life of Sir J. Reynolds.*

at the instance of the Duke of York, who secretly desired to have them ready for Roman Catholic services, as soon as an opportunity occurred. They have been greatly condemned, as interfering in the lines of the building on the outside, but do not affect the interior. One of them, formerly appropriated as a baptistery, is now used for services. That which opens from the south aisle, long the Bishop's Consistory Court, till 1893 contained the monument, now removed to the third arch on the north of the nave, by *Alfred Stevens*, of Arthur, first Duke of Wellington, the noblest tomb erected in England since Torrigiano was working at Westminster. The aged Duke lies, like a Scaliger of Verona, deeply sleeping upon a lofty bronze sarcophagus. Around the base are the names of his victories. At the sides of the canopy, which is supported by noble pillars of the best period of the Renaissance, are grand figures in bronze of Courage suppressing Cowardice, and Virtue suppressing Vice. The whole was to have been surmounted, like the great tomb of Can Grande, by an equestrian statue; but this was opposed by Dean Milman, and the artist, the greatest sculptor of our time, was snatched away before his work was completed, and before England had awakened to realise that it possessed a worthy follower of Michelangelo.

The narrow effect of the choir is much increased by the organ galleries on either side of the entrance, and the carved stalls by Grinling Gibbons, for which he received £1333, 7*s.* 5*d.* The organ (1694) is by Bernard Schmidt (Father Smith), who constructed that at the Temple. The mosaic decorations of the choir are from designs by *W. B. Richmond.* The subjects in the spandrils of the choir arches represent the Creation and the Fall, leading on to the Redemption in the reredos, and the great figure of Christ in glory in the apse. The adjacent windows will represent the four-and-twenty elders round about the throne: the cupolas will have subjects illustrative of the days of Creation.

The sumptuous reredos, from designs of Messrs. Bodley and Garner, was finished in January 1888, at a cost of £37,000. It was affirmed that it is in accordance with the intentions of Wren, as expressed in the 'Parentalia,' but it is not likely that Wren would have wished forty feet at the beautiful east end of his church to be permanently cut off by a barricade 60 feet high; neither is this mass of marbles, angels, Latin inscriptions, doors leading nowhere, &c., in accordance either with his pure Roman or Palladian designs, or with his intentions as to where the altar should be placed. It will, however, in future be recollected as typical of the nonsense rampant in the XIX. c., that the reredos of St. Paul's, because it represented the Crucifixion, was seriously treated as idolatrous by persons who considered the reredos of Exeter innocuous because it represented the Ascension.

'I should wish to see such decorations introduced into St. Paul's as may give some splendour, while they would not disturb the solemnity, or the exquisitely harmonious simplicity, of the edifice; some colour to enliven and gladden the eye, from foreign or native marbles, the most permanent and safe modes of

embellishing a building exposed to the atmosphere of London. I would see the dome, instead of brooding like a dead weight over the area below, expanding and elevating the soul towards heaven. I would see the sullen white of the roof, the arches, the cornices, the capitals, and the walls, broken and relieved by gilding, as we find it by experience the most lasting, as well as the most appropriate decoration. I would see the adornment carried out in a rich but harmonious (and as far as possible from gaudy) style, in unison with our simpler form of worship.'—*Dean Milman, Letter to the Bishop of London.*

The monuments are mostly merely commemorative, and are nearly all feeble and meretricious, in many cases absolutely ludicrous. Beneath the dome are the four which were first erected in the Cathedral. Those of Howard and Johnson are by *John Bacon*, whose works had extraordinary renown in the last century. The prison key which is held by Howard and the scroll in the hand of Johnson 'countenance the mistake of a distinguished foreigner, who paid his respects to them as St. Peter and St. Paul.'[1] The statue on the right, in a Roman toga and tunic, bare-legged and sandalled, is intended for Howard, who died (1790) at Cherson in Russian Tartary, whither he had gone in the benevolent hope of discovering a remedy for the Plague.

'The first statue admitted at S. Paul's was, not that of statesman, warrior, or even of sovereign; it was that of John Howard, the pilgrim, not to gorgeous shrines of saints and martyrs, not even to holy lands, but to the loathsome depths and darkness of the prisons throughout what called itself the civilised world. Howard first exposed to the shuddering sight of mankind the horrible barbarities, the foul and abominable secrets, of those dens of unmitigated suffering. By the exposure he at least let some light and air into those earthly hells. Perhaps no man has assuaged so much human misery as John Howard; and John Howard rightly took his place at one corner of the dome of S. Paul's, the genuine Apostle of Him among whose titles to our veneration and love not the least befitting, not the least glorious, was that He "went about doing good."'—*Dean Milman.*

The statue of Dr. Johnson (buried at Westminster) was erected at the urgent desire of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The figure, representing a half-naked muscular athlete, is utterly uncharacteristic, yet its associations are interesting.

'Though Johnson was buried in the Abbey among his brother men of letters, yet there was a singular propriety in the erection of Johnson's statue in S. Paul's. Among the most frequent and regular communicants at the altar of the Cathedral might be seen a man whose ungainly gestures and contortions of countenance evinced his profound awe, reverence, and satisfaction at that awful mystery; this was Samuel Johnson, who on all the great festivals wandered up from his humble lodgings in Bolt Court, or its neighbourhood, to the Cathedral. Johnson might be well received as the representative of the literature of England.'—*Dean Milman.*

The pedestal on which the statue stands bears a long Latin inscription by Dr. Parr, which aptly describes Johnson—'ponderibus verborum admirabilis.'

'The inscription is in a language which ten millions out of twelve that see it cannot read. To come a step lower, there is a period inserted between every word. In the ancient inscription which this professes to imitate, similar marks

[1] Allan Cunningham's *Life of Bacon.*

are placed, but then spaces were not left between the words. In short, the mark in the old Latin inscriptions had a meaning—the dot in the modern pedantic epitaph has no meaning at all, and merely embarrasses the sense.'—*Allan Cunningham.*

The next monument erected was that by *Flaxman* to Sir Joshua Reynolds—'pictorum sui sæculi facile princeps.' Then came the monument, by *J. Bacon*, of Sir William Jones, who 'first opened the poetry and wisdom of our Indian Empire to wondering Europe.'[1] After these statues followed a series of the heroes of Nelson's naval victories and of Indian warriors and statesmen. Few of them call for attention except from their absurdity, yet, as many visitors make the round of the church, we may notice (omitting reliefs invisible from their high position, and beginning at the south-west door, where the banners of Inkerman hang) those of—

Captain R. Rundle Burgess (1797), the last work of *Banks*. The Captain, commander of the *Ardent*, who fell in the naval battle with the Dutch off Camperdown, under Admiral Duncan, is represented *perfectly naked*, apathetically receiving a sword from Victory.

Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, Bishop of Calcutta (1822), is represented confirming two native converts, in a group by *J. G. Lough.*

Captain E. M. Lyons, mortally wounded (1855) on board the *Miranda* at Sebastopol—a relief by *M. Noble.*

Captain G. Blagdon Westcott, who fell at the battle of the Nile (1798), by *Banks*—he is represented sinking into the arms of Victory and upsetting her by his fall.

'The two naval officers (Westcott and Burgess) are naked, which destroys historic probability; it cannot be a representation of what happened, for no British warriors go naked into battle, or wear sandals or Asiatic mantles. As little can it be accepted as strictly poetic, for the heads of the heroes are modern and the bodies antique; every-day noses and chins must not be supported on bodies moulded according to the god-like proportions of the Greek statues. Having offended alike the lovers of poetry and the lovers of truth, Banks next gave offence to certain grave divines, who noted that the small line of drapery which droops over the shoulder as far as the middle of Captain Burgess,

"In longitude was sairly scanty,"

like the drapery of the young witch of the poet. Banks added a hand-breadth to it with no little reluctance. When churchmen declared themselves satisfied, the ladies thought they might venture to draw near—but the flutter of fans and the averting of faces was prodigious. That Victory, a modest and well-draped dame, should approach an undrest dying man, and crown him with laurel, might be endured—but how a well-dressed young lady could think of presenting a sword to a naked gentleman went far beyond all their notions of propriety.'—*Allan Cunningham.*

Captain Granville Gower Loch (1853)—a relief by *Marochetti.*

The names of the Bishops of London from the IV. c.—on marble slabs.

Dr. William Babington (1833)—a statue by *Behnes.*

Admiral Lord Lyons (1858)—a statue by *Noble.*

Sir Ralph Abercromby (1801), mortally wounded in Egypt—a wildly confused group by *Westmacott.*

Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna (1809), by *Bacon*—he is represented as lowered into his coffin by a female and a naked soldier, commonly said to be Victory and Valour.

Sir Astley Paston Cooper, the eminent surgeon (1842)—a statue by *Baily.*

Sir W. Hoste (1833)—a statue by *T. Campbell.*

Sir Robert Rollo Gillespie (1814), who fell at Kalunga in Nepaul—a statue by *Chantrey.*

[1] Dean Milman.

Horatio, Lord Nelson, who fell at Trafalgar (1805)—a group by *Flaxman*, with a most abominable lion.

Charles, Marquis Cornwallis, Governor-General of Bengal (1805)—a group by *Rossi*.

Sir E. Pakenham and *General Samuel Gibbs*, who fell at the siege of New Orleans (1815)—statues by *Westmacott*.

George Eliott, Lord Heathfield (1790), the Defender of Gibraltar—a statue by *Rossi*.

J. M. W. Turner, the artist (1851)—a statue by *Macdowell*.

Cuthbert, Lord Collingwood (1810), who died in command of the Mediterranean fleet—a monument by *R. Westmacott*. The almost naked body of the Admiral lies in a galley.

Admiral Earl Howe (1799), who vanquished the French fleet off Ushant (June 1, 1794)—a fine statue, in a group by *Flaxman*.

Sir John Thomas Jones (1843)—statue by *Behnes*.

Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, who died in the defence of Lucknow (1857)—a statue by *Lough*.

(South aisle of Choir) *Henry Milman, Dean of St. Paul's* (1868)—an altar-tomb with an admirable portrait statue by *F. J. Williamson*.

Dr. Donne, from old St. Paul's—see later.

John Jackson, Bishop of London (1884), by *Woolner*.

Charles James Blomfield, Bishop of London (1857)—an altar-tomb with a striking statue by *G. Richmond, R.A.*

**Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta*—a striking figure and likeness by *Chantrey*.

(Over door) *General Foord Bowes*, who fell at Salamanca (1812)—a relief by *Chantrey*.

(Behind the Reredos) *Dr. Henry Liddon* (1890), the famous preacher and canon—an altar-tomb by *Bodley and Garner*.

(North Aisle of Transept) *Henry Hallam*, the historian (1859)—a statue by *Theed*.

Admiral Charles Napier (1860)—a statue by *Adams*.

Captain Robert Mosse and *Captain Edmond Riou*, who fell in attacking Copenhagen (1801)—a group of angels holding medallions by *C. Rossi*.

Sir William Ponsonby, who fell at Waterloo (1815). The hero is represented stark naked in this ridiculous monument by *E. H. Baily*.

General Charles James Napier (1853)—'a prescient general, a beneficent ruler, a just man'—a statue by *Adams*.

Adam, Viscount Duncan (1804), victorious over the Dutch fleet in 1797—a statue by *Westmacott*.

General Arthur Gore and *General John Byrne Skerrett*, who fell at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, 1814—a group by *Chantrey*.

General T. Dundas (1794), distinguished by the reduction of the French West India Islands—monument by *J. Bacon, jun.*

Captain Robert Faulknor, commander of the *Blanche*, who fell in a naval battle in the West Indies, 1794—monument by *Rossi*.

General William Francis Patrick Napier (1860)—a statue by *Adams*.

General Andrew Hay, who fell at Bayonne, 1814. The general is seen falling, in full uniform, into the arms of a naked soldier, in a marvellous group by *H. Hopper*.

John, Earl of St. Vincent, the hero of Cape St. Vincent (1823)—a statue by *Baily*.

Sir Thomas Picton, killed at Waterloo (1815)—a ludicrous figure of a Roman warrior receiving a wreath from Victory, by *Gahagan*.

Admiral Lord Rodney (1792)—a group by *C. Rossi*.

The names of the Deans of St. Paul's, engraved on tablets.

Mountstuart Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay (1859)—a statue by *Noble*.

Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm (1838)—a statue by *Baily*.

Brass Plates to the *Officers and Seamen lost in H.M.S. Captain*, Sept. 1, 1870.

**William, Viscount Melbourne* (1848), the early Prime Minister of Queen Victoria—two sleeping angels leaning on their swords by a bronze doorway, by *Marochetti*.

Sir A. Wellesley Torrens, who fell at Inkerman, 1855—a relief by *Marochetti*.

**General Charles George Gordon* (1883), 'who at all times, and everywhere, gave

his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God'—a noble bronze monument by *Boehm*, erected by his brother.

General Stewart (1885)—a relief by *Boehm*.

Relief in memory of the *Officers and Privates who fell in the Crimean War*, 1854-56—*Boehm*.

The most interesting portion of the church is the *Crypt*, where, at the eastern extremity, are gathered nearly all the remains of the tombs which were saved from the old St. Paul's. Here repose the head and half the body of *Sir Nicholas Bacon* (1579), Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in the reign of Elizabeth, and father of Francis, Lord Bacon. Other fragments represent William Cokain, 1626; William Hewit, 1597; and John Wolley and his wife, 1595. There are tablets to 'Sir Simon Baskerville the rich,' physician to James I. and Charles I., 1641; and Brian Walton, Bishop of Chester, 1661. The tomb of John Martin, bookseller, and his wife, 1680, was probably the first monument erected in the crypt of new St. Paul's. The east end of the crypt is used for service as a chapel; its mosaic pavement is the work of the female convicts at Woking. Only one statue from the old St. Paul's has been lately given a place in the new church. In the Dean's Aisle now stands erect the strange figure from the monument of *Dr. Donne the Poet-Dean*, whose sermons, in the words of Dean Milman, held the congregation 'enthralled, unwearied, unsatiated,' and caused one of his poetical panegyrists to write—

> 'And never were we wearied, till we saw
> The hour, and but an hour, to end did draw.'

Donne's friend, Sir Henry Wotton, said of this statue, 'It seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle.' The Dean is represented in a winding-sheet. By the suggestion of his friend, Dr. Fox, he stripped himself in his study, draped himself in his shroud, and, standing upon an urn, which he had procured for the purpose, closed his eyes, and so stood for a portrait, which was afterwards the object of his perpetual contemplation, and which after his death, in 1630, was reproduced in stone by *Nicholas Stone*, the famous sculptor. The present position of the statue unfortunately renders abortive the concluding lines of the Latin epitaph, which refer to the eastward position of the figure:—

'John Donne, Doctor of Divinity, after various studies—pursued by him from his earliest years with assiduity, and not without success,—entered into Holy Orders, under the influence and impulse of the Divine Spirit, and by the advice and exhortation of King James, in the year of his Saviour, 1614, and of his own age, 42. Having been invested with the Deanery of this church, Nov. 27th, 1621, he was stripped of it by death, on the last day of March, 1631, and here, though set in dust, he beholdeth Him whose name is the Rising.'[1]

Dryden calls Donne—

> 'The greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of our nation;'

1 Translation by Archdeacon Wrangham in *Walton's Lives*.

and Izaak Walton describes him as—

'A preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven, in holy raptures; and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it, and a virtue so as to make it beloved even by those who loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an inexpressible addition of comeliness.'

In the Crypt, not far from the old St. Paul's tombs, the revered Dean Milman, the great historian of the church (best known, perhaps, by his 'History of the Jews,' his 'History of Latin Christianity,' and his contributions to 'Heber's Hymns'), is now buried under a simple tomb ornamented with a raised cross. Immediately behind is the grave of Dr. Liddon. In a recess on the south is the slab tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, surrounded by members of his family, and near him, in other chapels, Robert Mylne, the architect of old Blackfriars Bridge, and John Rennie, the architect of Waterloo Bridge. Beneath the pavement lies Sir Joshua Reynolds (1792), who had an almost royal funeral in St. Paul's, dukes and marquises contending for the honour of being his pall-bearers. Around him are buried his disciples and followers —Lawrence (1830), Barry (1806), Opie (1807), West (1820), Fuseli (1825); but the most remarkable grave is that of Joseph Mallord William Turner (1851), whose dying request was that he might be buried as near as possible to Sir Joshua. The most recent burials have been Sir E. Landseer (1873), J. H. Foley (1874), Sir Henry Bartle Frere (1884), George Cruikshank (1878), T. Edgar Boehm (1890), and Maurice Greene, long organist of St. Paul's, whose remains were moved from St. Olave, Old Jewry, in 1888.

Where the heavy pillars and arches gather thick beneath the dome, in spite of his memorable words at the battle of the Nile—'a Peerage or Westminster Abbey'—is the grave of *Lord Nelson*. Followed to the grave by the seven sons of his sovereign, he was buried here in 1806, when Dean Milman, who was present, 'heard, or seemed to hear, the low wail of the sailors who encircled the remains of their admiral.' They tore to pieces the largest of the flags of the *Victory* which covered his coffin; the rest were buried with it.[1]

The sarcophagus of Nelson was designed and executed for Cardinal Wolsey by an Italian sculptor,[2] and was intended to contain the body of Henry VIII. in the tombhouse at Windsor. It encloses the coffin made from the mast of the ship *L'Orient*, which was presented to Nelson, after the battle of the Nile, by Ben Hallowell, captain of the *Swiftsure*, that, when he was tired of life, he might 'be buried in one of his own trophies.' On either side of Nelson repose the minor heroes of Trafalgar, *Collingwood* (1810) and *Lord Northesk* (1831). *Picton* (1815) also lies near him, but outside the

[1] *The Times*, Jan. 10, 1806.
[2] Dates prove that this was not Torrigiano.

surrounding arches. Not far off are the monuments of Lord Strathnairn (1885), and Lord Napier of Magdala (1890).

A second huge sarcophagus of porphyry is the tomb of *Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington*, who, in 1852, was buried in St. Paul's, in the presence of 15,000 spectators, Dean Milman, who had been present at Nelson's funeral, then reading the service. Beyond the tomb of Nelson is the funeral car of Wellington, modelled and constructed in six weeks, at an expense of £13,000, from the guns taken in his different campaigns.

In the south-west pier of the dome a staircase ascends by 616 steps to the highest point of the Cathedral. No feeble person should attempt the fatigue, and, except to architects, the undertaking is scarcely worth while. An easy ascent leads to the immense passages of the triforium, in which, opening from the gallery above the south aisle, is the *Library*, founded by Bishop Compton, who crowned William and Mary, Archbishop Sancroft having refused to do so. It contains the Bishop's portrait, and some carving by Gibbons. In a case may be seen the subscription list for the rebuilding of St. Paul's, headed by the autograph of Charles II. for £1000.

At the corner of the gallery, on the left, a very narrow stair leads to the *Clock*, of enormous size, with a pendulum sixteen feet long, constructed by *Langley Bradley* in 1708. Ever since, the oaken seats behind it have been occupied by a changing crowd, waiting with anxious curiosity to see the hammer strike its bell, and tremulously hoping to tremble at the vibration.

Another long ascent leads to the *Whispering Gallery*, below the windows of the cupola, where visitors are requested to sit down upon a matted seat, that they may be shown how a low whisper uttered against the wall can be distinctly heard from the other side of the dome. Hence we reach the *Stone Gallery*, outside the base of the dome, whence we may ascend to the *Golden Gallery* at its summit. This last ascent is interesting, as being between the outer and inner domes, and showing how completely different in construction one is from the other. The view from the gallery is vast, but generally, beyond a certain distance, it is shrouded in smoke. Sometimes, one stands aloft in a clear atmosphere, while beneath the fog rolls like a sea, through which the steeples and towers are just visible 'like the masts of stranded vessels.' Hence one may study the anatomy of those which remain of the fifty-four towers which Wren was obliged to build after the Fire in a space of time which would only have properly sufficed for the construction of four. The same characteristics, more and more painfully diluted, but always slightly varied, occur in each. Bow Church, St. Magnus, St. Bride, and St. Vedast are the best.

The *Great Bell of St. Paul's* (of 1716), which hangs in the south tower, bears the inscription 'Richard Phelps made me, 1716.' It only tolls on the deaths and funerals of members of the royal family, of Archbishops of Canterbury, Bishops of London, Deans of St. Paul's, and Lord Mayors who die in their mayoralty.

'There is an erroneous notion that most of its metal was derived from the remelting of "Great Tom of Westminster." This bell, so replete with venerable associations, was given or sold by William III. to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and recast by one Wightman. It was speedily broken in consequence of the Cathedral authorities permitting visitors to strike it, on payment of a fee, with an iron hammer, and Phelps was employed by Sir Christopher Wren to make its fine-toned successor. It was agreed, however, that he should not remove the old bell till he delivered the new, and thus there is not a single ounce of "Great Tom" in the mass.'—*Quarterly Review*, cxc.

Above this is hung the new 'Great Paul,' weighing nearly seventeen tons, cast at Loughborough. It is rung for five minutes daily at one o'clock, and is used as the five-minute service bell on Sundays and holy days. In the north tower is a fine peal of twelve bells, hung in 1878.

Lily the grammarian, who died of the Plague, is buried on the north side of the *Churchyard*, opposite the school to whose celebrity he so much contributed. Father Garnet was executed in St. Paul's Churchyard, May 3, 1606, on an accusation of having shared in the conspiracy of the Gunpowder Plot, and died with the protest of innocence on his lips. Not forty years ago a large elm at the north-east corner of the graveyard marked the site of St. Paul's Cross, a canopied cross standing on stone steps, whence open-air sermons, denounced and ridiculed when they were re-introduced by Wesley and Whitefield, were preached every Sunday afternoon till the time of the Commonwealth.

'Paul's Cross was the pulpit not only of the Cathedral; it might almost be said, as preaching became more popular, and began more and more to rule the public mind, to have become that of the Church of England. The most distinguished ecclesiastics, especially from the Universities, were summoned to preach before the Court (for the Court sometimes attended) and the City of London. Nobles vied with each other in giving hospitality to those strangers. The Mayor and Aldermen (this was at a later period) were required to provide "sweet and convenient lodgings for them, with fire, candles, and all other necessaries." Excepting the king and his retinue, who had a covered gallery, the congregation, even the Mayor and Aldermen, stood in the open air.

'Paul's Cross was not only the great scene for the display of eloquence by distinguished preachers; it was that of many public acts, some relating to ecclesiastical affairs, some of mingled cast, some simply political. Here Papal Bulls were promulgated; here excommunications were thundered out; here sinners of high position did penance; here heretics knelt and read their recantations, or, if obstinate, were marched off to Smithfield. Paul's Cross was never darkened by the smoke of human sacrifice. Here miserable men and women suspected of witchcraft confessed their wicked dealings; here great impostures were exposed, and strange frauds unveiled in the face of day.

'Here too occasionally royal edicts were published; here addresses were made on matters of state to the thronging multitude supposed to represent the metropolis; here kings were proclaimed, probably traitors denounced.'—*Dean Milman.*

It was at St. Paul's Cross that Jane Shore did public penance, as is touchingly described by Sir T. More—

'In hir penance she went, in countenance and pase demure, so womanlie, that albeit she were out of all araie, save hir kertle onlie, yet went she so faire and lovelie, namelie, while the wondering of the people cast a comelie rud in hir cheeks (of which she before had most misse), that hir great shame wan hir much praise among those that were more amorous of hir bodie, than curious of hir soule.'

Here Dr. Shaw suggested the kingship of Richard III., with fatal consequences to himself. Here likewise Tyndale's translation of the Bible was publicly burned, by order of Bishop Stokesley, and here the Pope's sentence on Martin Luther was pronounced in a sermon by Bishop Fisher in the presence of Wolsey, who himself here exposed the imposture of the rood of Boxley. Here Ridley denounced both the royal sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, as bastards, and then 'stole away to Cambridge to throw himself at the feet of the triumphant Mary.' Elizabeth, immediately on her accession, showed her appreciation of the importance of 'St. Paul's Cross,' for one of her first acts was to select a safe preacher for the next Sunday's sermon, 'that no occasion might be given to stir any dispute touching the governance of the realm.' Here the great queen listened to the thanksgiving sermon of Dr. Pierce, Bishop of Salisbury (Nov. 24, 1588), for the defeat of the Armada. James I. was among those who sate beneath the preachers at Paul's Cross, and Charles I. heard a sermon here on the occasion of the birth of his son, afterwards Charles II. The eminent preachers selected for the public sermons were entertained by the Mayor and Corporation at a kind of inn, called 'the Shunamite's House.' An order of Parliament caused the destruction of 'Paules Cross' in 1643.

A tablet on warehouses immediately behind the Cathedral marks the site long occupied by St. Paul's School, moved to Hammersmith in 1884.[1] In the documents of the Mercers' Company may be traced the 'surceasing' of the school in 1543 and 1548, 'because of the greate deathe;' the changes of ritual under Mary and Elizabeth, shadowed forth in such entries as those for 'altar-clothes and mass-books' in 1554, and again for 'taking away the pictur out of the scole where the master sayeth prayers' in 1561; the dismissal of the school on Midsummer Day, 1665, by reason of the plague; the mention of the 'buildings being down and the scholars scattered' under October 19, 1666, after the Great Fire, &c.

The founder was commemorated over the doors of the school by his motto, 'Doce, disce, aut discede,' and at the end of the school-room in a bust by *Bacon*.

'It may seem false Latin that this Colet, being Dean of Paul's, the school dedicated to St. Paul, and distanced but the breadth of a street from St. Paul's Church, should not intrust it to the inspection of his successors, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, but committed it to the care of the Company of Mercers for the managing thereof. But Erasmus rendereth a good reason from the mouth and minde of Colet himself, who had found by experience many laymen as conscientious as clergymen in discharging this trust in this kinde; conceiving also that a whole company was not so easy to be bowed to corruption as any single person, how eminent and publick soever. For my own part, I behold Colet's act herein as not only prudential, but something prophetical, as foreseeing the ruin of church-lands, and fearing that this his school, if made an ecclesiastical appendage, might in the fall of church-lands get a bruise, if not lose a limb thereby.'—*Fuller's Church History.*

As early as 1524, a book was purchased 'to register the children's names in,' but this, with its successors, perished in the Great Fire,

[1] See the *Athenæum*, June 14, 1884.

and the names of early scholars are incompletely known. John Milton was educated at St. Paul's from his eleventh to his sixteenth year, and amongst other scholars were the great Duke of Marlborough, Paget, Denny, North, Pepys, Judge Jeffreys, Sir Philip Francis, Major André, Professor Jowett, and in science Halley and Roger Cotes.

It was in front of the school in St. Paul's Churchyard that George Jeffreys, the famous judge, then a St. Paul's schoolboy, after watching the judges go to dine with the Lord Mayor, astonished his father, who was about to bind him apprentice to a mercer, by swearing that he too would one day be the guest of the Mayor, and would die Lord Chancellor—so that the Lord Mayor's coach had the Bloody Assizes to answer for.

At the north-west corner of the Churchyard stood London House, the town residence of the Bishops of London till the time of Charles II. Some of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators—Sir E. Digby, Winter, Grant, and Bates, were 'hanged, drawn, and quartered over against the Bishop of London's house.'[1] Near St. Paul's School stood, before the Fire, a belfry-tower containing the famous 'Jesus Bells,' won at dice by Sir Giles Partridge from Henry VIII.

South of St. Paul's Churchyard, in Dean's Court, is the **Deanery**, where Dean Newton died, 1782. Close by is **St. Paul's Choristers' School**, built by Dean Church, 1874. This was the especial district of ecclesiastical law, Doctors' Commons, so called from the Doctors of Civil Law here living and 'commoning' together in a collegiate manner. Doctors' Commons was a regular Inn for the Doctors, having a hall, library, and chambers. When their privileges were taken away, on the establishment of the Probate Court, the Doctors dissolved their Inn or College, sold their buildings in 1862, and divided the proceeds. The Inn was very like the existing Heralds' College. The Courts of Doctors' Commons were removed to Westminster; the Registry to Somerset House.

At the foot of Bennet's Hill, facing Queen Victoria Street, is **Heralds' College**, a red brick building surrounding three sides of a court, with a well-designed outer staircase. It occupies the site of Derby House, built by Thomas, the first Earl of Derby, who married the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. Here, where 'the records of the blood of all the families in the kingdom' are kept, the sword, dagger, and turquoise ring of James IV. of Scotland, slain at Flodden Field, are preserved. In the chambers of the Heralds' College preside three kings, namely—

Garter King-at-Arms, established by Henry V. for the dignity of the Order of the Garter. He corrects all arms usurped or borne unjustly, and has the power of granting arms to deserving persons, &c.

Clarencieux King-at-Arms, who takes his name from the Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III. He has the care of the arms, and all questions of descent regarding families south of the Trent, not under the discretion of the Garter.

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1 Sir E. Hoby to Sir T. Edwardes, Feb. 10, 1605–6.

Norroy (North Roy), who has the same jurisdiction north of the Trent as Clarencieux in the south.

There are six heralds—Lancaster, Somerset, Richmond, Windsor, York, and Chester: and four poursuivants—Rouge Croix, Blue Mantle, Portcullis, and Rouge Dragon. The appointments are in the gift of the Duke of Norfolk, as hereditary Earl Marshal.

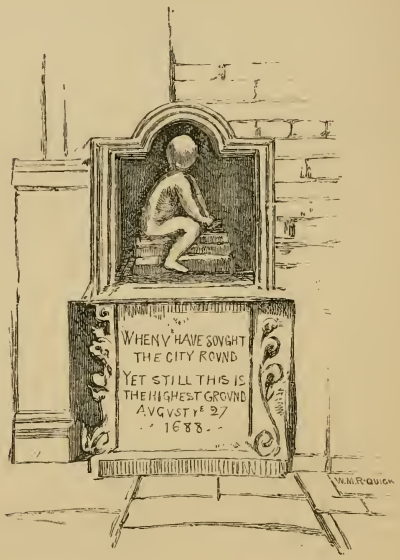
'As for nobility in particular persons, it is a reverend thing to see an antient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect; how much more to behold an antient noble family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time: for new nobility is but the act of power; but antient nobility is the act of time.'—*Lord Bacon.*

What is now called **St. Paul's Churchyard** was surrounded before the Fire by shops of booksellers, who have since betaken themselves to Paternoster Row, Ave-Maria Lane, and Amen Corner (on the north of the Church), so called, says Stow, 'because of stationers or text-writers that dwelt there, who wrote and sold all sorts of books then in use, namely, A B C, with the Pater-noster, Ave, Creed, Graces, &c.' Famous booksellers in St. Paul's Churchyard have included John Day, who removed thither 1575; John Rayner, 'at the St. George,' 1527; and Henry Powell, 'at the Trinity,' 1518–22. At the corner of Chapter House Court, in Paternoster Row, facing Ivy Lane, was the 'Chapter Coffee-House,' of much literary celebrity, where authors and booksellers of the last century were greatly wont to congregate. It was the place of which Chatterton wrote to his mother while he was really starving unknown in London —'I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-House and know all the geniuses there.' Here also the club of the 'Wittenagemot' was held, which was much frequented by physicians of the last century. In the room which bore the name of the club, the famous Dr. Buchan, author of 'Domestic Medicine,' used to receive his patients, a man 'of venerable aspect, neat in his dress, his hair tied behind with a large black ribbon, and a gold-headed cane in his hand, realising the idea of an Esculapian dignitary.' It was at the Chapter Coffee-House that the famous 'Threepenny Curates' could be hired for twopence and a cup of coffee to hold service anywhere within the boundary. In this old house, with its high windows, and a 'grey-haired elderly man' officiating as waiter, Charlotte and Anne Brontë abode during their first visit to London in 1848. The 'Goose and Gridiron' is another ancient tavern.

Paternoster Row (so called from the rosary makers?) is still the bookseller's paradise. Its entrance is guarded by the establishments of Messrs. Blackwood and Nelson, and a mighty bust of Aldus presides over the narrow busy pavement, while every window at the sides is filled with books, chiefly Bibles, Prayer-Books, and religious tracts. The Church of St. Michael-le-Quern, Paternoster Row, destroyed in the Fire, derived its name from the use in the adjacent market of the handmill of Scripture: it continued to be employed for the grinding of malt till the time of the Commonwealth. John Leland, the antiquary, was buried in this church.

Panyer Alley, the last entry leading into Newgate Street, being close to the Cornmarket, marks the residence of the 'Panyers,'

makers of bakers' baskets in the fourteenth century. Here (where the height is fifty-nine feet) built into the wall (now—1894—of a



THE BOY OF PANYER ALLEY.

modern house and raised up) is a stone with a relief of a boy sitting on a panyer, with the almost illegible inscription—

When Ye have sovght
The Citty Rovnd
Yet still Ths is
The Highst Grovnd
Avgvst the 27
1688.

Dolly's Chop-House, close to this (so called from an old cook of the tavern, whose portrait was painted by Gainsborough), had a curious old coffee-room of Queen Anne's time. The head of that queen, painted on a window of the tavern, has given a name to Queen's Head Passage. The Chop-House was pulled down in 1883

'There is a passage leading from Paternoster Row to St. Paul's Churchyard. It is a slit, through which the Cathedral is seen more grandly than from any other point I can call to mind. It would make a fine dreamy picture, as we saw it one moonlight night, with some belated creatures resting against the walls in the foreground—mere spots set against the base of Wren's mighty work, that, through the narrow opening, seemed to have its cross set against the sky.'—*Preface to Doré's 'London.'*

At the bottom of Paternoster Row, Ave-Maria Lane leads into **Warwick Lane**, where, till 1866, stood (on the west of the Lane) the College of Physicians, whither Dryden's body was brought by Dr. Garth, to whom it was indebted for suitable burial, where he was honoured by 'a solemn performance of music,'[1] and whence (May 13, 1700) it was followed by more than a hundred coaches to Westminster. The buildings of the College (which originally met at Linacre's house in Knightrider Street) were erected by Wren (1674), and were conspicuous from their dome surmounted by a golden ball.

'A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill.'
Garth, 'The Dispensary.'

The original name of this street was Eldenesse Lane; it derives its present appellation from the inn or palace of the Earls of Warwick. This Warwick Inn was in the possession of Cecily, Duchess of Warwick, *c.* 1450. Eight years later, when the greater estates of the realm were called up to London, Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the 'Kingmaker,' 'came with six hundred men, all in red jackets, embroidered with ragged staves before and behind, and was lodged in Warwick Lane; in whose house there was often times six oxen eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat; for he that had any acquaintance in that house might have there so much of sodden or roast meat as he could prick and carry on a long dagger.'

Midway down the Lane on the east side, is the **Bell Inn** (rebuilt), where (1684) the holy Archbishop Leighton died peacefully in his sleep, thereby fulfilling his often expressed desire that he might not trouble his friends in his death.

'He used often to say that, if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired; for he died at the Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane.'—*Burnet's 'Own Times.'*

Opposite the Bell, closing an alley on the left, on a site occupied by **Amen Court**, where the Canons of St. Paul's have their houses, stood the Oxford Arms, one of the most curious old hostelries in England, demolished in 1877. It belonged to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and was restored immediately after the Great Fire, on the exact plan of an older inn on the site, which was then destroyed. In the *London Gazette* of March 1672–73, we find the following:—

[1] See *The London Spy.*

'These are to notify that Edward Bartlett, Oxford Carrier, has removed his inn in London from the Swan, in Holborn Bridge, to the Oxford Arms, in Warwick Lane, where he did inn before the Fire; his coaches and waggons going forth on their usual days, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. He hath also a hearse, with all things convenient to carry a corpse to the burial.'

The leases of the property forbade the closing of a door leading to the houses of the residentiary Canons of St. Paul's, by which Roman Catholics who frequented the Inn escaped during the riots of 1780. The great court of the Inn, constantly crowded with

GUY OF WARWICK.

waggons and filled with people, horses, donkeys, dogs, geese—life of every kind—presented a series of Teniers pictures in its double tiers of blackened, balustraded, open galleries, with figures hanging over them, with clothes of every form and hue suspended from pillar to pillar, and with outside staircases, where children sate to chatter and play in the shadow of the immensely broad eaves which supported the steep red roofs. Amongst those who lived here in former days was John Roberts the bookseller, and hence he sent forth his squibs and libels on Pope. No. 4 in the Lane is the **Cutlers' Hall**, moved from Cloak Lane. On the wall of the last house (left), where Warwick Lane enters Newgate Street, Guy of Warwick is commemorated in a very curious relief, of 1668,—an armed knight with shield and sword.

The neighbourhood of Newgate has always been 'the Butchers' Quarter.' St. Nicholas's Shambles originally stood here, which took their name from the old Church of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, destroyed at the Dissolution; and till the Great Fire the market continued to be held in the middle of the street in open stalls, which were a great nuisance to the neighbourhood, and, from the filth which they accumulated, gave the name of 'Stinking Lane' to the

present King Edward Street. After the Fire, a market-house was erected in the open space between Newgate Street and Paternoster Row, where the ivy-covered houses of the Prebendaries of St. Paul's, commemorated in Ivy Lane,[1] stood amidst orchards, whose apples were a great temptation to London street-boys, and frequently proved fatal to them, as is shown by the coroners' inquests of five centuries ago. Newgate Market continued to be the principal meat-market of London till the erection (1867–68) of that in Smithfield—

> 'Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
> Such Newgate's copious market best affords.'
> —*Gay*, '*Trivia*,' bk. ii.

A curious relic in Newgate Street, which has lately disappeared, was the sculpture over the entrance to Bull Head Court, representing William Evans, the giant porter of Charles I., with Sir Jeffrey Hudson, the dwarf of Henrietta Maria, who could travel in his pocket. Evans was seven feet six inches in height, Hudson three feet nine inches; but the dwarf was so fiery that he killed Mr. Crofts, who ventured to laugh at him, in a duel, and he commanded a troop of horse in the King's service.

Through an open screen on the north side of **Newgate Street** are seen some of the modern buildings of **Christ's Hospital**, 'the Blue Coat School,' erected in 1825 by *John Shaw*, the architect of St. Dunstan's in the West. The foundation of Christ's Hospital was one of the last acts of Edward VI., who died ten days after. He was so touched by an affecting sermon which he heard from Bishop Ridley on June 26, 1553, upon the duty of providing for the sick and needy, that after the service was over he sent for the Bishop, thanked him for his advice, and, after inquiring what class of persons was in most need of being benefited, founded a hospital for destitute and fatherless children. The buildings which were set apart for this purpose had belonged to the Grey Friars, and had been given to the City of London by Henry VIII. at the Dissolution.

The monastery of Grey Friars, which was one of the most important religious houses in London, was founded by the first Franciscans who came over to England, in the reign of Henry III. Its buildings were raised by the charity of various pious benefactors, and its glorious church was begun by Margaret, second wife of Edward I. It became a favourite burial-place of the queens of England, as well as the usual place of interment for the foreign attendants of the Plantagenet Queens-consort. Here were the tombs of Beatrix, Duchess of Brittany, second daughter of Henry III., who died when she came over on the accession of Edward I. in 1272; and of the generous Queen Margaret—'good withouten lacke,' as the chronicler Piers Langtoft calls her—second wife and widow of Edward I.[2] Here also rested, with the heart of her murdered husband in a gold vase upon

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[1] Stow.

[2] The heart of his mother, Queen Eleanor of Provence, who died at Amesbury was also preserved here.

her breast, her niece, the wicked Queen Isabella, wife of Edward II. Joan ('Makepeace') of the Tower, wife of David Bruce, King of Scotland, and second daughter of Edward II., driven to seek a refuge in England by the infidelities of her husband, died in the arms of her sister-in-law Queen Philippa in 1362, and was buried by her mother's side. Near her was laid Isabel, Countess of Bedford, the eldest and favourite daughter of Edward III., who was separated from her husband, Enguerrand de Coucy, by the wars between France and England. Other tombs were those of Baron Fitzwarren and his wife Isabel, sometime Queen of Man; Sir Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice of England, executed at Tyburn, 1388; Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, hanged 1330; John Philpot, Lord Mayor, 1384; Sir Nicholas Brembre, Lord Mayor, 1387; John, Duc de Bourbon, taken prisoner at Agincourt, who died after a captivity of eighteen years, 1433; and Thomas Burdett, 1477, who was beheaded for having too vigorously lamented a favourite buck of his which had been killed by Edward IV. Here also (1665) was buried one who 'possessed every advantage which nature and art and an excellent education could give,'[1] the accomplished Sir Kenelm Digby, who was laid in the magnificent tomb where he had buried his wayward wife, the beautiful Venetia Stanley,[2] lamented in the verses of Ben Jonson. Richard Baxter was laid here by the side of his wife in 1691.

All the monuments in Grey Friars, many of them of marble and alabaster, and extremely magnificent, were in 1545 sold for £50 by Sir Martin Bowes, goldsmith and alderman. The **Church** was injured but not destroyed in the Great Fire. It was, however, rebuilt by Wren, being finished in 1704. It is one of the few churches in London having columns without arches. Even the name of Grey Friars became extinct when Christ's Hospital was founded, and nothing remains of the monastery except some low brick arches of the western cloister, on the left of the entrance.

The Hospital is approached from Newgate Street by a brick gateway, surmounted by a statue of Edward VI. in his robes. The courts, used as a playground by the boys, are handsome and spacious. There are 685 boys lodged and boarded in the surrounding buildings; and belonging to the same foundation is the preparatory school of 500 boys and the school of 60 or 70 girls at Hertford. The boys sleep in dormitories crowded with little beds, and wash in lavatories. A line in their swimming-bath marks the junction of three parishes—Christ Church, St. Sepulchre's, and St. Bartholomew's.

London smoke has already given a venerable aspect to the noble **Hall**, 187 feet in length, and the long oak tables are really old. In the centre of the side wall is a pulpit, whence graces are read, and the lessons of the day in the morning. The walls beyond the pulpit are decorated by the arms of the Presidents, below the pulpit by the arms of the Treasurers, beginning with those of Grafton, Treasurer in 1554, the year after the foundation. The raised seats at the end of the hall are intended for spectators admitted by ticket

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[1] Clarendon. [2] Aubrey.

to witness the 'Public Suppings' at 7 P.M. on the six Thursdays in Lent—a very curious sight. Above is an old picture of Edward VI. giving a charter to the Hospital. The other pictures include—

Verrio. An immense and very curious representation of the scholars of Christ's Hospital, both boys and girls, bringing their drawings to be examined by James II. in the midst of his court. Charles II. was originally introduced, but as he died before the picture was finished, his figure was altered to that of his brother. The custom pourtrayed here is still kept up, and every year the scholars go to the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Pennant describes this 'as the largest picture I ever saw.'

Sir F. Grant. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

J. Singleton Copley. The Adventure of Brook Watson, a Christ's Hospital scholar, in escaping from a shark.

The **Library** (as it existed in the monastery) was founded by the famous Sir Richard Whittington, four times mayor, twice in Richard II., once in Henry IV., and once in Henry V.

The boys educated at Christ's Hospital are generally called 'Blue-Coat Boys,' from their dress, which recalls that of the citizens of the time of Edward VI., and consists of a blue gown, red leathern girdle, yellow stockings, and bands. The two first classes of the school are called 'Grecians' and 'Deputy Grecians.' Among eminent Blue-Coat Boys were Bishop Stillingfleet, Camden the antiquary, Campion the Jesuit, Mitchell the translator of Aristophanes, Charles Lamb, Bishop Middleton, Jeremiah Markland, Richardson the novelist, Leigh Hunt, Sir Henry Maine, Peter Cunningham, Louis Cavagnari the hero of Cabul, and, above all, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who was educated here under James Boyer, and who said, when he heard of his head-master's death, that 'it was fortunate the cherubs who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would have infallibly flogged them by the way.'

'Christ's Hospital is an institution to keep those who have yet held up their heads in the world from sinking; to keep alive the spirit of a decent household, when poverty was in danger of crushing it; to assist those who are the most willing, but not always the most able, to assist themselves; to separate a child from his family for a season, in order to render him back hereafter with feelings and habits more congenial to it than he could ever have attained by remaining at home in the bosom of it. It is a preserving and renovating principle, an antidote for the *res angusta domi*, when it presses, as it always does, most heavily upon the most ingenuous natures.'—*Charles Lamb.*

Christ's Hospital was practically dissolved and the sale of its buildings ordered in December 1889. The new scheme provides boarding-schools for 700 boys and 500 girls, and in all for the education of 2320 children, a third of whom are to be fed, clothed, and educated free.

'Discipline was upheld by substantial methods. The masters flogged, the monitors flogged, and the beadles flogged. The superintendent of the dormitories would haul half-a-dozen boys at a time out of their beds on the coldest nights for the slightest disturbance, and flog them. Even the older boys thought nothing of knocking a younger boy down who might come in their way. The punishments were too often unjust, but no complaint was of any use. For a

boy who ran away, imprisonment and the leather-strap were the award. As late even as 1877, a poor deserter, who knew his fate, committed suicide, and thus gave rise to a correspondence in the *Times* which brought fearful revelations to light.'—*Alois Brandt*, '*Life of S. T. Coleridge.*'

In Christ Church Passage was 'Pontack's,' one of the first restaurants of a better class opened in London (c. 1689) where a dinner could be ordered.

Where Newgate Street is crossed by Giltspur Street and the Old Bailey,[1] stood the New Gate, one of the five principal gates of the City, and, in spite of its name, one of the oldest. Like Ludgate, it was celebrated as a prison. It was frequently known as the 'Chamberlain's Gate,' from one William le Chamberlaine. Its first story, over the arch, was, according to custom, 'common to all prisoners, to walk in and beg out of.' Ellwood the Quaker narrates the horrors of the nights in the gate-prison, where all were crowded into one room, and 'the breath and steam which came from so many bodies, of different ages, conditions, and constitutions, packed up so close together, was sufficient to cause sickness.' In fact, in the Plague, fifty-two persons died over Newgate alone.

The Gatehouse was the origin of the existing **Newgate Prison,** which now looms, grim and grimy, at the end of Holborn Viaduct, and whose very name is fraught with reminiscences of Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, Greenacre, Courvoisier, Franz Müller, and others, celebrated in the annals of crime. The Prison—the 'Stone Jug' of Harrison Ainsworth's 'Romany Chant'[2]—was rebuilt 1770–82, under *George Dance*, son of the architect of the Mansion House, who did his work so well, that every one of the rugged weather-beaten stones of the building seems eloquent of his purpose.[3]

'His chef-d'œuvre was the design for Newgate, which, though only a prison, and pretending to be nothing else, is still one of the best public buildings in the metropolis.

'It obtained this eminence by a process which amounts as much to a discovery on the part of its architect as Columbus's celebrated invention of making an egg stand on its end, by simply setting his mind to think of the purpose to which his building was to be appropriated. There is nothing in it but two great windowless blocks, each ninety feet square, and between them a very commonplace gaoler's residence, five windows wide, and five stories high, and two simple entrances. With these slight materials he has made up a façade two hundred and ninety-seven feet in extent, and satisfied every requisite of good architecture.' —*Fergusson.*

On the south front are allegorical statues of Concord, Mercy, Justice, Truth, Peace, and Plenty—interesting as having once adorned the New Gate, which also bore a now lost statue of Sir R. Whittington with the renowned cat of his story. Those who have been imprisoned here include Sackville and Wither, the poets; Penn, for

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[1] So called from the ballium in front of the City wall.

[2] 'In a box of the stone-jug I was born,
Of a hempen widow the kid forlorn.'

[3] *The Builder*, Dec. 22, 1888.

street-preaching; De Foe, for publishing his 'Shortest Way with Dissenters;' Jack Sheppard, who was painted here by Sir James Thornhill; and Dr. Dodd, who preached his own funeral sermon in the chapel (on Acts xvi. 23) before he was hanged for forgery in 1777. Lord George Gordon was imprisoned in Newgate for a libel on Marie Antoinette, and died within its walls of the gaol distemper. In the chapel is a 'condemned bench,' a horse-hair chair, only used for the prisoners under sentence of death. Till 1817 they sate in a black pew, which had a table in the centre with a coffin upon it. There are those still living who remember as many as twenty-one prisoners (when men were hanged for stealing a handkerchief) sitting in the condemned pew at once. After executions ceased to be carried out at Tyburn, they took place here: one of the most important being that of Bellingham, for the murder of Mr. Perceval. Until 1868 the executions were on a scaffold outside Newgate, in the Old Bailey, where windows let for enormous sums for the spectacle. In later years they were conducted within the walls of the prison, and were signified to the outside world by a black flag. A great amelioration in the condition of prisoners in Newgate was due to the exertions of Mrs. Fry, who has left a terrible account of their state even in 1838. Newgate was condemned as a prison in 1882.

Passing through low massive doors and a gloomy narrow passage, visitors are still shown the Pinioning Room, where malefactors were pinioned before being led to execution. Here, in two large cupboards, are preserved the leg-irons worn by prisoners, with the anvil upon which they were riveted on arrival, the rivets being punched out as the wearer was led to execution; and the axe with which many of the condemned were beheaded after being hung.[1] Other points shown are the cells for refractory prisoners, in which an American visitor has described the darkness as 'something to lean against;' the gallows; the whipping-horse; and the open-air passage called 'Birdcage Walk,' from the open iron cross-bars with which it is covered, used as a cemetery for the condemned, and where letters cut in the old wall record their last resting-places. The coffins are filled with quick-lime and covered with ordinary paving-stones. Here are the initials of Müller and Wainwright, of Lipski and Charles Peace, and others. In a lumber shed stands the whipping-post, used for robbers with violence.

Newgate is now only used for prisoners awaiting trial at the neighbouring Sessions House, or for those under sentence of death.

Close by is the **Old Bailey Sessions House**, for the trial of prisoners within twelve miles of St. Paul's. Over it is a dining-room, for use when business is over, whence the line—

'And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.'

The space between Newgate and the Old Bailey is called the **Press Yard**, from having been the scene of the horrible punishment

[1] Thistlewood, the 'Cato Street conspirator,' was the last to be treated thus.

of pressing to death for 'standing mute' when asked to plead. Persons sentenced to this *peine forte et dure* were stretched naked on the floor of a dark room, and were fed with just sufficient bread and water to sustain life, a heavy weight of iron being laid upon the body, and increased till the victim either answered or died. In 1659 Major Strangways was thus pressed to death for refusing to plead when accused of the murder of John Fussel; and the punishment existed as late as 1770, being voluntarily undergone by some offenders as the only means of preserving their estates to their children.

Jonathan Wild, infamous even in the annals of crime, lived at No. 68, the second house south of Ship Court, in the Old Bailey. He used to receive stolen goods and restore them to their owners for a consideration, the larger share of which he appropriated. If thieves opposed his rapacity, he, knowing all their secrets, was able to bring about their capture. At his trial he delivered to the judge a list of thirty-five robbers, twenty-two housebreakers, and ten returned convicts, whom he was proud of having been instrumental in hanging. He was hanged himself on May 24, 1725. Green Arbour Court, the first turning on the right of the Old Bailey, was the miserable residence of Oliver Goldsmith in 1758.

Public executions took place here till 1868, 'Black Meggie' being put together overnight before the 'debtors' door' in the north wing. The scaffold is a wooden platform, formed of two flaps, level with the ground, beneath which a pit, 10 ft. deep, has been excavated. Two great uprights support a massive beam long enough to allow of four persons being hanged at once. The rope depends from a large iron ring fixed to the centre of the beam. When all is ready, the hangman depresses a lever at the back of the platform, the flaps of the trap-door collapse, and in twenty or thirty seconds from entering the shed all is over.

Opposite Newgate is **St. Sepulchre's Church**, familiarly 'Saint 'Pulchre's,' chiefly modern, but with a remarkable porch, which has a beautiful fan-tracery roof. It is much to be lamented that, in a recent 'restoration,' the foolish churchwardens have substituted an oriel window for the niche over the entrance, containing the statue of Sir John Popham, Chancellor of Normandy and Treasurer of the King's household, who was buried in the cloister of the Charterhouse in the time of Edward IV.; this statue was one of the landmarks of the City.[1] The perpendicular tower is very handsome, but spoilt by its heavy pinnacles.

'Unreasonable people are as hard to reconcile as the vanes of St. Sepulchre's tower, which never looked all four upon one part of the heavens.'—*Howell.*

St. Sepulchre's, dedicated in honour of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, is mentioned as early as the twelfth century. In the old church the unfortunate Thomas Fienes of Hurstmonceaux, Lord

[1] See *The Builder*, Aug. 21, 1875.

Dacre of the South, was buried, who was executed at Tyburn, June 29, 1544, for accidentally killing John Busbrig, a keeper, in a poaching fray in Laughton Park. Roger Ascham, the Elizabethan classical scholar and author, was buried here in 1568. The church was damaged, but not destroyed, in the Great Fire, after which the interior was reconstructed by Wren; his work was all cleared away in 1879, and the building, which was then remodelled with great disregard of the original design, has now little interest. The perpendicular windows, being wholly at variance with the main arcade and ceiling, have a very bad effect, and the fine old black marble slabs in the central aisle have been removed from the graves to which they belonged to make room for a silly inartistic pavement. Many, however, are the Americans who still visit the church, to see a grey gravestone 'in the church choir, on the south side thereof,' with an epitaph which begins—

'Here lies one conquer'd that hath conquer'd kings!'

for it covers the remains of Captain John Smith (1579–1631), 'sometime Governour of Virginia and Admirall of New England,' and author of many works upon the history of Virginia. The three Turks' heads which are still visible on his shield of arms were granted by Sigismund, Duke of Transylvania, in honour of his having, in three single combats, overcome three Turks and cut off their heads, in the wars of Hungary in 1602. A ballad, entitled 'The Honour of a London Prentice, being an account of his matchless manhood and brave adventures done in Turkey, and by what means he married the king's daughter,' tells how Smith killed one of these Turks by a box on the ear, and how he tore out the tongue of a lion which came to devour him!

'Wherever upon this continent (of America) the English language is spoken, his deeds should be recounted and his memory hallowed. . . . Poetry has imagined nothing more stirring and romantic than his life and adventures, and History upon her ample page has recorded few more honourable and spotless names.'—*G. S. Hilliard*, '*Life of Captain John Smith*.'

'I made acquaintance with brave Captain Smith as a boy, in my grandfather's library at home, where I remember how I would sit at the good man's knees, with my favourite volume on my own, spelling out the exploits of our Virginian hero. I loved to read of Smith's travels, sufferings, captivities, escapes, not only in America, but Europe.'—*Thackeray's* '*Virginians*.'

John Rogers, the Smithfield martyr (1555), was Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, having previously been chaplain to the Merchant-Adventurers of Antwerp, where he became the friend of Tyndale, the translator of the Bible, whose work was finally carried out by him after Tyndale's death.

'There is no doubt that the first complete English Bible came from Antwerp under his superintendence and auspices. It bore then, and still bears, the name of Matthews' Bible. Of Matthews, however, no trace has ever been discovered. He is altogether a myth, and there is every reason for believing that the untraceable Matthews was John Rogers. If so, Rogers was not only the proto-martyr of the English Church, but, with due respect for Tyndale, the proto-martyr of the English Bible, which first came whole and complete from his hands. The fact rests on what appears the irrefragable testimony of his enemies. On his trial Rogers was arraigned as John Rogers alias *Matthews*.'—*Dean Milman*.

The bell of St. Sepulchre's was tolled when prisoners in Newgate were executed, and, by an old custom, a nosegay was presented at this church to every prisoner who was on his way to Tyburn. Till 1882, the church clock regulated the hour of executions, and the church bellman used to go under the walls of Newgate on the night before an execution and ring his bell and recite—

'All you that in the condemned hold do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die;
Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near
That you before the Almighty must appear;
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not to eternal flames be sent;
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord above have mercy on your souls.
Past twelve o'clock!

CHAPTER V.

SMITHFIELD, CLERKENWELL, AND CANONBURY.

BY St. Sepulchre's Church is the entrance of **Giltspur Street**, being part of the road commemorated in Knightrider Street, and named from the gilded spurs of the knights who rode that way to the tournaments. Near the end of Giltspur Street, on the left, is the entrance of **Cock Lane**, of which we shall hear more when we reach Canonbury, and hard by is **Pie Corner**, where ended the Great Fire which began in Pudding Lane. It is probably some association with these names which caused the inscription (now obliterated) beneath the commemorative figure of a very fat boy (once painted in colours), still existing against the wall of a public-house near the corner of Cock Lane:—'This boy is in memory put up of the late Fire of London, occasioned by the sin of gluttony, 1666.' Pie Corner is frequently mentioned in the plays of Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Shadwell. Hard by is **Hosier Street**, which was the especial centre for the hosiers in the fourteenth century.

Giltspur Street leads into **Smithfield** or Smoothfield, around which many of London's most sacred memories gather. But as its market is the first object which strikes the eye, we are naturally drawn first to notice its great cattle-fair, which is not without its reminiscences, for it is celebrated by Shakspeare. Falstaff asks—

> 'Where's Bardolph?'

and a page answers—

> 'He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.'

The first market—'Bartholomew Fair'—was established here by Rayer (Raherus), king's jester to Henry I., by whom it was granted for the Eve of St. Bartholomew, the day itself, and the day after. Ben Jonson's coarsest and wittiest comedy, 'Bartholomew Fair,' lets us into many of its attendant abuses and customs, especially that of having booths at which pigs were dressed and sold—the 'little tidy Bartholomew boar-pigs' of Shakspeare.[1] In the reign of Charles II. the duration of the Fair was extended from three to fourteen days. Here Pepys saw Lady Castlemaine, on the 30th of

[1] *Henry IV.* part ii. act ii. sc. 4.

August 1667, the very day on which, chiefly by her influence, the Great Seal was taken from Lord Clarendon.

'At Bartholemew Fayre, did find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-play, and the street full of people expecting her coming out. I confess I did wonder at her courage to come abroad, thinking the people would abuse her. But they, silly people, do not know the work she makes, and therefore suffered her with great respect to take coach, and she away without any trouble at all.'—*Diary.*

Gradually Smithfield grew to be the great and only cattle-market of London. As many as 210,757 cattle and 1,518,510 sheep were sold here annually; but the market was always inconvenient, and was a great nuisance to the neighbourhood. Dickens describes its miseries in his picture of Smithfield in 'Oliver Twist':—

'It was market morning. The ground was covered nearly ankle-deep with filth and mire; a thick steam perpetually rising from the reeking bodies of the cattle, and mingling with the fog which seemed to rest upon the chimney-tops, hung heavily above. All the pens in the centre of the large area, and as many temporary pens as could be crowded into the vacant space, were filled with sheep; tied up to posts by the gutter-side were long lines of beasts and oxen, three or four deep. Countrymen, butchers, drovers, hawkers, boys, thieves, idlers, and vagabonds of every low grade, were mingled together in a mass: the whistling of drovers, the barking of dogs, the bellowing and plunging of oxen, the bleating of sheep, the grunting and squeaking of pigs, the cries of hawkers, the shouts, oaths, and quarrelling on all sides; the ringing of bells, and roar of voices that issued from every public-house; the crowding, pushing, driving, beating, whooping, and yelling; the hideous and discordant din that resounded from every corner of the market; and the unwashed, unshaven squalid, and dirty figures constantly running to and fro, and bursting in and out of the throng; rendered it a stunning and bewildering scene, which quite confounded the senses.'

The market for living animals in Smithfield was transferred to Copenhagen Fields in 1852, and the new *Meat-Market* was begun in 1857 on its site. This is a perfect forest of slaughtered calves, pigs, and sheep, hanging from cast-iron balustrades.

In the open space now occupied by the market, tournaments were formerly held. Edward III., forgetting his good queen Philippa, shocked London by parading her maid Alice Pierce as his mistress, as 'the Lady of the Sun,' at a public tournament in Smithfield in 1374. Another famous tournament was held here by Richard II., to celebrate the arrival of his child-queen Isabel. It was here that Wat Tyler was killed on the 15th of June 1381. His partisans had been everywhere successful, had broken into the Tower of London and beheaded the Archbishop of Canterbury, had broken into the Tower Royal and terrified the Fair Maid of Kent, had broken into and pillaged the palace of John of Gaunt at the Savoy. At length the young King Richard agreed to meet the Commons at Smithfield and hear their demands fully. They met, the King standing, says Stow, 'towards the east near St. Bartholomew's Priory, and the Commons towards the west, in order of battle.' The insolence of Wat Tyler's manner knew no bounds: he drew his dagger upon the knights whom the king sent to meet him; finally, he approached the king and seized the bridle of his horse. It was then that the

Lord Mayor, Walworth, plunged a dagger into his throat. It was a terrible crisis, and a massacre was only evaded by the presence of mind of Richard II., then only in his fifteenth year, who rode at once up to the rebels, and said, 'Why this clamour, my liegemen? What are ye doing? Will you kill your king? Be not displeased for the death of a traitor and a scoundrel. I will be your captain and your leader: follow me into the fields, and I will grant you all you ask.' The insurgents, captivated by his courage, at once allowed themselves to be led into Islington Fields, where they were quietly dispersed without difficulty; and Jack Straw, Wat Tyler's second in command, was afterwards hanged in Smithfield.

The Elms in Smithfield, 'betwixt the horse-pool and the river of the Wells or Turnmill Brook,'[1] was the place for public executions before it was removed to Tyburn in the reign of Henry IV. It was here that William Fitzosbert, surnamed the Longbeard, the first popular reformer, was hanged and beheaded (1196) in the reign of Richard I. Here Sir William Wallace was executed on St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1305, being dragged by horses from the Tower, hung, and then quartered while he was still living. Here also Mortimer, the favourite of Queen Isabella the Fair, was hanged by her eighteen-years-old son Edward III. Endless persons were burnt here for witchcraft; three persons were *boiled* alive here for poisoning;[2] but most of all is the name of Smithfield connected with religious persecutions and intolerance—Catholics putting Protestants to death, then Protestants Catholics, then Catholics Protestants again; those who had cruelly caused the sufferings of others often in their turn having to endure the same. Kings and princes were themselves sometimes present, and took a part at these horrible scenes; thus in Sir N. H. Nicolas' 'Chronicle of London' (1089 to 1483) we read of the Prince of Wales assisting at the death of John Badley (1409), who was burnt in a tun filled with fire, a ceremony of cruelty which was peculiar to him alone.

'This same yere their was a clerk that beleved nought on the sacrament of the Auter, that is to saye, Godes body, which was dampned and brought into Smythfield to be brent, and was bounde to a stake where as he schulde be brent. And Henry, Prynce of Walys, thanne the kynge's eldest sone, consailed him for to forsake his heresye and hold the righte wey of holy chirche. And the prior of seynt Bertelmewes in Smythfield broughte the holy sacrament of Godes body, with xij torches lyght before, and in this wyse cam to the cursed heretyk: and it was asked hym how he beleved: and he ansuerede, that he beleved well that it was halowed bred and nought Godes body; and thanne was the toune put over hym and fyre kyndled therein; and whanne the wrecche felt the fyre he cryed mercy; and anon the prynce comanded to take away the toune and to quenche the fyre, the whiche was don anon at his comandement; and thanne the prynce asked hym if he wolde forsake his heresye and taken hym to the feith of holy chirche, which if he wolde dou, he schulde have hys lyf and good ynow to liven by; and the cursed shrewe wolde nought, but contynued forth in his heresye; wherefore he was brent.'

[1] Stow, p. 142.

[2] The last was a woman; the first was a general poisoner in 1522. The second, in 1531, was the cook of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, whom he was accused of trying to poison in his soup.

Passing rapidly on to the reign of Henry VIII., we find in 1539, Forest, an Observant Friar, burnt for denying the King's supremacy, and Latimer, himself burnt in 1555, coolly preaching patience while the victim writhed and moaned in his death struggles. And soon afterwards we find Cranmer, himself burnt in 1556, adjuring Edward VI. to burn Joan Boucher, the Maid of Kent, who was troubled with some scruples as to the Incarnation, and the amiable King replying in horror—'What, my lord! will ye have me send her quick to the devil in her error?' 'So that Dr. Cranmer himself confessed that he had never so much to do in all his life as to cause the King to put to his hand, saying he would lay all the charge thereof upon Cranmer before God.'

Of the long line of sufferers for the Protestant faith, generally on the question of transubstantiation, in the reign of Henry VIII., perhaps the most remarkable was Sir William Askew's beautiful daughter, Anne, whom Wriothesley, the Lord Chancellor, tortured with his own hands, and who lost the use of her feet by her extreme sufferings upon the rack to make her disclose the names of those court ladies of Queen Catherine Parr who shared her opinions. The account in Foxe of her death is too graphic to omit.

'The day of her execution (1546) being appointed, this good woman was brought into Smithfield in a chair, because she could not go on her feet, by means of her great torments. When she was brought unto the stake, she was tied by the middle with a chain, that held up her body. When all things were thus prepared to the fire, Dr. Shaxton,[1] who was then appointed to preach, began his sermon. Anne Askew, hearing and answering again unto him, when he said well, confirmed the same; when he said amiss, "There," said she, "he misseth, and speaketh without the book."

'The sermon being finished, the martyrs, standing there tied at three several stakes ready to their martyrdom, began their prayers. The multitude and concourse of the people was exceeding; the place where they stood being railed about to keep out the press. Upon the bench under St. Bartholomew's Church sate Wriothesley, chancellor of England, the old Duke of Norfolk, the old Earl of Bedford, the Lord Mayor, with divers others. Before the fire should be set unto them, one of the bench, hearing that they had gunpowder about them, and being alarmed lest the faggots, by strength of the gunpowder, would come flying about their ears, began to be afraid; but the Earl of Bedford, declaring unto him how the gunpowder was not laid under the faggots, but only about their bodies, to rid them out of their pain; which having vent, there was no danger to them of the faggots, so diminished that fear.

'Then Wriothesley, lord chancellor, sent to Anne Askew letters, offering her the king's pardon if she would recant; who, refusing once to look upon them, made this answer again, that she came not thither to deny her Lord and Master. Then were the letters likewise offered to the others, who, in like manner, following the constancy of the woman, denied not only to receive them, but also to look upon them. Whereupon the Lord Mayor, commanding fire to be put unto them, cried with a loud voice, "Fiat Justitia!"

'And thus the good Anne Askew, with these blessed martyrs, being troubled so many manner of ways, and having passed through so many torments, now ended the long course of her agonies, being compassed in with flames of fire.

With the reign of Mary, who was educated in cruelty by her husband Philip, the executions for religion became ten times more frequent than before. The martyr-procession was heralded (1555)

[1] The renegade Bishop of Salisbury.

by John Rogers, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, who had been converted to the Protestant faith at Antwerp by conversations with William Tyndale and Miles Coverdale.

'As he was led from his prison to Smithfield, his wife and nine children (another was about to be born) stood watching his "triumph," almost with joyousness. With that wife and children he had been refused a parting interview, by Gardiner first when in prison, by Bonner afterwards just before his execution—for what had a consecrated priest to do with wife and children? John Rogers passed on, not as to his death, but as to his wedding. This is not the language of an admiring martyrologist, or a zeal-deluded Protestant, but of Noailles, the Catholic French ambassador.'—*Dean Milman.*

Rogers was offered a pardon if he would revoke his expressions about transubstantiation, but he answered, 'That which I have preached will I seal with my blood; at the day of judgment it will be known whether I am a heretic,' and, being bound to the stake, washed his hands in the flame, as one feeling no hurt, and so died bravely in sight of his own church-tower. 'He was,' says Foxe, 'the proto-martyr of all the blessed company that suffered in Queen Mary's time, that gave the first adventure upon the fire.'

To those who study the story of the executions in Smithfield, it will be striking how, in the midst of a Catholic population, the English feeling of injustice towards the victims, and indignation at the cruelty of their persecutors, especially against Bonner, Bishop of London, always made the spectators sympathise with the sufferers, and only fear lest they should be induced by terror to recant at the last. Thus, when John Cardmaker, Prebendary of Wells, was brought to Smithfield (1555), with John Warne, an upholsterer of Walbrook—

'The people were in a marvellous dump and sadness, thinking that Cardmaker would recant at the burning of Warne. But his prayers being ended, he rose up, put off his clothes unto his shirt, went with bold courage to the stake, and kissed it sweetly: he took Warne by the hand, and comforted him heartily; and so gave himself to be also bound to the stake most gladly. The people seeing this so suddenly done, contrary to their fearful expectation, as men delivered out of a great doubt, cried out with joy, saying, "God be praised! the Lord strengthen thee, Cardmaker; the Lord Jesus receive thy spirit!"'

Amongst the most remarkable of the after sufferers was John Bradford, who died embracing the stake and comforting his fellow-sufferer; and John Philpot, Archdeacon of Winchester, who knelt, like St. Andrew, at first sight of his stake:—

'And when he was come to the place of suffering, he kissed the stake, and said, "Shall I disdain to suffer at this stake, seeing my Redeemer did not refuse to suffer a most vile death upon the cross for me?" And then with an obedient heart full meekly he said the 106th, the 107th, and the 108th Psalms. . . . Then they bound him to the stake, and set fire to that constant martyr.'

Two hundred and seventy-seven persons in all had been burnt before, in the words of Fuller, 'the hydropical humour which quenched the life of Mary extinguished also the fires of Smithfield.' The only memorial now existing of the sufferings for truth's sake which Smithfield witnessed is to be found in an inscribed stone in the outer wall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, saying—'Within a few yards of this spot, John Rogers, John Bradford, John Philpot, servants of God, suffered death by fire for the faith of Christ, in the years 1555, 1556, 1557.'

The part of Smithfield which is on the right as we enter it, is girdled by St. Bartholomew's Hospital and the remains of St. Bartholomew's Priory, alike founded in 1123 by Raherus or Rayer —'a pleasant-witted gentleman,' says Strype, 'and therefore in his time called the king's minstrel.'[1] Being at Rome on pilgrimage, he fell ill of malarial fever, and vowed an hospital for the 'recreacion of poure men' if he recovered. Then he imagined in a vision that he was carried by a great beast having four feet and two wings to a very lofty place, whence he saw the entrance and the horrors of the bottomless pit. From this he was rescued by a majestic personage, who revealed himself as St. Bartholomew, and

THE GATE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.

commanded him to build a church in his honour on a site which he indicated, bidding him be under no apprehensions as to expense, for he would supply the funds.[2] Rayer, returning, obtained the royal

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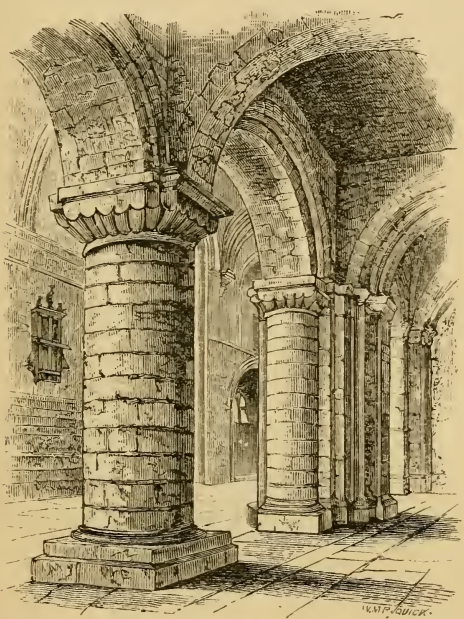
1 Stow, p. 140.

2 'Than saide he, "I am Bartholomew the Apostle of Ihu Crist that come to socoure the, yn thyn angwysshe, and to opyn to the the secrete mysteryes of hevvyn, knowe me trewly, by the will and commaundemente of the hye Trinite, and the comyn favoure of the celestiall courte and consell to haue chosyn a place yn the Subbarbis of London at Smythfeld wher yn myn name thou shalte founde a chirche and it shall be the house of God: ther shal be the tabernacle of the Lambe, the temple of the Holy Gost. This spirituall howse almyghty God shalle ynhabite and halowe yt and glorifie yt, and his yen shal be opyn and his ecrys yntendyng on this howse nyght and day that the asker yn hit schall reseyve, the seker shall fynde, and the rynger or knokker shall entre. Trewely every soule convertid penytent of his synne and in this place prayng, yn hevyn graciously schall be herde: the seekere with perfite herte for whatsumevyer tribulacion withowte dowte he schalle fynde helpe: to them that with faithfull desire knoke at the doyr of the spowse, assistant angelys shalle opyn the gatis of hevyn, receyvyng and offeryng to God the prayers and vowys of faithfull peple. Wherfore thyn handys be there comfortid in God, havyng in hym truste, do thou madely nethis of the

sanction for his work, which was speedily assisted by miraculous agency, for a marvellous light was believed to shine on the roof of the church as it arose, the blind who visited it received their sight, cripples went away with their limbs restored, and the hiding-place of a choral book stolen by a Jew was marvellously revealed. Rayer died in 1144, leaving thirteen canons in his foundation. His successor, Prior Thomas, who wrote a Latin life of the founder, and died at the age of a hundred in 1174, increased the number of canons to thirty-



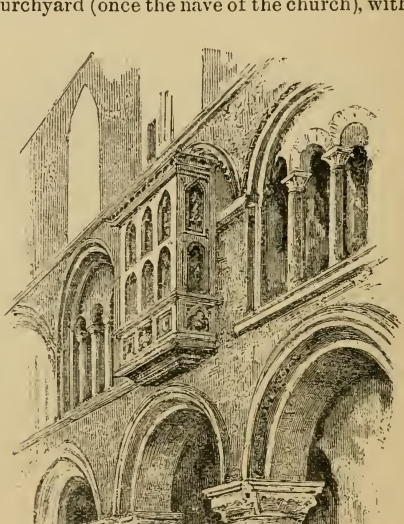
IN ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.

five. The monastery was at one time one of the largest religious houses in London, its precincts extending as far as Aldersgate Street.

costis of this bildynge dowte the nowght, onely geve thy diligence, and my parte shal be to provyde necessaries, directe, bilde and ende this werke, and this place, to me accepte, with evydent tokenys and signys protecte and defende contynually hyt. Under the schadowe of my wyngys, and therfore of this werke knowe me the maister and thyself onely the mynyster: use diligently thy servyce, and I shall schewe my lordeschippe." In these wordes the vision disparyschydde.'—*From 'The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's,' Coll. Cott. Vesp.* B. ix.

But nothing is left now of the monastic buildings, except part of the cloisters.

Built up in the old houses facing the market—which look little altered since they were represented in the print in which the Lord Mayor and the old Duke are seen sitting beneath them in a kind of tent, watching the execution of Anne Askew—is an old gothic gateway. It is an early English arch, with several rows of dogtooth ornament between its mouldings. Through its iron gate we look upon the blackened churchyard (once the nave of the church), with the ghastly



PRIOR BOLTON'S PEW.

tombs, of **St. Bartholomew the Great**, which has a brick tower of 1628, and a porch of 1893.[1]

Grand as St. Bartholomew's still is, it is only the choir of the monastic church, with the first bay of the nave and fragments of the transepts. The choir has a triforium and clerestory, and is surrounded by an ambulatory. The narrow stilted horseshoe arches of the apse are very curious. Of the arches which supported the tower,

[1] The west door of the church is open daily from 9 to 5.

two are round, the others (towards the transepts) slightly pointed. The first are of the time of Rayer, the others of his successor Prior Thomas. The general effect of this interior is greatly enhanced by the area being kept open, with chairs in place of pews, the lines of the architecture and the bases of the pillars being thus clearly visible. Mr. Aston Webb, under whom the church has nobly and faithfully been restored, can proudly claim not to have removed a single worked stone, and, where a reproduction of Norman work was inevitable, has introduced a different moulding, to show where the work is that of the nineteenth century. No ancient tone of colour has been tampered with, and even the smoke stains are left to mark where a blacksmith's forge occupied the site of the north transept. Short transepts, which private rights have compelled to be less than half the depth of those which originally existed, have been added to the church to strengthen the great arches of the crossing. Between the piers of the north transept arch is a most picturesque XV. c. screen, having in its eastern bay the tomb of an unknown prior, which contains his headless skeleton.

'It is recorded[1] that three Greek travellers of noble family were present at the foundation, and foretold the future importance of the church. They were probably merchants from Byzantium, and it has been conjectured that they were consulted by the founder respecting the plan and architectural character of the church.'—*Rickman.*

It is this monastic choir, as we now see it, which witnessed a strange scene when (1247) the Provençal Archbishop Boniface, uncle of Henry III.'s queen, Eleanor, irritated at a want of deference on the part of the sub-prior, rushed upon him, slapped him in the face, tore his cope to fragments, and trampled it under foot, and finally, being himself in full armour under his vestments, pressed him against a pillar so violently as almost to kill him. A general scrimmage ensued between the monks and the attendants of the archbishop, and as the inhabitants of Smithfield poured in to the assistance of the former, Boniface was forced to flee to Lambeth, followed by shouts that he was a ruffian and cruel, unlearned and a stranger, and moreover that he had a wife!

The last prior was Fuller, previously prior of Waltham. Under his predecessor, Prior Bolton (1506 to 1532), a great deal of restoration was done. Especially noteworthy is the oriel called Prior Bolton's pew, projecting over the south side of the choir, where the prior sate during service, or whence the sacristan watched the altar. It is adorned with the rebus of its builder—a bolt through a ton.[2] There are similar oriels at Malmesbury and in Exeter Cathedral.

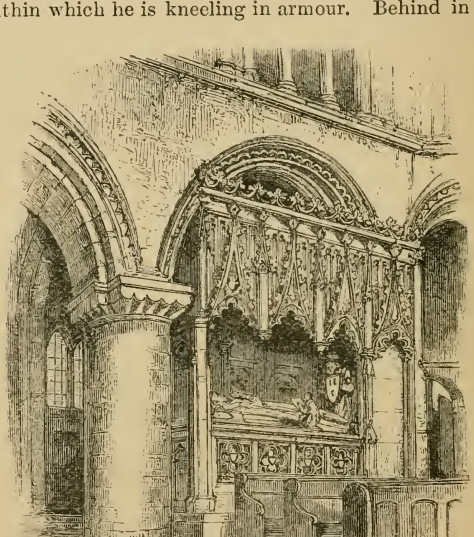
On the north of the choir is the tomb, with a beautifully groined canopy, erected early in the fifteenth century to the founder, Rayer, who died Sept. 20, 1144. At the foot of his sleeping figure stands a crowned angel, of later date, and on either side kneels a monk—

[1] *Mon. Ang.*, vol. vi. p. 294.

[2] The well-known inn in Fleet Street, 'The Bolt in Tun,' took its name from the rebus of Prior Bolton.

admirable in the folds of their drapery—with a Bible open at Isaiah li., and the words, 'The Lord shall comfort Zion : He will comfort all her waste places ; and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord ; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody,' in reference to the foul condition of the site before the church was erected.

On the north wall, also, is the monument (1615) of Robert Chamberlayne, ambassador, with two grand angels drawing the curtains of a tent within which he is kneeling in armour. Behind in the am-



RAYER'S TOMB.

bulatory are two recesses ; that nearest the east end was probably part of the Walden Chapel, where Walden, Bishop of London, was buried. From a very humble sphere he rose to be Dean of York, Treasurer of Calais, Secretary to the King, and Treasurer of England. When Archbishop Arundel was banished by Richard II., Walden was made archbishop (1398), but when Arundel returned with Henry IV., he was deposed, though he was generously made Bishop of London (1404) by his rival, after five years of great privation.

'He may be compared,' says Fuller, 'to one so jaw-fallen with over long fasting, that he cannot eat meat when brought unto him; and his spirits were so depressed with his former ill-fortunes, that he could not enjoy himself in his new unexpected happiness.'

Making the round of the ambulatory, behind the grand Norman pillars of the choir, we find a number of curious monuments. In a bay in the north ambulatory is that of John Whiting, with the pretty epitaph by Sir Henry Wotton—

> 'Shee first deceased, he for a little try'd
> To live without her, lik'd it not and dy'd.'

Here a brass has been placed by the boys of the Northwich Grammar School to their founder, Sir John Deane, 1557. The monument to Dr. Francis Anthony (*ob.* 1623) is that of a quack doctor who invented and believed in an extraordinary medicine which was to work universal cures—*aurum potabile*, being extract or honey of gold, capable of being dissolved in any liquid whatsoever. Dr. Anthony published a learned defence of his discovery, intended to show that 'after inexpressible labour, watching, and expense, he had, through the blessing of God, attained all he had sought for in his inquiries.' The medicine obtained great celebrity in the reign of James I., and Dr. Anthony lived in much honour in Bartholomew Close, and bequeathed the secret of *aurum potabile* to his son, who wrote on his monument, which bears three pillars encircled by a wreath, the epitaph—

> 'There needs no verse to beautify thy praise,
> Or keep in memory thy spotless name:
> Religion, virtue, and thy skill did raise
> A three-fold pillar to thy lasting fame.
> Though poisonous Envy ever sought to blame
> Or hide the fruits of thy intention,
> Yet shall they all commend that high design
> Of purest gold to make a medicine,
> That feel thy help by that thy rare invention.'

The next monument is that of Rycroft (1677), 'linguis orientalibus typographus regius,' who edited the polyglot Bible. It rests upon the volumes of his work.

Apsidal chapels—as at Norwich—are on either side of the east end of the choir, which from 1410 to 1885 had a square termination, traces of which may best be seen by ascending to the triforium. The eastern arcades therefore of the triforium and clerestory only date from the nineteenth century. Behind the square east end stood the Lady Chapel of 1410, of which many of the windows and buttresses remain. Till recently it was occupied by a fringe-factory, which projected twenty feet into the church. Under the site of the eastern half of the chapel is a well-preserved crypt.[1]

Passing a door of Prior Bolton's time, bearing his rebus, we reach the fine bust of James Rivers (1641), which is probably the work of Hubert le Sueur, who lived close by in Cloth Fair. Beneath, written at the beginning of the Civil War, are the verses—

[1] Funds for the restoration of the Lady Chapel are earnestly demanded.

'Within this hollow vault there rests the frame
Of the high soul that once inform'd the same;
Torn from the service of the State in's prime
By a disease malignant as the time:
Whose life and death design'd no other end
Than to serve God, his country, and his friend;
Who, when ambition, tyranny, and pride
Conquer'd the age, conquer'd himself and died.'

The next monument, of Edward Cooke, 'philosopher and doctor,' is of a kind of marble which drips with water in damp weather, and has the appropriate epitaph—

'Unsluice, ye briny floods. What! can ye keep
Your eyes from teares, and see the marble weep?
Burst out for shame; or if ye find noe vent
For teares, yet stay and see the stones relent.'

The magnificent alabaster tomb beyond this, that of Sir Walter Mildmay (1589), who was Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth, and founder of Emmanuel College at Cambridge, originally stood opposite to that of Rayer. Fuller records how, being supposed to have a leaning towards Puritanism, when he came to court after the foundation of his college, Elizabeth saluted him with 'Sir Walter, I hear you have made a Puritan foundation.' 'No, madam,' he replied, 'far be it from me to countenance anything contrary to your established laws; but I have set an acorn which, when it becomes an oak, God knows what will be the fruit thereof.' Sir Walter was one of the commissioners to Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringay, and might have risen to the highest offices had he been more subservient to Elizabeth. Fuller tells how, 'being employed, by virtue of his place, to advance the Queen's treasure, he did it industriously, faithfully, and conscionably, without wronging the subject, being very tender of his privileges, insomuch that he once complained in Parliament that many subsidies were granted and no grievances redressed; which words being represented with disadvantage to the queen, made her to disaffect him;' so that he lived afterwards 'in a court cloud, but in the sunshine of his country and a clear conscience.'

On the south wall of the choir, near this, is the monument of the Smallpage family (1568), with two admirably powerful busts. The bells, probably the oldest in London, bear a pre-Reformation foundry stamp assigned to Thomas Bullerden, who died about 1510. William Tyndale was ordained here, March 11, 1502. The register of the church commemorates the baptism of Hogarth the painter, Nov. 28, 1697. The registers of the Great Plague are perfectly kept. In 1750 we find the churchwardens complaining to the Bishop that the rector frequently invited John Wesley to preach here. On Good Friday, after service, by an ancient custom, twenty-one sixpences are thrown down to be picked up by the old women who attend service here. Milton, who lived close by, probably attended service in this church.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, founded by Rayer in 1123, and refounded by Henry VIII. upon the dissolution of monasteries, is open to all sufferers by sickness or accident, and admits upwards of one

hundred thousand patients in the course of a year. Its buildings surround a large square with a handsome fountain, and are approached from Smithfield by a gateway of 1702, adorned with a statue of Henry VIII., and figures of Sickness and Lameness. The quadrangle itself, begun by James Gibbs, is said to have been the first instance of the use of Bath stone: it was recased by Hardman in 1851.

Just within the gate is the **Church of St. Bartholomew the Less.** It was built by Rayer immediately after his return from his penance at Rome. The tower contains some Norman arches of the founder's time, but the church was modernised by Dance in 1789, and rebuilt by Hardwick in 1823: the interior is octagonal. In the ante-chapel is an inscription to John Freke (1756), the surgeon represented by Hogarth in his 'Stages of Cruelty' as presiding over the dissecting table, and on the floor the brasses of William and Alicia Markeby (1439). On the north wall, near the altar, is the monument of the wife of Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the Bodleian Library at Oxford; and opposite it that of R. Balthorpe, serjeant-surgeon to Queen Elizabeth. James Heath, Carlyle's 'Carrion Heath,' the slanderer of Cromwell, was buried in the church in 1664, 'near the screen door.' The parish register records the baptism of Inigo Jones (Enego Johnes), July 1573, his father being a clothworker residing in the neighbouring Cloth Fair.

The **Great Hall** (ring at the door on left in the courtyard) is approached by a wide oak staircase, the walls of which were gratuitously painted by *Hogarth* in 1736 with two immense pictures of 'The Good Samaritan' and 'The Pool of Bethesda.' In his manuscript notes Hogarth says, with regard to these pictures:—

'I entertained some thoughts of succeeding in what the puffers in books call "the great style" of history painting; so that, without having had a stroke of this grand business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and with a smile at my own temerity commenced history painting, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital painted two Scripture stories with figures seven feet high. These I presented to the charity, and thought they might serve as a specimen to show that, were there an inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting them more easily attainable than is generally imagined. But as religion, the great promoter of this style in other countries, rejected it in England, and I was unwilling to sink into a portrait manufacturer—and still ambitious of being singular, I soon dropped all expectations of advantage from that source, and returned to the pursuit of my former dealing with the public at large.'

In the frieze below the large subjects are the Foundation of the Hospital by Rayer, and his Burial—probably by another hand.

The Great Hall or Court-room contains—

Vincenzo Carducci. St. Bartholomew.

Hans Holbein? Henry VIII., life-size, in a fur-lined gold embroidered robe, with a black hat and white feather.

Sir G. Kneller. Dr. Radcliffe.

Sir J. Reynolds. Percival Pott, Surgeon of the Hospital and inventor of many surgical instruments, 1713–1788. A portrait of him seated, in his 71st year.

Sir David Wilkie. Alderman Matthias Prime Lucas, President of the Hospital, painted 1839.

Just beyond St. Bartholomew's the Great is the entrance of **Cloth Fair** (long the annual resort of drapers). This name is now the only

relic of Bartholomew Fair, the great London carnival, which, originally established for the benefit of the Priory, declined during its existence of seven centuries and a half into regular saturnalia, and then perished by lingering death in 1855. Cloth Fair, which was once a great centre for the French and Flemish merchants in London, having escaped the Fire, still contains many old though squalid houses of Elizabethan or Jacobean date: some are older still,

CLOTH FAIR.

and were built by Lord Rich, one of the worst of the favourites of Henry VIII., to whom the Priory was granted, with many privileges, at the Dissolution. The 'Dick Whittington' Tavern has grotesque brackets supporting the upper story. By the north entrance of St. Bartholomew's stood till 1891 a fragment of a 'row' like those of Chester, overhanging the old burying-ground of the

monastery. Some of the old buildings abutting on the church here are still (1894) highly picturesque. In Cloth Fair the Pie Powder—Pied-Poudre—Court was held annually, at the public-house called the 'Hand and Shears,' during Bartholomew Fair, for the sorting and correction of the weights and measures used in the market, and for granting licenses for the exhibition in the fair. Blackstone says, 'The lowest, and at the same time the most expeditious, court of justice known to the law of England is the Court of Pie-poudre, *curia pedis pulverizati*—so called from the dusty feet of the suitors,' or, according to Sir Edward Coke, 'because justice is there done as speedily as dust can fall from the foot.' **Long Lane**, close by, is commemorated by Congreve, and **Duck Lane** by Swift. In **Bartholomew Close** Milton was secreted at the Restoration till his pardon was signed.

Until recent years the parishioners of St. Bartholomew's were exempted from serving on juries. The walls of the Priory formed the parish bounds. The entrances to the parish are guarded by iron gates (two have recently been destroyed), and watchmen are annually appointed to see that they are closed at night.

'Smithfield Saloop,' of Turkish origin, a drink made by boiling the bulbs of *Orchis mascula* and *Orchis morio*, was long the most popular midnight street refreshment in London, being considered a sovereign cure for the headaches arising from drunkenness.

Continuing along the east side of the Metropolitan Meat Market, we reach **Charterhouse Square**, where in the seventeenth century were many handsome palaces, such as Rutland House (still commemorated in Rutland Place), and one where the Venetian ambassadors used to lodge.[1] It is now a quiet green amid the houses. Here, before the reign of Edward III., was a desolate common called 'No Man's Land,' between the lands of the Abbey of Westminster and the gardens of the Knights of St. John in Clerkenwell. In the terrible Plague of 1348, when thousands of bodies were flung loosely into pits without any religious service whatever, Ralph Stratford, who was then Bishop of London, purchased these three desolate acres, and building a chapel there, where masses should be perpetually said for the repose of the dead, called it 'Pardon Churchyard.' Fifty thousand persons were buried in this cemetery and in the adjoining Spital Croft, which was purchased by Sir Walter Manny, the hero of Edward III.'s French wars, who in 1371 founded a Carthusian convent here, and called it 'The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God.' The story of the dissolution of the convent is one of the most touching of the time. Prior Houghton, who was then superior, spoke too openly against the spoliation of church lands by the king, and so (1534) drew down the wrath of the royal commissioners. When he knew that they were suspected of treason, he gathered his community around him, and exhorted them to faith and patience. Maurice Chauncy describes the affecting scene which followed:—

[1] Howell's *Londinopolis*, fol. 1657, p. 343.

'The day after, the Prior preached a sermon in the chapel on the 60th Psalm—"O God, Thou hast cast us off, Thou hast scattered us;" concluding with the words, "It is better that we should suffer here a short penance for our faults, than be reserved for the eternal pains of hell hereafter;" and so ending, he turned to us and bade us all do as we saw him do. Then rising from his place, he went direct to the eldest of the brethren, who was sitting nearest to himself, and kneeling before him, begged his forgiveness for any offence which in heart, word, or deed he might have committed against him. Thence he proceeded to the next, and said the same; and so to the next, through us all, we following him and saying as he did, each from each, imploring pardon.'—*Chauncy*, '*Historia Martyrum*,' *quoted by Froude.*

The Prior and several of the monks were sentenced to be hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn. Sir Thomas More (who had himself lived for four years in the Charterhouse—religiously, without vow, giving himself up to meditation and prayer) saw them led to execution from his prison window, and said to his daughter, Mrs. Roper, who was with him, 'Lo, dost thou not see, Meg, that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage?' Several others of the monks were afterwards executed, and nine were starved to death in Newgate; the remainder fled to Bruges.

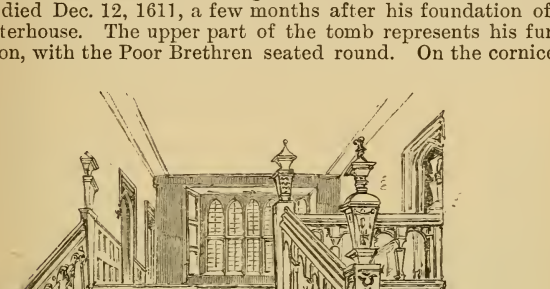
'If we would understand the true spirit of the time, we must regard Catholics and Protestants as gallant soldiers, whose deaths, when they fall, are not painful, but glorious; and whose devotion we are equally able to admire, even where we cannot equally approve their cause. Courage and self-sacrifice are beautiful alike in an enemy and in a friend. And while we exult in that chivalry with which the Smithfield martyrs bought England's freedom with their blood, so we will not refuse our admiration to those other gallant old men, whose high forms, in the sunset of the old faith, stand transfigured on the horizon tinged with the light of its dying glory.'—*Froude*, ii. 341.

The buildings of the Charterhouse were presented to several of the king's favourites in turn, and in 1565 were sold by the Norths to the Duke of Norfolk, who pulled down many of the monastic buildings, and altered others into rooms more fitted to a palatial residence. Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, second son of the Duke of Norfolk beheaded for Mary Queen of Scots, sold the Charterhouse for £13,000 to Thomas Sutton, of Camps Castle, in Cambridgeshire, who had made an enormous fortune in Northumbrian coal-mines. He used it to found (1611) a hospital for aged men and a school for children of poor parents—the 'triple good' of Bacon, the 'masterpiece of English charity' of Fuller. In 1872 the school was removed to Godalming, supposed to be a more healthy situation, and the land which was occupied by its buildings and playground was sold to the Merchant Taylors for their school. But the rest of the foundation of Sutton still exists where he left it.

The **Charterhouse** (shown by the porter) is entered from the Square by a perpendicular arch, with a projecting shelf above it supported by lions. Immediately opposite is a brick gateway belonging to the monastic buildings, which is that where the 'arm of Houghton was hung up as a bloody sign to awe the remaining brothers to obedience,'[1] while his head was exposed on London

[1] Froude, vi. 350.

Bridge. The second court contains the Master's house, and is faced by the great Hall. Most of its buildings belonged to the monastery, and were altered by the Duke of Norfolk, and some of them are coated with brick. By a door in the right wall we pass through a room which was the servants' hall at Norfolk House to a **Cloister**, containing monuments to Thackeray, John Leech, Sir Henry Havelock, old Carthusians, and Archdeacon Hale, long a Master of the Charterhouse. Hence we enter **Brook Hall**, in which Brook, a Master of the Charterhouse, whose picture hangs here, was confined by Cromwell; another door leads to the **Chapel**, of which the groined entrance dates from monastic times, but the rest is Jacobean. On the left of the altar is the magnificent alabaster tomb of Sutton, who died Dec. 12, 1611, a few months after his foundation of the Charterhouse. The upper part of the tomb represents his funeral sermon, with the Poor Brethren seated round. On the cornice are



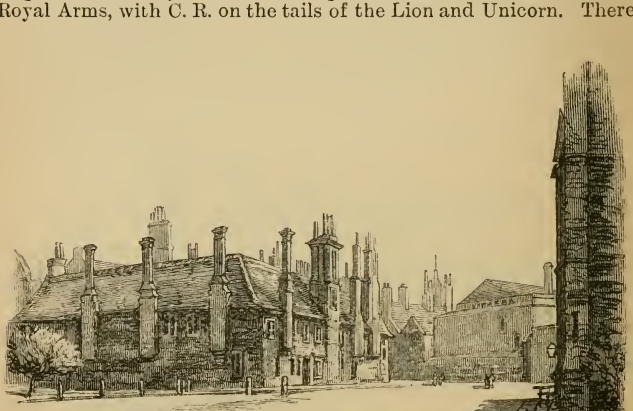
STAIRCASE OF NORFOLK HOUSE.

figures of Faith and Hope, Labour and Rest, Plenty and Want. The whole is the work of *Nicolas Stone* and *Jansen of Southwark*. Opposite is an interesting tomb of Francis Beaumont, an early Master. The monument of Edward Law, Lord Ellenborough, is by *Chantrey*. There are tablets to Dr. Raine and other eminent masters. Near the altar an early piscina has been found.

The Carthusians lived almost entirely in little houses of their own,[1] but the old **Brick Cloister** of the monastic Charterhouse extends along one side of the playground, on one side of which are the modern buildings of the Merchant Taylors' School. All the movable relics of the Charterhouse School were taken away when the school was removed, and nothing remains of its buildings, but

[1] Mount Grace, near Northallerton, is the most perfect specimen of a Carthusian monastery in England.

the place is still dear to many Charterhouse boys. Richard Lovelace, Isaac Barrow, Addison, Steele, John Wesley, Sir William Blackstone, Grote, Thirlwall, Julius Hare, Sir Henry Havelock, Sir Charles Eastlake, Thackeray, and John Leech were Carthusians. In that part of the monastic building adapted by the Duke of Norfolk for his residence, a grand **Staircase** of Queen Elizabeth's time, with the greyhound of Sutton on the banisters, leads to the **Officers' Library**, with a portrait of Daniel Wray, who gave its first books; and then to the **Drawing-Room** of old Norfolk House, with a beautiful ceiling, and a noble fireplace painted in Flanders, with figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, the Twelve Apostles, and, in the centre, the Royal Arms, with C. R. on the tails of the Lion and Unicorn. There



WASHHOUSE COURT, EXTERIOR.

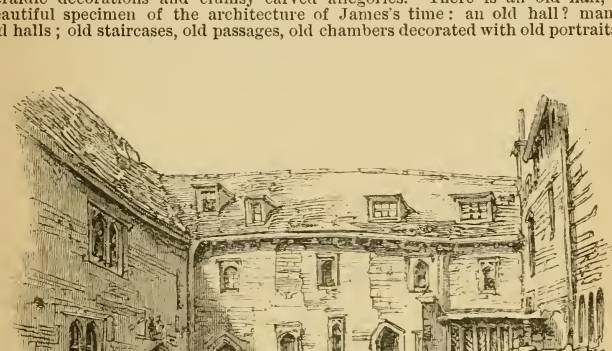
are some fine old tapestries in this room—one of them representing the siege of Calais. These were the rooms which (when the place belonged to Lord North) were used by Elizabeth on her first arrival in London from Bishop's Hatfield, before her coronation.

The **Pensioners' Hall**, where the Poor Brethren dine, was first the monastic guest-chamber and then the hall of Norfolk House. It has a noble roof, semicircular in the middle, flat at the sides, supported by large oaken brackets. The chimney-piece is adorned with the arms of Sutton, and the cannon at the sides were added by him to commemorate his having commanded artillery against the Scots, and having fitted out a vessel against the Spanish Armada.

On the left of the northern quadrangle is the venerable **Washhouse Court**, or **Poplar Court**, the outer wall of which, being part of the monastic buildings, is adorned with a cross, I.H.S., &c., in the brickwork. It is in one of the little houses of this court that Thackeray paints the beautiful close of Thomas Newcome's life. Elkanah Settle, the rival of Dryden, died here in 1723–24. The **Preacher's Court** and **Pensioners' Court** are miserable works of *Blore*.

We cannot leave the Charterhouse without quoting Thackeray's touching reminiscence of his founder's day :—

'The death-day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the fourscore old men of the hospital, the founder's tomb stands—a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy carved allegories. There is an old hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time: an old hall? many old halls; old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits,



WASHHOUSE COURT, INTERIOR.

walking in the midst of which, we walk, as it were, in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place possibly. Nevertheless the pupils educated there love to revisit it, and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

'The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects; and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration: after which we go to chapel and hear a sermon; after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to

old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces, and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches; the chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some three-score old gentlemen pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight—the old reverend blackgowns. Is Codd Ajax alive, you wonder? The Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen Codds, I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive, I wonder? or Codd Soldier? or kind old Codd Gentleman? or has the grave closed over them? A plenty of candles lights up this chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memories, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite: how noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children, and troops of bygone seniors, have cried Amen! under those arches! The service for Founder's Day is a special one: one of the Psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear—23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way. 24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand. 25. I have been young, and now am old: yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread'

Returning to Smithfield, on the right, where St. John's Lane enters St. John's Street, Sir Baptist Hicks, a city mercer,[1] built, in 1612, the **Sessions House**, where the regicides and the conspirators in the Popish Plot were tried, where William, Lord Russell, was condemned to death, and where Count Königsmark, the notorious assassin of Mr. Thynne, was acquitted. The distances on the great north road were marked from Hicks' Hall.[2] The Court-House was removed to Clerkenwell Green in 1782. Opposite the site of the old building is the **Cross Keys Inn**, a favourite resort of Richard Savage. Turning into **St. John's Lane**, we see the way closed by the old gateway of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, of which Dr. Johnson said to Boswell, that, when he first saw it, he 'beheld it with reverence.' The old public-house of **Baptist's Head** (from Sir Baptist Hicks), on the right of the lane, was the house of Sir Thomas Forster, a judge, who died in 1612; his arms appear over a fireplace in the tap-room.

The **Priory of St. John**, the chief English seat of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem,[3] was founded in the reign of Henry I. (1100) by a baron named Jordan Briset and Muriel his wife, and was consecrated in 1185 by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem

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[1] He was afterwards created Viscount Campden. His eldest daughter married Lord Noel, and the well-known preacher, Baptist Noel, derived his odd name from this ancestor.

[2] An inscription on the wall of a house points out where Hicks' Hall stood.

[3] Afterwards called Knights of Rhodes, and lastly Knights of Malta.

(buried in the Temple Church), who here urged Henry II. to undertake a crusade, and fell into a great rage on his refusal. John knighted Alexander of Scotland here, and Edward I. came hither to spend his honeymoon with Eleanor. This early Priory was so large that, when it was burnt by the rebels under Wat Tyler, the conflagration lasted seven days. All the other houses of the Knights in London were destroyed by the insurgents at the same time, and the Prior, Sir Robert Hales, was beheaded, in revenge for his having advised the King (Richard II.) to make no terms with the commons.

ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.

The Priory, however, was soon rebuilt, and Henry IV. and V. frequently stayed there, and it was there that—finding how ill it would be received by the people of England—Richard III. gave a public denial to the rumours of his intended marriage with his niece Elizabeth of York. The Order of St. John was suppressed by Henry VIII. on pretext that the Knights denied his supremacy, two of those who opposed him being beheaded, and a third hung and quartered. But the Priory still continued to be the resort of royalty, and Mary

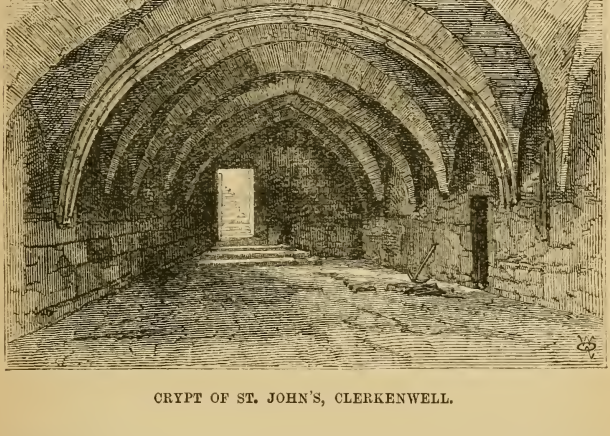
resided here frequently during the reign of Edward VI., and rode hence to pay state visits to her brother, attended by a great troop of Catholic ladies and gentlemen. The buildings of the Priory perished for the most part when they were blown up by the Protector Somerset, who intended to use the materials in building his palace in the Strand.

The south **Gate of St. John's Priory**, repurchased in 1876 by the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, was built as we

DR. JOHNSON'S CHAIR, ST. JOHN'S GATE.

now see it by Sir Thomas Docwra, Prior in 1504. It is a fine specimen of perpendicular architecture. On the outside are two shields adorned with the arms of the Order and of Docwra. In the centre of the groined roof is the Lamb bearing a flag, kneeling on the clasped Gospels. The old rooms above the gate are highly picturesque, and have been filled with an interesting series of memorials relating to the history of the place. This collection is

rather literary than military or monastic, for here Cave the printer started, in January 1731, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, which always bore a picture of the gate on its cover, so that the appearance of the building is familiar to thousands who have never beheld it. Dr. Johnson, previously unknown, used to work for Cave at so much per sheet, and was, for some time, almost wholly dependent upon his magazine articles. The accounts which he gave of the marvellous powers of his friend Garrick inspired Cave with a desire to see him act, and in the upper room Garrick is said to have made his début before a select audience in Fielding's 'Mock Doctor.' In the lower room, an old chair placed beneath his bust was shown as 'Dr. Johnson's chair.' After the 'Life of Richard Savage' had been published anonymously, Walter Harte, author of the 'Life of Gustavus Adolphus,' dined with Cave at St. John's and greatly



CRYPT OF ST. JOHN'S, CLERKENWELL.

commended the book. Soon afterwards Cave told him that he had unconsciously given great pleasure to some one when he was dining with him, and on the inquiry, 'How can that be?' reminded him of the plate of food which had been sent behind the screen at dinner, and told him that Johnson, the author of the book he commended, considered himself too shabbily dressed to appear, but had devoured the praises with his dinner. A secret staircase in this room, now used for the Chapters of the modern Order of St. John of Jerusalem, is connected by a subterranean passage with St. John's Crypt.

St. John's Square (chiefly swallowed up in a new street) marked, till 1877, the courtyard of the Priory. The nave and aisles and

the stately tower of the church were destroyed by Somerset. A remnant of the choir, mauled and defaced, long used as a Presbyterian meeting-house, and gutted in Sacheverell's riots, is now **St. John's Church**. Langhorne the poet was its curate in 1764. The bases of some of the old pillars may be traced in the upper church, in which George, Duke of Cambridge, was married, but it has nothing really noticeable except its picturesque and beautiful **Crypt**, consisting of four bays, two of them semi-Norman and two early English. The voussoirs of the arch-ribs, instead of following the line struck from a centre, are straight, the necessary support being obtained by making them so thin that the want of the wedge shape is scarcely perceptible.[1] Here the light streams in among the well-preserved arches from a little graveyard, which contains the tomb of the grandfather and grandmother and other relations of Wilkes Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln.

Till a few years ago people frequently came to this crypt to visit the coffin (now buried) of 'Scratching Fanny, the Cock Lane Ghost,' which had excited the utmost attention in 1762, being, as Walpole said, not an *apparition*, but an *audition*. It was supposed that the spirit of a young lady, poisoned by a lover to whom she had bequeathed her property, came to visit, invisibly, but with very mysterious noises, a girl named Parsons, who lived in Cock Lane (between Smithfield and Holborn),[2] and was daughter to the clerk of St. Sepulchre's Church. Horace Walpole went to see the victim, with the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, and Lord Hertford, but after waiting till half-past one in the morning in a suffocating room with fifty people crowded into it, he was told that the ghost 'would not come that night till seven in the morning, when,' says Walpole, 'there were only prentices and old women.' At length, the ghost having promised, by an affirmative knock, that she would attend any one of her visitors in the vaults of St. John's Church, and there knock upon her coffin, an investigation was made, of which Dr. Johnson, who was present, has left a description :—

'About ten at night, the gentlemen met in the chamber in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had with proper caution been put to bed by several ladies. They sate rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down-stairs, where they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied in the strongest terms any knowledge or belief of fraud. While they were inquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back, when the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, or any other agency; but no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited. The spirit was then very seriously advertised that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company at one o'clock went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made went

1 See a paper by Pettit Griffith, F.S.A., quoted in the *Builder*, July 1, 1876.
2 The house, on the south side, has been long pulled down.

with another into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued; the person supposed to be accused by the spirit then went down with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired and was permitted to go home with her father. It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly that the child has some art of making or counterfeiting a particular noise, and that there is no agency of any higher cause.'

The failure of the investigation led to the discovery that the father of the girl who was the supposed object of spiritual visitation had arranged the plot, in order to frighten the man accused of murder into remitting a loan which he had received from him whilst he was lodging in his house. Parsons was imprisoned for a year, and placed three times in the pillory, where, however, instead of maltreating him, the London mob raised a subscription in his favour. The account of the nocturnal expedition of Dr. Johnson and his friends to the crypt caused great amusement, which was enhanced by the appearance of Churchill's poem of 'The Ghost.'

'Through the dull, deep, surrounding gloom,
In close array, t'wards Fanny's tomb
Adventured forth; Caution before,
With heedful step, a lanthorn bore,
Pointing at graves; and in the rear,
Trembling and talking loud, went Fear.
. . . . . .
Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd
And thrice to turn it vainly try'd,
Till, taught by Prudence to unite,
And straining with collected might,
The stubborn wards resist no more,
But open flies the growling door.
Three paces back they fell, amazed,
Like statues stood, like madmen gazed.
. . . . . .
Silent all three went in; about
All three turn'd silent and came out.'

A house on the west side of St. John's Square, destroyed in erecting a new street in 1877, was Burnet House, the residence of the famous Whig Bishop of Salisbury (1643-1715), who was author of the 'History of the Reformation' and of his 'Own Times,' and who courageously attended Lord Russell to the scaffold. Ledbury Place occupies the site of the Bishop's garden.

Clerkenwell is now the especial abode of London clockmakers and working-jewellers and makers of meteorological and mathematical instruments. Jewellers'-work which is entrusted to West-End jewellers is generally sent here to be executed. But in the latter part of the sixteenth century, when, as we may see by Ralph Agas's map, the district was still almost in the country, a great number of the nobility resided there. Aylesbury Street commemorates the house of the Earls of Aylesbury, Berkeley Street that of the Lords Berkeley. Various streets and squares are Compton, Northampton, Perceval, Spencer, Wynyate, and Ashby, from the different names, titles, and houses of the Northampton family.

Newcastle Place occupies the site of the great house of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, who was fined three-quarters of a million by Cromwell; and of his wife Margaret Lucas, the would-be learned lady, who published ten folio volumes which nobody ever read, and who, when an old woman, always had a footman to sleep in her dressing-room, and called out 'John' whenever a fugitive thought struck her in the night, and bade him get up, light a candle, and commit it to paper at once. This is the lady of whom Pepys wrote—

'April 26, 1667.—Met my Lady Newcastle, with her coaches and footmen, all in velvet; herself, whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town talk is nowadays of her extravagance, with her velvet caps, her hair about her ears, many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth, naked necked, without anything about it, and a black *just au corps*.'

'Of all the riders upon Pegasus, there have not been a more fantastic couple than his Grace and his faithful Duchess, who was never off her pillion.'—*Walpole.*

Newcastle House was afterwards inhabited by Elizabeth, daughter of Henry, second Duke of Newcastle, whose first husband was Christopher Monk, second Duke of Albemarle. As his widow, her immense riches turned her brain, and she declared she would marry none except a sovereign prince. The first Duke of Montague, however, gained her hand (in 1692) by making her believe he was the Emperor of China! He treated her very ill, but she survived him twenty-six years, and died at ninety-six, in 1734, in Newcastle House, served to the last, as a sovereign, on bended knee.

As we go from St. John's Square through Jerusalem Passage, the house at the corner occupies the site of that of Thomas Britton, the 'musical small-coal-man,' well known from his concerts in the last century.

'Though doom'd to small-coal, yet to arts ally'd,
Rich without wealth, and famous without pride;
Musick's best patron, judge of books and men,
Belov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train:
In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
So bright a genius in so dark a sphere.'—*Prior.*

The **Sessions House** on Clerkenwell Green (now a paved square on the hill-side) is worth visiting, for it was built when Hicks's Hall was pulled down, and contains, on the lower floor, its fine old chimney-piece of James I.'s time, which saw the condemnation of William, Lord Russell, and the services of his devoted wife as amanuensis—

—'that sweet saint who sate by Russell's side
Under the judgment-seat.'[1]

In an upper room, besides the portrait of Sir Baptist Hicks are—

Gainsborough. Hugh, Duke of Northumberland.
Sir T. Lawrence. W. Mainwaring, Esq.

[1] Rogers' *Human Life.*

The ugly **Church of St. James** was built 1788–92, on the site of a church which formed the choir of a Benedictine nunnery founded by Jordan Briset in 1100. There is a perfect list of the succession of the prioresses of Clerkenwell, ending with Isabella Sackville (1570), who was buried near the high altar of the old church, which contained many other curious monuments, including the tomb of the founder and his wife Muriel (1124), who were buried in the chapter-house, and the brass of John Bell, Bishop of Worcester in the time of Henry VIII. The most remarkable monument, a lofty canopied altar-tomb, was that of Sir William Weston, last Prior of St. John's, who retired with a pension of £1000 a year, which was never paid, as he died of a broken heart on the day when the final dissolution of the Priory was announced. His tomb was broken up and sold on the destruction of the old church, but his effigy, which Weever calls 'the portraiture of the dead man in his shroud, the most artificially cut in stone that man ever beheld,' has been brought up from the vaults in a 'restoration' of the church in 1882, and now lies on the left of the altar. On the right is the handsome tomb of Elizabeth, Countess of Exeter, 1653, and near it a curious monument to one of the Marshals of the Company of 'Finsbury Archers,'—enrolled as 'Reginae Katherinae Sagitarii,' in honour of Catherine of Braganza—inscribed:—

'Sr William Wood lyes very neare this stone,
In's time in archery excell'd by none.
Few were his equals. And this noble art
Has suffer'd now in the most tender part.
Long did he live the honour of the bow,
And his long life to that alone did owe.
But how can art secure? Or what can save
Extreme old age from an appointed grave?
Surviving archers much his losse lament,
And in respect bestow'd this monument:
Where whistling arrows did his worth proclaim,
And eterniz'd his memory and his name.
Obiit Sept. 4, Anno Dni. 1691, Aetat. 82.

An inscription marks the burial-place of Gilbert Burnet, the famous Bishop of Salisbury, who died in St. John's Square, March 17, 1714–15. He was borne to the grave with a stately funeral, attended by many of the bishops, but the rabble threw dirt upon his coffin. In the porch is a second memorial to Bishop Burnet, on which his mitre is represented surmounting the many volumes of his works. A good monument of the period, with howling cupids, is that of Elizabeth Partridge, 1702. A tablet commemorates the victims of the Fenian outrage of December 1867.

With the singular contempt of historic relics which prevails in London, one of the most interesting monuments in this church is left in the vaults, which are used as a coal and rubbish hole. It is the remarkable though mutilated effigy of Elizabeth Sondes, an early sufferer for Protestantism, who was in waiting on the Princess Elizabeth in the Tower, and who, refusing to go to mass, was forced to flee to Geneva. After Elizabeth came to the throne, she was made woman of the bed-chamber, and marrying Sir Maurice Berkeley

(who gave a name to Berkeley Street, Clerkenwell), standard-bearer to Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth, died in 1585.

It is grievous that the monument of John Weever (1632), author of that treasure-store of antiquity, the 'Antient Funeral Monuments' (who died hard by at his house in Clerkenwell Close), should have been lost. It stood against the first pillar to the right of the altar, and bore, from his own hand, the inscription—

'Weaver, who laboured in a learned strain
To make men long since dead to live again,
And, with expense of oyle and ink, did watch
From the worm's mouth the sleeping corse to snatch,
Hath, by his industry, begot a way
Death, who insidiates all things, to betray,
Redeeming freely, by his care and cost,
Many a sad herse, which time gave long since lost:
And to forgotten dust such spirit did give,
To make it in our memories to live;
Where Death destroyed when he had power to save,
In that he did not seek to rob the grave.
For, whersoe'er a ruin'd tomb he found,
His pen hath built it new out of the ground.
'Twixt Earth and him this interchange we find,
She hath to him, he been to her like kind:
She was his mother, he (a grateful child)
Made her his theme, in a large work compil'd
Of Funeral Relicks, and brave structures rear'd
On such as seemed unto her most indear'd—
Alternately a grave to him she lent,
O'er which his book remains a moment.'[1]

In the hollow north of the church stood the Clerkenwell House of Detention, where a mark in the outer wall, showing where it had been rebuilt, was a memorial of the Fenian explosion of Dec. 13, 1867, which had as its object the rescue of the prisoners Burke and Casey. The building was pulled down in 1890. Formerly there were two prisons here, the Bridewell, built 1615, in which the saintly Baxter was confined, and the New Prison, built at the end of the XVII. c., from which Jack Sheppard and Edgeworth Bess made their sensational escape on May 25, 1724.

From the church the ground slopes rapidly to the valley of the Fleet, which was here called the River of Wells, from the number of springs which fell into it. One of these was, till lately, marked by an inscription on a pump at the corner of Ray Street, and was interesting as the Clerk's Well—'Fons Clericorum'—which gave Clerkenwell its name, and which, says Stow, took its name from 'the parish clerks of London, who of old time were accustomed there yearly to assemble, and to play some large history of Holy Scripture. For example, of later time—to wit, in the year 1390, the fourteenth of Richard II.—I read that the parish clerks of London, on the 18th of July, played interludes at Skinner's Well,[2] near unto Clerks' Well, which play continued three days together; the king, the queen, and nobles being present.'

1 Another epitaph is given by Strype, but is of doubtful origin.
2 This well had already disappeared in the reign of Henry VIII.

This district bore a very evil reputation in the last century. 'Hockley in the Hole,' which has disappeared in recent improvements, was a nest of thieves, and the site of a famous rendezvous for the baiting of bears and bulls. Fielding makes Jonathan Wild the son of a woman at Hockley in the Hole, and the place is commemorated in Gay's 'Beggar's Opera.'

Beyond Farringdon Road, **Cold Bath Square** takes its name from an ancient 'cold spring in Sir John Oldcastle's field,' at which one Baynes opened a primitive hydropathic cure in 1697, and which still supplies a bathing establishment. The Coldbath Fields Prison was dismantled in 1887, but had long been altered since Southey and Coleridge wrote in 'The Devil's Walk'—

> 'As he went through Coldbath Fields he saw
> A solitary cell;
> And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
> For improving his prisons in hell.'

The buildings are now used as a Central London Parcel Depot, in connection with the Post-Office.

Spa Fields, only covered with houses in the present century, contained the Spa Fields Pantheon, afterwards turned into a Nonconformist chapel. It was Shrubsole, the organist of this chapel (pulled down 1886), who composed the music of Peyronnett's well-known hymn—

> 'All hail the power of Jesu's name.'

Selina, Lady Huntingdon, who bought the chapel, lived close by, in an old house on the east side of it. She was born in 1707, was converted to Methodism by her sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Hastings, married the Earl of Huntingdon in 1728, and died in 1791. The Church of the Holy Redeemer occupies the site of the chapel.

To 26 Great Bath Street came to live, in 1771, often remaining for days in spiritual trances, Emmanuel Swedenborg, author of 'The True Christian Religion,' and here he died in 1772.

If we return up the hill to St. John's Street, and turn to the north, we pass, at the corner of Ashby Street (on the site of the old house which was the principal residence of the Comptons till the end of the seventeenth century), the **Martyrs' Memorial Church** (St. Peter's, Clerkenwell), built 1869, by E. L. Blackburne. It is appropriately decorated outside with statues of some of those who suffered in Smithfield for the Protestant cause—Philpot, Frith, Rogers, Tomkins, Bradford, Anne Askew, and others.

Red Bull Yard, opening from St. John's Street, marks the site of the Red Bull Playhouse, built *c.* 1570, where Heywood's Plays were acted. It was one of the six theatres allowed in London in the reign of Charles I., and is mentioned abusively in Prynne's Satire. During the Commonwealth it seems to have been the only licensed Theatre, and was used for performances of 'Drolls.'

'When the publique theatres were shut up, and the actors forbidden to present us with any of their tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest: and of comedies, because therein the vices of the age were too lively and smartly represented; then all that we could divert ourselves with were these humours and pieces of plays, which passing under the name of a merry conceited fellow called *Bottom the Weaver, Simpleton the Smith, John Swabber*, or some such title, were allowed us, and that by stealth too, and under pretence of rope-dancing or the like. I have seen the Red Bull play-house, which was a large one, so full that as many went back for want of room as had entered; and as meanly as you now think of these drolls, they were then acted by the best comedians.'—*Kirkman*, '*The Wits, or Sport upon Sport*,' 1672.

On the left, on some of the highest ground in London, Myddelton Street, Myddelton Square, and Myddelton Place commemorate Sir Hugh Myddelton, the projector of the artificial *New River*, opened in 1620, which brings water from the Chadswell Springs, between Hertford and Ware, for the supply of the City of London.

Encircled by these memorials of a man who was one of the greatest benefactors of London, but who was never appreciated in his lifetime, and close to the offices of the New River Head, is **Sadler's Wells**, where was a holy well, which was pretended by the monks of Clerkenwell to owe its healing powers to their prayers. This mineral spring was rediscovered by a man named Sadler in 1683; it was long popular, and was, from its peculiar chalybeate qualities, known as the New Tunbridge Wells. The Princesses Amelia and Caroline, daughters of George II., made it the fashion by coming daily to visit it in the summer of 1733. Sadler's Wells is now better known by its theatre—'the Aquatic Theatre'—to which the New River, which flows past the house, has often been diverted, and used for aquatic performances.

'Attraction was needed the town to engage,
So Dick[1] emptied the river that year on the stage;
The house overflowed, and became quite the ton,
And the Wells for some seasons went swimmingly on.'
Greenwood, '*Rhyming Reminiscences.*'

Here Grimaldi, the famous clown, became known to the public, and here Giovanni Battista Belzoni (son of a barber at Padua), afterwards famous as an African traveller, used to perform athletic feats in 1803, as 'the Patagonian Samson.' **Sir Hugh Myddelton's Tavern** (rebuilt), on the south of the theatre, has always been the resort of its actors and actresses. There is a representation of it in Hogarth's 'Evening,' published in 1738.

Bagnigge Wells, another mineral spring, where Nell Gwynne had a country-house, and whither people in the last century used to

'repair
To swallow dust, and call it air,

has disappeared in the site of the Phoenix Brewery.

St. John's Street leads by the corner public-house of **The Angel**,[2]

[1] Dick Hughes, the manager, father-in-law of Grimaldi.
[2] The old house was pulled down in 1854.

well known as an omnibus-terminus, to **Islington**. The wide High Street, with its occasional trees and low houses, reminds one pleasantly of many country villages in Hertfordshire and Essex. On the left is the great **Agricultural Hall** (by Peck, measuring 384 feet by 217), opened in 1862. Besides the usual Cattle Shows, it is used for Horse Shows and Dog Shows. The great **Horse Show** takes place in the summer, in the week between Epsom and Ascot races.

The name of Islington is said to be derived from Isheldun, the Lower Fortress. Its pleasant open fields were the great resort for archery, which was almost universally practised till the reign of James I. Edward III. desired that every able-bodied citizen should employ his leisure in exercise with bow and arrows, and in the reign of Richard II. an Act was passed compelling all men-servants to practise archery in their leisure hours, and especially on Sundays and holidays. In the time of Henry VIII. Islington was covered with shooting butts, and the titles of Duke of Shoreditch, Marquis of Islington, and Earl of Pancras were popularly given to the king's favourite archers. At this time every father was enjoined to present his son with a bow and three arrows as soon as he should be seven years old, and all men except clergy and judges were compelled occasionally to shoot at the butts. By a statute of 23 Henry VIII. men above twenty-four were not allowed to shoot at anything under 220 yards, and the most distant mark was 380 yards.[1]

Few districts in or near London have had such a rapid increase of population in late years as this. 'The Merry Milkmaid of Islington' would no longer find her way about her pleasant pastures. In the time of Charles I., says Macaulay, 'Islington was almost a solitude, and poets loved to contrast its silence and repose with the din and turmoil of the monster London.' Yet some amongst them had a presentiment of the time we have reached when London has spread over the whole, and the web of streets is woven far beyond Islington.

> 'London has got a great way from the streame,
> I think she means to go to Islington,
> To eat a dish of strawberries and creame.
> The city's sure in progresse, I surmise,
> Or going to revell it in some disorder
> Without the walls, without the liberties,
> Where she neede feare nor Mayor nor Recorder.'
> *Thomas Freeman's Epigrams*, 1614.

In old days, as still, the Inns of Islington had a renown. One of these, the Queen's Head, pulled down in 1829, was a fine old house, said to have been once occupied by the Lord Treasurer Burleigh:—

> 'The Queen's Head and Crown in Islington town
> Bore, for its brewing, the highest renown.'

Highbury Barn, at Islington, which already existed in the last century as a popular music-hall, commemorates the great barn of the Priory of St. John of Clerkenwell. The prior had a country-

[1] Among curious books on archery are the *Ayme for Finsburie Archers*, 1594, and the *Ayme for the Archers of St. George's Fields*, 1594.

house here from 1271 to 1381, when it was destroyed by Jack Straw.

Charles Lamb resided for a time at **Colebrooke Cottage,**[1] a house which still stands at the north end of Camden Terrace. 'Colebrooke Row, 1768,' is inscribed on the opposite side of the way.

If we turn to the left by Sir Hugh Myddelton's statue (erected 1862), down Upper Street, on the right, is the **Church of St. Mary,** rebuilt in 1751. In its churchyard George Wharton, son of Lord Wharton, and James Stewart, son of Lord Blantyre, were buried in one grave by desire of James I. They fought over a gambling quarrel in their shirts only (to prevent suspicion of concealed armour), and both fell mortally wounded.

No. 41 **Cross Street** has a ceiling with the arms of England, the initials of Queen Elizabeth, and the date 1595 : it was the house of the Fowlers, lords of the manor of Barnsbury.

In Prebend Square, to the east, are the **Countess of Kent's Almshouses,** where **Lambe's Chapel,** pulled down in Cripplegate by the Clothworkers' Company, was re-erected in 1874–75. It contains the monument, with a curious terra-cotta half figure, of William Lambe, the founder, 1495-1580. He was buried in the crypt church of St. Faith, under old St. Paul's, with the epitaph—

> 'O Lambe of God, which sinne didst take away,
> And as a Lambe was offered up for sinne,
> When I, poor Lambe, went from thy flock astraye ;
> Yet thou, good Lord, vouchsafe thy Lambe to winne
> Home to thy fold, and hold thy Lambe therein,
> That at the day when lambes and goates shall sever,
> Of thy choice lambes Lambe may be one for ever.'

After following Upper Street for a long distance, Canonbury Lane leads (right) to Canonbury Square and its surroundings.

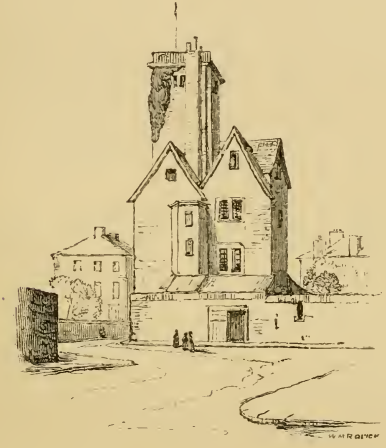
The manor of **Canonbury** was given to the Priory of St. Bartholomew by Ralph de Berners before the time of Henry III., and probably obtained its name when the first residence of a canon or prior was built here—*bury* or *burg* meaning 'dwelling.' Having been rebuilt by Prior Bolton, the last prior but one, it was granted, after the Dissolution, to Cromwell, Earl of Essex. On his attainder, it reverted to the crown, and again on the attainder of the Duke of Northumberland, to whom it afterwards fell. It was then given by Mary to Thomas, Lord Wentworth, who sold it in 1570 to the Sir John Spencer whose daughter and heiress eloped with the first Earl of Northampton and brought her vast property into the Compton family.

Canonbury is a wonderfully still, quiet, picturesque spot. Beyond the modern square rises, unaltered, the rugged brick tower called **Canonbury Tower,** fifty-eight feet high, which was probably built by Prior Bolton, though it was restored by Sir John Spencer. At the end of the last century it was let in lodgings to various literary men, who resorted thither for economy and the purity of the air. The most remarkable of these was Oliver Goldsmith, who stayed here

[1] At one time called Elia Cottage.

with Mr. John Newbery, the publisher of many popular children's books. Washington Irving says—

'Oliver Goldsmith, towards the close of 1762, removed to "Merry Islington," then a country village, though now swallowed up in omnivorous London. In this neighbourhood he used to take his solitary rambles, sometimes extending his walks to the gardens of the "White Conduit House,"[1] so famous among the essayists of the last century. While strolling one day in these gardens, he met three daughters of a respectable tradesman, to whom he was under some obligation. With his prompt disposition to oblige, he conducted them about the garden, treated them to tea, and ran up a bill in the most open-handed manner



CANONBURY TOWER.

imaginable. It was only when he came to pay that he found himself in one of his old dilemmas. He had not the wherewithal in his pocket. A scene of perplexity now took place between him and the waiter, in the midst of which up came some of his acquaintances in whose eyes he wished to stand particularly well. When, however, they had enjoyed their banter, the waiter was paid, and poor Goldsmith was enabled to carry off the ladies with flying colours.'—*Life of Goldsmith.*

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[1] The first cricket club in London met at the White Conduit House, and Thomas Lord, who established the famous cricket-ground, was one of the attendants there.

Ephraim Chambers, the author of the 'Cyclopaedia,' was one of those who took lodgings here, and here he died, May 1740, and was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey. The Tower is now used for a Free Library and Reading Room. Several of its old rooms are panelled, and are glorious both in colour and in the delicacy of their carving.

Behind the Tower is Canonbury Place, where Nos. 6, 7, 8 were once united as **Canonbury House.** In No. 6 (now called 'Northampton House'), over a doorway, is a curious carved and painted coat of arms of 'Sir Walter Dennys, of Gloucestershire, who was made a knight by bathing, at the creation of Arthur, Prince of Wales, in November 1489.' A passage at the back of the house is of Prior Bolton's time, and his famous 'rebus' forms one of the ornaments of a low arched doorway. Ben Jonson alludes to 'Old Prior Bolton with his bolt and ton.'

In the two neighbouring houses are most magnificent stucco ceilings of Sir John Spencer's time, very richly ornamented. Some of them belonged to a great banqueting hall, ninety feet long, now divided between the two houses. The initials E. R., for Queen Elizabeth, who is said to have stayed here between her accession and her coronation, appear amongst the ornaments. Three splendid chimney-pieces were removed by the late Lord Northampton to Castle Ashby and Compton Wynyates.

Beyond Canonbury and Islington (reached by omnibus from Victoria or Charing Cross) is **Stoke Newington,** covered with houses since the middle of the nineteenth century. In the midst of a labyrinth of shabby streets, the original village, of quaint eighteenth century brick houses, clusters around its two churches. The handsome modern church of **St. Mary** (1858) is from designs of Scott. The older church, standing in a pleasant grove of trees, contains a fine mural tomb with effigies; of John Dudley (1580) and wife, who afterwards married Thomas Sutton, founder of the Charter House, of Sir J. Hartopp (1762) by Bankes, and of Dr. Samuel Wright (1787), the Nonconformist preacher. The eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, Bridget Fleetwood, was buried here, September 5, 1681. Dr. Isaac Watts was tutor here from 1696 to 1702 in the family of Sir John Hartopp, and spent the last thirty years of his life here at Abney Park, the residence of Sir Thomas Abney. A summer-house, where many of his hymns were written, is still preserved. A statue, by Baily, commemorates him in the vast **Abney Park Cemetery,** in which the site of the house is included. The lower is the older part of the cemetery. The monuments for the most part are one more pretentious than the other, but at the upper extremity a simple flat stone marks the resting-place of 'Catherine Booth, the mother of the Salvation Army.'

We may, if we like, return to the west end of London from Canonbury through the miserable modern streets of **Pentonville,** a district of Clerkenwell which takes its name from Henry Penton, Member for Winchester, who died in 1812. The **Pentonville Model Prison,** with cells for solitary imprisonment, was built 1840–42, and

is managed on the most extravagant footing, with a cost to the country for each prisoner of £50 annually.

King's Cross, so called from a miserable statue of George IV., removed in 1842, was called Battle Bridge, from a small bridge over the Fleet, before the statue was erected. Some say that a battle was fought here between Alfred and the Danes; others consider this to have been the scene of the great battle in A.D. 61, in which the Romans under Paulinus Suetonius gained their great victory over the unfortunate Boadicea, and in which eighty thousand Britons were put to the sword. Everything here is modern; as late as 1814 there were shady lanes at King's Cross.

North-west of King's Cross extends the modern **Somers Town**, so called from John, first Earl Somers, Lord Chancellor in the reign of Queen Anne, to whom the estate belonged. Farther north is **Camden Town**, which takes its name from the first Earl Camden, who acquired large property here by his marriage with Miss Jeffreys. In St. Martin's burial-ground, in Pratt Street, Camden Town, is the grave of Charles Dibdin, inscribed with the lines from 'Tom Bowling'—

> 'His form was of the manliest beauty,
> His heart was kind and soft;
> Faithful below, he did his duty,
> And now he's gone aloft.'

Farther north still is **Kentish Town**, a corruption of 'Cantilupe Town,' a name which records its possession by Walter de Cantilupe, Bishop of Worcester, 1236–66, and St. Thomas de Cantilupe, Bishop of Hereford, 1275–82.

CHAPTER VI.

CHEAPSIDE.

JUST outside St. Paul's Churchyard, on the north-east, we are in the sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand, founded in the reign of Edward the Confessor by Ingelric, Earl of Essex, and his brother Girard. It had a collegiate church with a Dean and Chapter. When Henry VII. built his famous chapel, the estates of St. Martin's were conferred upon the Abbey of Westminster for its support, and the Abbots of Westminster became Deans of St. Martin's. Here the curfew tolled, at the sound of which the great gates of the city were shut and every wicket closed till sunrise.[1] The rights of sanctuary filled this corner of London with bad characters, who for the most part employed themselves in the manufacture of false jewellery. 'St. Martin's Lace' was made of copper;[2] 'St. Martin's beads' became a popular expression, and they are alluded to in 'Hudibras.' It is in the sanctuary of St. Martin's that Sir Thomas More describes Miles Forest, one of the murderers of the princes in the Tower, as 'rotting away piecemeal.' The privileges of the place were abolished in the reign of James I., to the great advantage of the Londoners, for—

'St. Martin's appears to have been a sanctuary for great disorders, and a shelter for the lowest sort of people, rogues and ruffians, thieves, felons, and murderers. From hence used to rush violent persons, committers of riots, robberies, and manslaughters; hither they brought in their preys and stolen goods, and concealed them here, or shared and sold them to those that dwelt here. Here were also harboured picklocks, counterfeiters of keys and seals, forgers of false evidences, such as made counterfeit chains, beads, ouches, plates, copper gilt for gold, &c.'—*Maitland.*

A low fifteenth-century arch of the Priory remains in one of the houses on the left of the entrance to Cheapside.

At the crossways near the site of St. Paul's Cross now stands *Behnes'* **Statue of Sir Robert Peel.** From this there is one of the most characteristic views in London, as one looks down the busy street of Cheapside (or 'Market side,' from the Saxon word 'Chepe,' a market). This is the best point from which to examine the beauties of the steeple of Bow Church, the finest of the fifty-

[1] Riley, p. 92. [2] Strype.

three towers which Wren built after the Fire, and in which, though he had more work than he could possibly attend to properly, he never failed to exhibit the extraordinary variety of his designs. It is a square tower (32 ft. 6 in. wide by 83 ft. high), above which are four stories, averaging 38 ft. each. The first is a square belfry with Ionic pilasters, next is a circular peristyle of twelve Corinthian columns, third a lantern, fourth a spire, the whole height being 235 feet.

'There is a play of light and shade, a variety of outline, and an elegance of detail in this, which it would be very difficult to match in any other steeple. There is no greater proof of Wren's genius than to observe that, after he had set the example, not only has no architect since his day surpassed him, but no other modern steeple can compare with this, either for beauty of outline or the appropriateness with which classical details are applied to so novel a purpose.'—*Fergusson.*

No one will look upon Cheapside for the first time without recalling Cowper's ballad of 'John Gilpin'[1]—

'Smack went the whip, round went the wheel,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.'

Before the time of the Commonwealth, Cheapside, with its avenue of stately buildings, and its fountains and statues placed at intervals down the centre of the street, cannot have been unlike the beautiful Maximiliansstrasse of Augsburg. Opposite the entrance of Foster Lane stood 'the Little Conduit.' Then, opposite the entrance of Wood Street, rose the beautiful Cheapside Cross, one of the nine crosses erected by Edward I. to Queen Eleanor. It was gilt all over for the arrival of Charles V. in 1522; again for the coronation of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn; again for the coronation of Edward VI.; and again for the arrival of the Spanish Philip. In 1581 it was 'broken and defaced.' In 1595 and 1600 it was 'fastened and repaired,' and it was finally destroyed in 1643, when Evelyn went to London on May 2, and 'saw the furious and zealous people demolish that stately cross in Cheapside.'[2] Beyond the Cross, at the entrance of the Poultry, stood 'the Great Conduit.' It was erected in 1285, and ever flowing with clear rushing waters, supplied from the reservoir where Stratford Place now stands, by a pipe 4752 feet in length, which crossed the fields between modern Brook Street and Regent Street to Piccadilly, and thence found its way by Leicester Fields, the Strand, and Fleet Street, 'a remarkable work of engineering and the first of its kind in England of which we have any knowledge.'[3] The Conduit itself was a plain octagonal stone edifice, 45 feet high, surmounted by a cupola with a statue

[1] Mr. Jonathan Gilpin, the hero of the ballad, died at Bath in 1790.

[2] See the curious pamphlets entitled *The Downefall of Dagon, or the taking downe of Cheapside Crosse*, and *The Pope's Proclamation, or Six Articles exhibited against Cheapside Crosse, whereby it pleads guilty of high treason, and ought to be beheaded.*

[3] *The Builder*, Sept. 18, 1875.

of a man blowing a horn on the top. It was encircled by a balcony, beneath which were figures of those who had interested themselves in laying the pipe or erecting the building. Here, close to the site of many executions, the most beautiful young girls in London, standing garland-crowned, prophetically welcomed Anne Boleyn. Here also Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed queen; and here stood the pillory in which Defoe was placed for his second punishment, receiving all the time a triumphant ovation from the people. Lastly, at the entrance of the Poultry, stood 'the Standard in Chepe,' a smaller conduit, where Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, was beheaded in the time of Edward II., and where Jack Cade beheaded Lord Saye and Sele.

During the reigns of the Henrys and Edwards, Cheapside was frequently the scene of conflicts between the prentices of the different City guilds, in constant rivalry with one another. They were always a turbulent set, and in the reign of Edward III. Thomas the Fishmonger and another were beheaded in Chepe for striking the august person of the Lord Mayor himself. The gay prentices of Chepe are commemorated by Chaucer in 'The Coke's Tale'—

> 'A prentis dwelled whilom in our citee—
> At every bridal would he sing and hoppe;
> He loved bet the taverne than the shoppe—
> For when ther eny riding was in Chepe
> Out of the shoppe thider wold he lepe,
> And til that he had all the sight ysein,
> And danced wel, he wold not come agen.'

Cheapside is still the central point of the movement of London, ceaseless through six days of the week, and completely hushed on Sundays.

'Send a Philosopher to London . . . but not a Poet! Send a Philosopher thither, and place him at a corner of Cheapside, he will there learn more than from all the books at the last Leipsic Fair; and as the surging stream of humanity sweeps past him, a sea of new thoughts will rise within him; the everlasting Spirit hovering above will breathe upon him, and suddenly the hidden secrets of social organisation will be revealed to him; he will distinctly hear and clearly see the pulsations of the World; for if London is the right hand of the World—the active, powerful right hand—so that especial street which leads from the Exchange towards Downing Street may be considered as its main artery.'—*Heine.*

On the left, divided by the great street of St. Martin's-le-Grand, are the buildings of the **Post-Office.** Those on the west are from designs of *J. Williams*, 1873; those on the east, built 1824–29, from designs of *Sir R. Smirke*—'who, if he never sunk below respectable mediocrity, has as little risen above it'[1]—occupy the site of the famous church and sanctuary of St. Martin's. In 1888 additions to the western buildings destroyed the 'Bull and Mouth' (Boulogne Mouth) Tavern. On the north side of the new buildings, a large fragment of the Roman wall, 8 ft. thick, was laid bare in 1891, and is preserved. Its ditch was 74 ft. deep, and 30 ft. across

[1] *Quarterly Review*, cxc.

its flat bottom. Behind the Post-Office, in Foster Lane, is the **Church of St. Vedast,**[1] one of Wren's rebuildings. The tower is peculiar and well-proportioned, and a marked feature in London views. Over the west door is a curious allegorical bas-relief, representing Religion and Charity.

Farther down Foster Lane (right) is the great pillared front of the **Hall of the Goldsmiths' Company.** The incorporation was established by Edward III. in 1327, but the company had existed as a guild from much earlier times. The Hall, rebuilt by *Hardwick* in 1835, contains one of the most magnificent marble staircases in London, leading to broad open galleries with lining of coloured marbles. The **Banqueting Hall** (80 ft. by 40 and 35 high) contains—

Northcote. George IV.
Hayter. William IV.
M. A. Shee. Queen Adelaide.
Hayter. Queen Victoria.

In the **Committee Room** are—

**Cornelius Jansen* (one of the finest works of the master). A noble portrait of Sir Hugh Myddelton (a goldsmith), who gave the New River to London. His hand is resting on a shell.

A poor portrait of Sir Martin Bowes (1566), the Lord Mayor who sold the tombs at Grey Friars, but interesting as having been presented to the Company by Faithorne the engraver, as a proof of gratitude for having been excused the office of Warden, in consequence of the losses he had sustained in the defence of Basing House. It is evidently a bad copy by Faithorne from an original portrait.

In the **Court Dining-Room** are—

Allan Ramsay. George III. and Queen Charlotte.

The adjoining **Livery Tea-Room** contains—

Hudson (master of Sir J. Reynolds). A very curious picture of 'Benn's Club of Aldermen'—a jovial society of members of the Company (Sir T. Rawlinson, Robert Allsop, Edward Ironside, Sir H. Marshall, W. Benn, J. Blachford), over whom Benn, a stanch old Jacobite, had sufficient influence to force them to go down to his house in the Isle of Wight and drink to the success of Prince Charlie. Given 1752.

The plate of the Goldsmiths' Company is naturally most magnificent. It includes the cup bequeathed by Sir Martin Bowes, out of which Queen Elizabeth drank at her coronation, and some splendid cups and a ewer by the celebrated smith Paul Lamerie, 1739. In laying the foundation of this hall, in 1830, a stone altar adorned with a figure of Diana was found, strengthening the tradition that the old St. Paul's was founded near the site of a pagan shrine. This is especially interesting, as being almost the only relic which

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[1] St. Vedast was ordained Bishop of Arras by St. Remigius in 499, and is said to have died in 539. His name was introduced into England as St. Vast—whence the corruption to St. Faust—and the name applied to the street. In a deed of 8 Ed. III. we read of 'Seint Fastes Lane;' in one of May 1360 of 'Seyn Fastres Lane.' In the bills of mortality for 1665 we find St. Foster's under the letter F., but after the Fire the church was renamed St. Vedast (alias Foster).

casts any light upon the religion of the ancient inhabitants of London. The **Coachmakers' Hall**, Foster Lane, was rebuilt in 1870.

The name of the next turn on the left, **Gutter Lane**, is a corruption of 'Guthurun's Lane,' from some early association with Alfred's godson. The inhabitants of this lane, of old time, were gold-beaters.[1] Here were the stalls of the German merchants or Easterlings, whose good money led to our word *sterling*.

At the entrance of **Wood Street**, the first large thoroughfare opening from Cheapside on the left, is a beautiful plane-tree, marking the churchyard of St. Peter in Chepe, a church destroyed in the Fire. The terms of the lease of the neighbouring houses forbid the destruction of the tree, or the building of an additional story which may injure it. The sight of this tree, 'which silently watches the mercantile hurry-scurry of Cheapside,'[2] throwing a reminiscence of country loveliness into the crowded thoroughfare, may recall to us that Wordsworth has immortalised Wood Street in his touching little ballad of 'Poor Susan.'

> 'At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
> Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years;
> Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
> In the silence of morning the song of the bird.
>
> 'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? she sees
> A mountain ascending, a vision of trees:
> Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
> And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.
>
> Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
> Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
> And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
> The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.
>
> She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,
> The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
> The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
> And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.'

It is said that in the **Church of St. Michael, Wood Street**, rebuilt by Wren after the Fire, and rather picturesque with its projecting clock, is buried the head of James IV. of Scotland, the king who fell at Flodden, and whose body was recognised by Lord Dacre and others amongst the slain on the field of battle. The account which Stow gives of the after-adventures of the head is too curious to be omitted.

> 'After the battle of Flodden, the body of King James being found, was enclosed in lead, and conveyed from thence to London, and so to the monastery of Shene in Surrey, where it remained for a time, in what order I am not certain; but since the dissolution of that house in the reign of Edward the Sixth, Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, being lodged and keeping house there, I have been shown the same body, so lapped in lead close to the head and body, thrown into a waste room amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubble. Since the which time, workmen there, for their foolish pleasure, hewed off his head;

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[1] Stow.
[2] *Fraser's Magazine*, April 1874.

and Launcelot Young, master-glazier to Queen Elizabeth, feeling a sweet savour to come from thence, and seeing the same dried from all moisture, and yet the form remaining, with the hair of the head and beard red, brought it to London to his house in Wood Street, where, for a time, he kept it for its sweetness, but in the end caused the sexton of that church to bury it amongst other bones taken out of their charnel.'—*Stow.*

Scotch writers have maintained, however, that it was not the body of James IV. which was found at Flodden, but of another, who fought in his dress to withdraw the attention of the English; and it is even asserted that the king escaped to Jerusalem, and died there. There is a handsome iron mace-stand in St. Michael's, and a mural tablet to William Harvie, 1593, preserved from the old church. The church was spoilt by the destruction of its old pews in 1888.

The paltry semi-gothic **Church of St. Alban, Wood Street,** is interesting as having been built by *Wren*, 1684–85, in the place of one by Inigo Jones. The original church belonged to St. Alban's Abbey. Amongst the monuments lost with the old church was that inscribed—

> '*Hic jacet* Tom Short-hose,
> *Sine* tombe, *sine* sheets, *sine* riches:
> *Qui vixit sine* gowne,
> *Sine* cloake, *sine* shirt, *sine* breeches.'

Attached to the pillar above the pulpit is an hour-glass in a curious brass frame, that the preacher, 'when he doth make a sermon, may know how the hour passeth away.' These hour-glasses, common enough in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to remind the preacher of the flight of time, are now very rare.

Matthew Paris says that St. Alban's, Wood Street, was the chapel of King Offa.[1] There is also a tradition that at the end of the street was the palace of the victorious Saxon king Athelstan, the slayer of the last king of Cumbria who was buried on the pass between Keswick and Grasmere, under the great cairn which is still called from him 'Dunmail Raise.' Thus the name of **Addle Street,** which opens on the right of Wood Street, is said to be derived from Adelstan or Athelstan; indeed it is found as King Adel Street in early records, but the derivation comes more probably from the Saxon word adel—*noble*—'the street of nobles.' In this street, near its junction with Aldermanbury, is the **Hall of the Brewers' Company** (incorporated by Henry VI.). This Hall was rebuilt soon after the Fire, and is entered from Addle Street by a gateway of 1670. The oak wainscot in the Hall—which is approached from the courtyard by a balustraded flight of stone steps—was put up in 1673; that in the Court-Room dates from 1670. On the south side of the courtyard, facing the street, are some admirable modern buildings of brick (from designs of E. H. Martineau, 1876), with terra-cotta ornaments, in which hops are much used in the decorations.

'The Castle' tavern, still standing in Wood Street, is mentioned in

[1] In *Vitae Abb. S. Albani.*

1684 as one of the most important inns in London. To the west of Wood Street, in Maiden Lane, is the **Hall of the Haberdashers' Company**, incorporated 26th Henry VI.

On the south of Cheapside, between Bread Street and Friday Street, stood the Mermaid Tavern, where a club, said to have been established by Sir Walter Raleigh, numbered Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Donne, Selden, &c., amongst its members.

> 'What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid; heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whom they came
> Had mean'd to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life.'—*Beaumont to Jonson.*

Stow says that Friday Street derives its name from 'Fishmongers dwelling there and serving Friday's market.' Sir Hugh Myddelton was buried in the churchyard of St. Matthew, Friday Street, in 1631. The church, interesting as the work of Wren, was pulled down in 1885.

At the entrance of the street still stands an old house bearing a sculpture, the chained swan of Henry V., which probably existed upon an older house which occupied the site before the Fire.

At the north-east corner of this street was the celebrated Nag's Head Tavern, described as the scene of the fictitious consecration of Protestant bishops in 1558 after the accession of Elizabeth.[1]

'It was pretended that a certain number of ecclesiastics, in hurry to take possession of the vacant sees, assembled here, where they were to undergo the ceremony from Anthony Kitchen, alias Dunstan, Bishop of Llandaff, a sort of occasional Nonconformist, who had taken the oaths of supremacy to Elizabeth. Bonner, Bishop of London (then confined in prison), hearing of it, sent his chaplain to Kitchen, threatening him with excommunication in case he proceeded. On this the prelate refused to perform the ceremony, on which, say the Catholics, Parker and the other candidates, rather than defer possession of their sees, determined to consecrate one another, which, says the story, they did without any sort of scruple, and Scorey began with Parker, who instantly rose Archbishop of Canterbury. The refutation of this tale may be read in Strype's Life of Archbishop Parker.'—*Pennant.*

The next turn on the left is **Milk Street**, once devoted to sellers of milk, where Sir Thomas More was born in 1480, 'the brightest star,' says Fuller, 'that ever shone in that Via Lactea.' On the right of the street was the City of London School, now moved to the Embankment.

Milk Street leads into **Aldermanbury**, so called from the ancient court or *bury* of the Aldermen, now held at the Guildhall.[2] Here (left) in a quiet tree-shaded corner is the Jacobean **Church of St. Mary Aldermanbury**, originally by Wren, though his work has been much 'improved' away. In the old church on this site Dr. John Owen, the chaplain of Cromwell, listened to the sermon which was

[1] This story was utterly rejected by Lingard.
[2] Stow.

the cause of his strong religious impressions. Edmund Calamy was appointed rector here in 1639, and was ejected by the Act of Uniformity in 1662, after he had by his sermons attracted great crowds to the church. He died four years after, and is buried beneath the pulpit. The remains of George, Lord Jeffreys, the cruel judge of the Bloody Assizes, who died in the Tower in 1689, were removed from the Tower Chapel, November 2, 1693, and buried here on the north of the communion table, by his only son, Lord Wem. His coffin, bearing his name, was found during recent repairs to the church. A tablet has recently been erected to Henry Condell (1627) and John Heminge (1630), Shakspeare's brother-actors, to whom we are indebted for the first edition of his plays, which they published in the folio of 1623. To each Shakspeare left 26*s.* 8*d.* to buy a mourning ring. Heminge, at one time principal proprietor of the Globe Theatre, was the original impersonator of Falstaff. The register records the marriage (Nov. 12, 1656) of Milton with his second wife, Catherine Woodcocke, a native of this parish, who died fifteen months after. The little churchyard was surrounded by a cloister before the Fire. Weever mentions (1631) that in the cloister hung 'the shank-bone of a man, wondrous great and large, measuring twenty-eight inches and a half, with the portrait of a giant-like person and some metrical lines.'

Gresham Street has swallowed up Lad Lane. At the corner of Gresham Street and Aldermanbury, 'The Swan with two Necks,' on the wall of a General Railway Office, marks the site of the curious old balconied inn of that name, which was long celebrated as a starting-point for stage-coaches.

We have now arrived where, on the right of Cheapside, rises **St. Mary-le-Bow.** It was one of the first rebuildings by Wren, on the site of a very ancient church, described by Stow as having been the first church in the city built on arches of stone, whence in the reign of William the Conqueror it was called 'St. Marie de Arcubus or Le Bow in West Cheaping; as Stratford Bridge, being the first built (by Matilde the queen, wife to Henry I.) with arches of stone, was called Stratford le Bow; which names to the said church and bridge remain to this day.' The west door is a capital specimen of English Renaissance. Incongruous in every detail, it is yet interesting as an example of the effect and power which simple largeness of detail can produce. A staircase in the porch leads to the Norman **Crypt,** which was used by Wren as a support for his church. Some of the columns have been partially walled up to strengthen the upper building, but the crypt is of great extent, and in one part the noble Norman pillars are seen in their full beauty, with the arches above, which have given the name of 'Court of Arches' to the highest ecclesiastical court of the country, held by the Archbishop of Canterbury, which formerly met in the vestry of this church. It is the chief of a deanery of thirteen parishes, exempt from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London: hence the title of the Dean of Arches. At this church the Bishops elect of the province of Canterbury take the oath of supremacy before their consecration.

A monument commemorates Thomas Newton, Dean of St. Paul's and Bishop of Bristol (1782), with the inscription—'Reader, if you would be further informed of his character, acquaint yourself with his writings.'

The steeple of Bow Church is the finest classical campanile in the world. Bow Bells have always been famous, and people born within sound of Bow Bells are called Cockneys. Pope says—

'Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound.'

Stow tells how in 1469 it 'was ordained by a Common Council that the Bow Bell should be nightly rung at nine of the clock.' This bell (which marked the time for closing the shops) 'being usually rung somewhat late, as seemed to the young men, prentices, and others in Cheap, they made and set up a rhyme against the clock as followeth:'—

'Clerke of the Bow Bell, with the yellow lockes,
For thy late ringing thy head shall have knockes.'

Whereunto the Clerk replying, wrote—

'Children of Cheape, hold you all still,
For you shall have the Bow Bell rung at your will.'

What child will not remember that it was the Bow Bells which said to the poor runaway boy as he was resting on Highgate milestone—

'Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London,'

and that he obeyed them, and became the most famous of Lord Mayors?

Many last-century writers have celebrated the Dragon on Bow Steeple—a familiar landmark to Londoners.

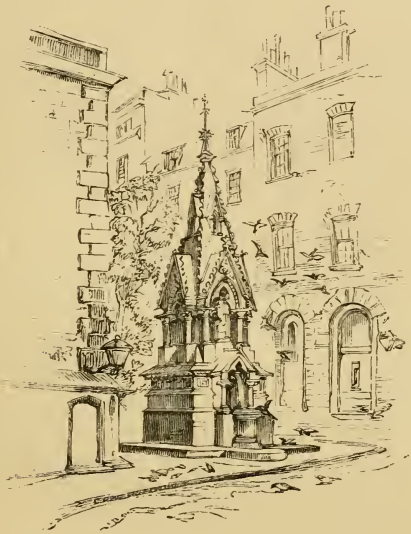
'Dean Swift said, more than one hundred years ago, "that when the dragon on Bow Church kisses the cock behind the Exchange, great changes will take place in England."

'Just before the Reform Bill of 1832, the dragon and cock were both taken down at the same time to be cleaned and repaired by the same man, and were placed close to each other. In fact the dragon kissed the cock, and the Reform Bill was passed. Who can say there is no virtue in predictions after this?'—*B. R. Haydon's 'Table Talk.'*

Stow says that this church, 'for divers accidents happening there, hath been made more famous than any other parish church of the whole city or suburbs.' It was in the tower of the old church, built on the existing arches, that William Fitz-Osbert, surnamed Longbeard, the champion of the wrongs of the people in the time of Richard I., took refuge from his assassins; but, after defending it for three days, he was forced out by fire, dragged at the tail of a horse to the Tower, and sentenced by the Archbishop to be hanged, which was done in Smithfield. In the same tower was slain, in 1284, one Laurence Ducket, who had taken sanctuary there after

wounding Ralph Crepin, for which, says Stow, sixteen persons were hanged, a woman named Alice burnt, many rich persons 'hanged by the purse,' the church interdicted, and the doors and windows filled with thorns, till it was purified again.

The balcony in front of the tower is a memorial of the old **Seldam**, or stone shed, erected on the north side of this church, whither the Henrys and Edwards came to survey all the great city pageants. In 1677 it was discovered that the Fifth-Monarchy men had plotted



FOUNTAIN OF ST. LAWRENCE.

the murder of Charles II. and the Duke of York on this very balcony during a Lord Mayor's procession. It was hence that Queen Anne, in 1702, beheld the last Lord Mayor's pageant which was devised by the last official City poet, Elkanah Settle. A little further, **Sir John Bennett's Clock**, with quaint figures which strike the hours, frequently attracts a crowd.

King Street (on the left) now leads to the Guildhall. Built immediately after the Great Fire, it contains some houses of that date. No. 4 has panelled rooms and a fine old chimney-piece.

Before the principal front of the Guildhall the City pigeons are fed every morning, as those of Venice are in the Piazza S. Marco, and the smoky buildings are enlivened by the perpetual flitting to and fro of their bright wings. The pretty modern gothic **Fountain** here (1866), adorned with statues of St. Lawrence and the Magdalen, commemorates the benefactors of St. Lawrence Jewry, and St. Mary Magdalen, Milk Street. The adjoining **Church of St. Lawrence Jewry** cost £11,870, being the most expensive of all the City churches rebuilt by Wren. It is richly decorated internally, but devoid of beauty. The gridiron which serves as a vane on the spire commemorates the death of St. Lawrence. There is a monument here to Archbishop Tillotson (1694).

'He was buried in the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry. It was there that he had won his immense national reputation. He had preached there during the thirty years which preceded his elevation to the throne of Canterbury. . . . His remains were carried through a mourning population. The hearse was followed by an endless train of splendid equipages from Lambeth through Southwark and over London Bridge. Burnet preached the funeral sermon. His kind and honest heart was overcome by so many tender recollections, that, in the midst of his discourse, he paused and burst into tears, while a loud moan of sorrow arose from the whole auditory. The Queen (Mary) could not speak of her favourite instructor without weeping. Even William was visibly moved. "I have lost," he said, "the best friend that I ever had, and the best man that I ever knew."'—*Macaulay*, '*History of England*.'

Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, the mathematician, is also buried here, with Sir Geoffry Boleyne of Blickling, Lord Mayor of London, *ob.* 1463, great-great-grandfather of Queen Elizabeth. The words *now thus*, in brass, were dispersed thirty-two times over his gravestone.[1] Sir Geoffry bequeathed an enormous sum of money for the benefit of poor householders in the City. Thus the recollection of Elizabeth's relationship to him added to her popularity with the citizens at her accession.

The first mention of a **Guildhall**, which always occupied the same site, is in a roll of the Hustings Court of 1212. A second Guildhall was erected in 1326. The existing building was begun in 1411, in the reign of Henry IV., but it has been so much altered that, though the walls were not much injured in the Fire, and had only to be re-roofed, very little of the early work can be said to remain visible except the crypt. The front, by *George Dance*, a miserable work of 1789, was renewed 1865–68.

The use of the Guildhall has been threefold—1. For the assembling of the guilds, from which it takes its name, and the meetings of citizens for the election of mayors, sheriffs, and burgesses in Parliament. 2. As a court where is administered such minor justice as is required in the daily occurrences of City life; especially for the Court of Hustings, the Saxon Folk-mote. 3. As a banqueting hall, where distinguished men are entertained by the City.

Here it was that, after the death of Edward IV., while his sons were in the Tower, on June 22, 1483, the Duke of Buckingham addressed the people, and, after cunningly dwelling on the exactions

[1] See Stow, and Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*.

of the late king's reign, denied his legitimacy, and affirming that the Duke of Gloucester was the only true son of the Duke of York, demanded that he should be acknowledged as king.

In 1546 the Guildhall was used for the trial of Anne, daughter of Sir William Askew, of Kelsey, in Lincolnshire, who had been turned out of doors by her husband (one Kyme) because she had become a Protestant. Coming to London, to sue for a separation, she had been kindly received by Queen Katherine Parr, and was found to have distributed Protestant tracts amongst the court ladies. In the Guildhall she was tried for heresy, and on being asked by the Lord Mayor why she refused to believe that the priest could make the body of Christ, gave her famous answer—'I have heard that God made man, but that man can make God I have never heard.' She was afterwards cruelly tortured on the rack to extort evidence against the court ladies, and on July 16, 1546, was burnt at Smithfield.

It was also in the Guildhall that the Protestant Sir Nicolas Throckmorton, a personal friend of Edward VI., was tried, April 17, 1554, for participation in the Wyatt rebellion against Mary, and was acquitted by his own wonderful acuteness and presence of mind.

Here, on the other side, in 1606, took place the trial of Garnet, Superior of the Jesuits in England. He had been arrested at Hendlip House, near Worcester, for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. The rack having failed to extort a confession, he was induced to believe, whilst imprisoned in the Tower, that he might confer unheard with another Jesuit, Oldcorne, who occupied the next cell. Two listeners wrote down the whole conversation, which was produced as criminatory evidence at the Guildhall, and he was condemned to death, and executed in St. Paul's Churchyard, after which he was honoured by Catholics as a martyr.

Among the other trials which have taken place here have been that of the poet Surrey (Nov. 13, 1553), of Archbishop Cranmer (Nov. 13, 1553), of Lady Jane Grey and her husband (April 17, 1554), and of the poet Waller during the Commonwealth.

The Guildhall (152 ft. long, 50 ft. broad) has a glorious timber roof, and vast stained windows of modern glass, through which streams of coloured light fall in prismatic rays upon the pavement. High aloft at the western extremity the giants Gog and Magog, which used to bear a conspicuous part in the pageant of Lord Mayor's Day (Nov. 9), keep guard over the hall, and still look, as Hawthorne says, 'like enormous playthings for the children of giants.' They were carved in fir-wood by one Richard Saunders, and are hollow. Being presented to the Corporation by the Stationers' Company, they were set up in the Hall in 1708, and typify the dignity of the City. They are a terror to the Aldermen's children, who are told that they descend from their pedestals whenever they *hear* the clock strike one. There is an old prophecy of Mother Shipton which says that 'when they fall, London will fall also.' In 1741 one Richard Boreman, who lived 'near the Giants in the Guildhall,' published their history, which tells how Corineus and Gogmagog fought with all the other giants on behalf of the liberties

of the City, and how all the other giants perished, but these two were reserved that they might make sport by wrestling like gladiators with one another—and how the victory seemed to incline to Gogmagog, who pressed his companion so heavily that he broke three of his ribs; but at last, in his desperation, Corinæus threw Gogmagog over his shoulder and hurled him from the top of a cliff into the sea, which cliff is called Langoemagog, or 'the Giant's Leap.' The five huge and ugly monuments against the lower walls of the Hall are only interesting from the inscriptions on four of them. That of Lord Chatham is by Burke, that of Pitt by Canning, that of Nelson by Sheridan, while that of Beckford is engraved with the abrupt speech with which he is said to have astonished George III., and which, says Horace Walpole, 'made the king uncertain whether to sit still and silent, or to pick up his robes and hurry into his private room.' The speech, however, was never really uttered, and was written by Horne Tooke.

Amongst the rooms adjoining the Guildhall is the **Alderman's Court**, a beautiful old chamber richly adorned with carving, and allegorical paintings by *Sir James Thornhill*. It is a room well deserving of preservation, having been originally built in 1614, but rebuilt by Wren immediately after the Fire. In the Common Council Chamber, destroyed in 1884, votes had been passed including £9,500,000 for street improvements, £316,000 for freeing open spaces, £9,921,000 for dwellings for the working classes, and £73,640 for public monuments, &c.

The **Common Council Chamber** contains a fine statue of George III., by *Chantrey*. The Court of the **Old King's Bench** has remains of a gothic chamber of 1425. The beautiful chapel of St. Mary Magdalen, adjoining the Guildhall, was in existence in 1280. It was rebuilt 1431, was pulled down in 1822, up to which time, 'to deprecate indigestion and all plethoric evils,' says Pennant, a service was held in it before the Lord Mayor's feast. Its site is now occupied by the court-rooms on the east of the Guildhall Yard, which are decorated with portraits by *Michael Wright* of all the judges who sate at Clifford's Inn to arrange the differences between landlord and tenant during the process of rebuilding after the Great Fire.[1]

No one should omit to visit, by a staircase at the back of the Hall, the beautiful **Crypt** of 1411, which survived the Fire. It underlies the eastern portion of the Guildhall, is divided into three aisles by six clusters of circular columns of Purbeck marble, and is 75 feet in length and 45 in breadth. Maitland (1789) mentions it as 'the Welsh Hall,' because the Welsh were at that time allowed to use it as a market for their native manufactures.

From the east end of the Guildhall a staircase leads to the Library. On the landing at the top are statues of Charles II.

[1] The Alderman's Court and the interesting pictures in the chambers adjoining the Guildhall may be seen upon application, when the rooms are not in use.

and Sir John Cutler, brought from the demolished College of Physicians in Warwick Lane. The Society had thought themselves obliged to Sir John for the money to raise their college, when that in Amen Corner was burnt in 1666, but after the statue was erected in gratitude, 'the old curmudgeon made a demand for the pelf,' which the Society was obliged to refund to his heirs.[1]

The handsome modern gothic **Library** contains a very valuable collection of books—old plays, ballads, and pamphlets relating to

IN THE CRYPT OF THE GUILDHALL.

the history of London. The full-length portraits of William III. and Mary II. are by *Van der Vaart.* In the **Library Committee Room** is the portrait of Sir R. Clayton, Lord Mayor, 1679, painted for the London Workhouse, of which he was first Vice-President.

A door to the right of the main entrance to the Guildhall leads to a hall occupied by *Loan Collections* during the months of May and June, but at other times by the *Art Collections of the Corporation,* consisting chiefly of the pictures which hung till lately in the Common Council Chamber, including—

[1] Tom Brown, *The New London Spy,* 1777.

Alderman Boydell, a fine portrait, by *Beechey*.
The Murder of Rizzio. *Opie*.
The Death of Wat Tyler. *Northcote*.
Princess Charlotte. *Lonsdale*.
Queen Charlotte. *Allan Ramsay*.
Queen Victoria. *Hayter*.
George III. *Allan Ramsay*.
Queen Caroline of Brunswick. *Lonsdale*.
The Assassination of James I. of Scotland. *Opie*.
An enormous picture of the destruction of the floating batteries at the Siege of Gibraltar, Sept. 1782, with Lord Heathfield on horseback in the foreground, by *Copley*: it was painted in 1789–90, the artist having been sent to Hanover to take the portraits of four of the generals of that country who served with the English.

Staircases lead to smaller rooms chiefly occupied by the pictures of *Sir John Gilbert*. Here also is a noble portrait of Charles Pratt, Lord Chancellor Camden, painted for the City, in honour of his speech on the illegality of Wilkes' arrest on a general warrant, by *Sir J. Reynolds*.

In a room on the right of the side entrance is a remarkable collection of drawings of Old London and of New London Bridge.

The **City Museum**, in a vaulted chamber, is open from 10 to 4 in winter, and from 10 to 5 in summer. It contains a collection of interesting relics of Old London, including—

Statue of a Roman Warrior, found in Camomile Street, Bishopsgate.[1]
Roman Funeral Column, found on Ludgate Hill, 1806.
Fragments of a Group of seated Statues of the Deae Matres, found in Hart Street, Crutched Friars.
Tomb of 'Godfrey the Trumpeter,' from the Guildhall Chapel.
Head of the Statue of Edward VI., burnt in the Royal Exchange, 1838.
The Inscription about the Fire from No. 25 Pudding Lane.
The painted Statue of Gerard the Giant, from Gerard's Hall, in Basing Lane, destroyed in 1852.
Roman Pavement, found at Bucklersbury, 1869.
The Foundation Stones of Old London Bridge and Old Blackfriars Bridge.
A number of curious old London *Signs*—St. George and the Dragon, from Snow Hill; the Bull and Mouth (Boulogne Mouth), from Aldersgate; the Three Crowns, from Lambeth Hill; the Three Kings (Magi), from Bucklersbury, and the Bell from Knightrider Street. Here also is the famous *Sign of the Boar's Head*, erected in 1668, when the house was rebuilt after the Fire, to mark the tavern in East Cheap, the abode of Dame Quickly, 'the old place in Eastcheap,'[2] beloved by Falstaff. Washington Irving describes how, having hunted in vain for the tavern, he found the sign 'built into the parting line of two houses' which stood on its site.
An old Chimney-Piece from Lime Street, from the house of Sir J. Scrope (*ob.* 1493), rebuilt in the 17th century, where Sir T. Abney kept his mayoralty, 1700–1701.
Carved Lion from Holywell Street, Strand.
Child's Coffin, cut out of solid chalk, found laid over a Roman cinerary urn, 12 feet below ground, at the west end of St. Olave's, Old Jewry.
Two Hour-Glasses and a figure of Time, all carved in wood, from St. Giles, Cripplegate, removed 1888.
Carved Female Head from Paternoster Row, with the date 1677.
Grotesque Head from Spittal Square, removed 1890.
The 'Pill' Signs from the old Maidenhead behind Bow Church.
The famous Statues of Melancholy and Madness by *Caius Gabriel Cibber*,

[1] The Roman relics found in London are very far from being such as would indicate that an important Roman city ever existed on the site.
[2] *Henry IV.*, part ii. act ii. sc. 2.

which stood over the gates of old Bedlam, and were there attacked by Pope in his satire on Colley Cibber, the son of Caius Gabriel.

> 'Where o'er the gates by his famed father's hand
> Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand.'

Many others have abused the statues, but, in this case, public opinion has disregarded individual prejudices.

'Those are the earliest indications of the appearance of a distinct and natural spirit in sculpture, and stand first in conception, and only second in execution, among all the productions of the island. Those who see them for the first time are fixed to the spot with terror and awe; an impression is made on the heart never to be removed; nor is the impression of a vulgar kind. The poetry of those terrible infirmities is embodied; from the degradation of the actual madhouse we turn overpowered and disgusted, but from those magnificent creations we retire in mingled awe and admiration.'—*Allan Cunningham.*

Beneath hang some of the terrible 'Instruments of Restraint' used in Bedlam.

The curious Trophy to Milo the Crotonian, from the Queen's Head, St. Martin-le-Grand, see p. 199.

Returning to Cheapside, **Queen Street**, on the right, was formerly Soper Lane, from the makers of soap who inhabited it. They were succeeded by the 'Pepperers,' *i.e.*, wholesale dealers in drugs and spices. On the right of Queen Street opens **Pancras Lane**, containing a precious little oasis which was the burial-ground of that old church of St. Benet Sherehog, of which William Sautre, the protomartyr of the English Reformation, burnt March 10, 1401, was priest.

The **Saddlers' Hall**, in Cheapside (by Gibson, 1822), contains a full-length portrait of Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was a Saddler, by *Frye*.

At the corner of Ironmonger Lane, No. 90 Cheapside, was the engraver's shop of Alderman Boydell, celebrated for his Pictorial Shakspeare. The part of Cheapside between Ironmonger Lane and Old Jewry was called 'the Mercery,' from the **Mercers' Hall**, No. 87, entered from Ironmonger Lane. The quaint pillared court, which recalls those of Genoa, was used as a burial-place as late as 1825. It contains the effigy, recumbent in a niche, of 'Richard Fishborne, mercer, a worthy benefactor, 1625,' and other monuments. Here, 'in the porch of the Mercers' Chapel,' Thomas Guy, founder of Guy's Hospital, was bound apprentice to a bookseller, Sept. 2, 1660. The **Mercers' Chapel** and its portico occupy the site of the house of Gilbert à Becket, in which his son Thomas, the murdered archbishop, was born in 1119. Twenty years after his murder, Agnes his sister, who was married to Thomas Fitz Theobald de Helles, built a chapel and hospital 'in the rule of Saynt Austyn' on the spot where her brother was born; and such was the respect for his sanctity that, without waiting for his canonisation, the foundation was dedicated to the worship of God Almighty and the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the said glorious martyr. 'Alle the lande that sometime was Gilbert Becket's, father of Thomas the Martyr,' was granted to this hospital.[1] James Butler, fourth Earl of Ormond (1452), and Dame Joane Beauchamp, his first wife (1430), who

[1] See Herbert's *History of the Twelve Great Livery Companies.*

claimed near alliance to St. Thomas, were buried here :[1] their granddaughter Margaret married Sir William Boleyn, and was grandmother of Queen Anne Boleyn. A beautiful side chapel dedicated to St. Thomas of Acon was added to this church by John Allen, Lord Mayor, who died in 1544. There is a well-known legend that Gilbert à Becket was taken prisoner during the Crusades, and was liberated by a Saracen princess who had fallen in love with him. The power of her love induced her to follow him to England, though she only knew two words of the language—London and Gilbert. By the help of the first she reached his native town, and she plaintively called the other through the streets till she was reunited to him. Unfortunately this story is unknown to the early biographers of Thomas à Becket; but the name Acon or Acre recalls the memory of William, an Englishman, chaplain to Dean Ralph de Diceto, who made a vow that if he could enter Acre, then under siege, he would found a chapel to the martyred archbishop, who was already reverenced, though not formally recognised, as a saint. He entered Acre and founded a chapel and a cemetery there, where he devoted himself to the burial of Christian pilgrims who died in the Holy Land. A military order was also founded by Richard I. in commemoration of the capture of Acre, and dedicated to St. Thomas.[2]

The fine oaken screen and panelling of the chapel were retained in a 'restoration' of 1884.

Latimer mentions the woman 'who, being asked by an acquaintance in the street where she was going, answered "To St. Thomas of Acres, to hear the sermon; for, as she had not slept well the night before, she would be certain of a nap there."'[3]

At the Dissolution, Henry VIII. granted the Hospital, for a payment, to the Mercers' Company, incorporated in 1393. The **Hall**, rebuilt after the great Fire by *Jarman*, has good oak carving of that period: the helmet and sword of Lord Hill, a member of the Company, are preserved there. The plate includes the beautiful 'Leigh Cup' of 1499. In the adjoining **Court Room** are some good portraits, including that of Sir R. Whittington and his cat, inscribed 'R. Whittington, 1536.' A story similar to that of Whittington and his cat has existed in South America, Persia, Denmark, Tuscany, and Venice, and in several of these instances may be traced before and at the date of Whittington.[4] Up to the time of Whittington, the burning of coal in London was considered such a nuisance that it was punished by death. A dispensation to burn coal was first made in favour of the four times Lord Mayor, and it has been believed that his coal having been imported in the colliers, still called a 'cat,' may have given rise to the story in his case. Ships of the 'cat' description did not, however, exist in those days, and there is little doubt that Sir Richard did make his first venture

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1 Weever's *Funeral Monuments.*
2 See Milman's *Annals of St. Paul's.*
3 Malcolm's *Manners of London.*
4 See J. Timbs' *Romance of London.*

as an apprentice by bringing up and selling a cat, then a very valuable animal, which enabled him to lay the foundation of other investments.[1]

Other portraits in the Court-Room are—

Sir Thomas Gresham, said to be an original likeness.
Dean Colet (whose father was a mercer), the founder of St. Paul's School, the management of which he bequeathed to the Mercers.
A fine portrait of Thomas Papillon, 1666, who represented Dover in several Parliaments. He was chosen sheriff for London by an immense majority of the citizens, but the Lord Mayor would not swear him in, Charles II.'s government having chosen their own sheriffs. Papillon issued his warrant to compel Sir W. Pritchard, the Mayor, to do his duty. For this he was brought to a state trial, condemned by Judge Jeffreys, and sentenced to pay a fine of £10,000. To avoid this he went into voluntary banishment at Utrecht, but returning with William III., was elected member for London, and bought the estate of Acrise in Kent.

'Dick Whittington,' four times Lord Mayor of London, was a Mercer, 'Flos Mercatorum,' and is commemorated by the Whittington Almshouses, which belong to the Company, and by a silver tun on wheels which he presented for their banquets. At least sixty of the Mercers have filled the office of Lord Mayor.

The last street on the left of Cheapside is **Old Jewry**, once inhabited wholly by Jews brought over from Rouen by William I. It contained the interesting Church of St. Olave—formerly known as St. Olave Upwell, built by Wren in 1673–76, and pulled down in 1883, one of the many churches dedicated to the royal Danish saint, and recalling the Danish occupation. Alderman John Boydell (1804), to whose orders for illustrations of Shakspeare the modern school of historical painting and engraving is so much indebted, was buried here. In the original church, the Mercer Robert Large, who was the master of Caxton, was buried. The monuments formerly here were removed to St. Margaret, Lothbury. In the last century Dr. James Foster became celebrated in Old Jewry as a preacher, having first become known from Lord Chancellor Hardwicke taking refuge from a storm in his church, and being so delighted that he afterwards sent all his great acquaintance to hear him. He is celebrated by Pope—

> 'Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
> Ten Metropolitans in preaching well.'

On the tower was the gilt ship which formerly served as the vane of St. Michael's, Poultry. St. Martin Pomeroy or Pomary by the Orchard was joined to St. Olave's after the Great Fire.

The house of Sir Robert Clayton ('the fanatick Lord Mayor' of Dryden's 'Religio Laici'), on the east side of Old Jewry—a grand specimen of a merchant's residence, with 'a banqueting room wainscoted with cedar and adorned with battles of gods and giants in fresco,'[2] in which Charles II. supped with the great City magnate—was only destroyed in 1863. Here Professor Porson died in 1808. **Old Jewry** was the place where the original synagogue of the Jews

[1] A sculptured cat was found at Gloucester, the principal memento of the Whittington house, occupied by the family till 1460. Sir Richard died in 1423.
[2] Macaulay.

was erected, and was their headquarters till their expulsion in 1291.

The street called Old Jewry leads into **Coleman Street,** in which is the **Wool Exchange** (1874), and where the highly picturesque but ghastly gate of **St. Stephen's Churchyard,** adorned with skulls, commemorates its having been one of the principal places of burial for the victims of the Great Plague. Over the gate is a curious carving in oak, representing the Last Judgment, much like that over the gate of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, but superior in workmanship. This and the gate of St. Olave's, Hart Street, are now the only memorials which recall to us the terrible year of the Plague (1665), when 68,596 persons perished; when these old City streets resounded perpetually with the cry, 'Bring out your dead!' from the carriers in the gloomy gowns which were their appointed costumes; and when even the terrors of infection did not save the unfortunate bodies from the 'corpse robbers,' as many as 1000 winding-sheets being afterwards found in the possession of one night-thief alone. Defoe describes how John Hayward, the sexton of this church, used to go round with his dead-cart and bell to fetch the bodies from the houses where they lay, and how he had often to carry them for a great distance to the cart in a hand-barrow—as the lanes of the parish, White's Alley, Cross Key Court, Swan Alley, and others were so narrow that the cart could not enter them,—yet 'never had the distemper at all, but lived about twenty years after it.' In **St. Stephen's Church,** rebuilt by Wren after the Fire,[1] is a handsome carving of his date, and the monument of Anthony Munday, dramatist and architect of civic pageants. The five members whom Charles I. tried to arrest took refuge in Coleman Street.[2]

In **Great Bell Alley,** on the right of Coleman Street, Robert Bloomfield, the especial poet of the country, son of a tailor at Honington, in Suffolk, composed mentally his poem of the 'Farmer's Boy,' while working in a garret as a shoemaker. When able to procure paper, he had, as he says, 'nothing to do but to write it down.' 26,000 copies were sold in three years. In **Mason's Avenue,** Coleman Street, the tavern called **Dr. Butler's Head** commemorates the physician of James I., who invented a kind of medicated ale.

Far down Coleman Street, on the right, is the **Hall of the Armourers' Company,** founded by Henry VI. as the 'Brothers and Sisters of the Gild of St. George,' whose effigy, slaying the dragon, appeared upon their seal before 1453. The Hall has been rebuilt, but has occupied the same site for five hundred years, and, as it escaped the Fire, it possesses one of the most glorious collections of old plate in England. Especially noteworthy are the beautiful 'Richmond Cup,' given by John and Isabel Richmond in 1557; the curious 'Owl Pot,' given by Julian Seager in 1537; the tankard of Thomas Tyndale, 1574; the Chapman Cup, given by Edmond

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[1] St. Stephen's only cost £7652, 13s., while Bow Church cost £15,400.

[2] See Forster's *Lives.*

Chapman, 1581; the cup and cover of J. Forester, 1622; the cup and cover of Samson Lycroft, 1608; and the Mazer (maple wood) bowl of 1460.

At the foot of the staircase are suits of armour of an officer and pikeman of the time of Charles I. Armour was then going out of use, and by the time of William III. the Company had fallen into utter decadence, but it revived again after its union under Anne with the Company of Braziers, since which 'We are One' has been the motto of the united Companies. 'Make all sure,' the earlier motto of the Armourers, had reference to the proving of their back and breast pieces.

In the **Hall** are a beautiful steel tilting suit of the time of Edward VI.; some German swords with waved edges, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; some Flemish pictures, representing the meat and vegetables of the Four Seasons, from the old Treaty House at Uxbridge; and *Northcote's* well-known picture of the entry of Bolingbroke into London with Richard II., engraved in Boydell's Shakspeare.

The **Private Dining-Room** contains—

A curious portrait of Roger Tindall, Master of the Company, 1585, being his 'counterfeit,' especially bequeathed by his will, inscribed—

'Tyme glides away,
One God obey,
Let trvth bear sway,
So Tindal still did say.
Whatsoever thou dost, mark they end.'

Miller. Romeo's first meeting with Juliet, as a pilgrim, in the hall of the Capulets.

A grant to the Company by Mary I., in which the then Clarencieux King-at-Arms appears in an illumination.

In the **Drawing-Room** are—

Hamilton. Olivia as a page (in *Twelfth Night*) meeting Sebastian. Engraved in Boydell's Shakspeare.

Shackelton. George II. and Caroline of Anspach.

The forbidden *Tilting Gauntlet* (a great curiosity), suppressed as unfair, because it locked down, and the tilting spear could not be wrested from a hand thus protected.

Cheapside now melts into **Poultry**,[1] once entirely inhabited by Poulterers. The old church of St. Mildred in the Poultry (dedicated to the daughter of the Saxon prince Merowald), destroyed in the Fire, which was partly built upon a bridge over the Walbrook, contained the tomb of Thomas Tusser (1580), author of 'Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry,' described by Fuller as 'successively a musician, schoolmaster, servingman, husbandman, grazier, poet, more skilful in all, than thriving in any vocation.' His epitaph ran—

[1] The name existed in 1317.

'Here Thomas Tusser, clad in earth, doth lie,
That sometime made the points of husbandrie.
By him then learn thou maist; here learn we must,
When all is done we sleep and turn to dust.
And yet through Christ to heaven we hope to goe,
Who reads his bookes shall find his faith was so.'

The church was sumptuously rebuilt by Wren, but was pulled down in 1872 and its monuments taken to St. Olave's, Old Jewry, whence they have migrated to St. Margaret, Lothbury. Its stonework was removed to Lincolnshire by Mr. Lewis Flytche, and the fine old panelling sold by auction. Its site is now occupied by the offices of the Gresham Life Insurance Company. In **St. Mildred's Court** was the residence of Mrs. Fry the philanthropist.

An entry on the left leads to the **Hall of the Grocers' Company**, incorporated 1345. The Hall, a rebuilding by Leverton of 1798, altered by Gwilt, 1827, contains a number of portraits, including that of Sir John Cutler (Warden of the Company), satirised by Pope; and that of Pitt, a noble work of *Hoppner*.

Several good modern buildings adorn Poultry. No. 1 'Queen Anne Chambers,' is a good specimen of the architecture of that time, by *Messrs. Belcher*. A little farther (right) the rich front of a house (No. 14), built by *Chancellor* in 1875, has terra-cotta panels by *Kremer*, appropriately representing the state processions of Edward VI., Elizabeth, and Victoria, which have passed through the street below in 1546, 1561, and 1844, with an incident which occurred upon the site of this very house on May 29, 1660, when Charles II., making his public entry into London, stopped to salute Mrs. Rebecca King, the landlady of what was then the King's Head Tavern, who insisted upon displaying her loyalty by rising to give him a welcome, though she was then in a most critical situation!

Bucklersbury, the last street on the right, derives its name from the Bokerels, a great City family of the thirteenth century,[1] of Italian extraction and first known as Boccarelli. Andrew Bokerel, Pepperer, was Lord Mayor from 1231 to 1237, and held the office of farmer of the King's Exchange: he headed the equestrian procession of the citizens of London at the coronation of Eleanor of Provence. This was the great street of grocers and druggists; Shakspeare speaks of those who 'smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time,' in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

The end of Poultry faces the Royal Exchange, with Chantrey's fine equestrian **Statue of Wellington**, in front of it, commemorating the civic benefits which the Duke conferred upon London. On the right is the Mansion House, on the left the Bank of England.

The first **Royal Exchange** was built by Sir Thomas Gresham, the great merchant prince of the sixteenth century. Under Edward

1 It is sometimes derived from one Buckles or Buckle, who was crushed to death here while pulling down the Cornet Tower, an old building of Edward I.'s time, to enlarge his house.

and Mary he had been employed as a confidential agent in obtaining subsidies from great foreign merchants, and under Elizabeth took advantage of his increasing favour to enforce the benefit of obtaining loans from wealthy Englishmen rather than foreigners. Treated with the utmost confidence by Elizabeth, he was made 'Sir Thomas' when employed as ambassador to the Duchess of Parma. He continued to keep his shop in Lombard Street, distinguished by the sign of the grasshopper, the Gresham crest, but in the country lived with great magnificence at Mayfield in Sussex (previously a palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury) and at Osterley in Middlesex. He died of an apoplectic fit as he was walking from his house in Bishopsgate Street to the Exchange, Nov. 21, 1579.

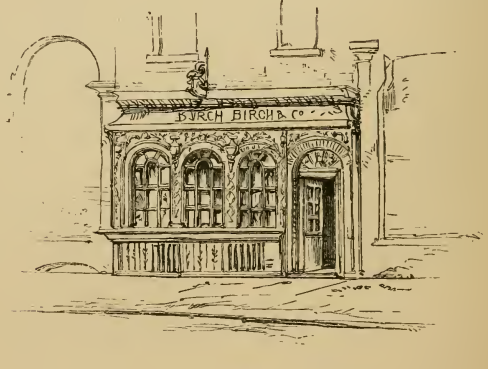
The idea of the Exchange originated with Sir Richard Gresham, father of Sir Thomas, who wished to see English merchants as well lodged as those whom he had been accustomed to see in the magnificent Bourse at Antwerp. And how much something of the kind was needed in London we learn from the later editions of Stow, which say, 'The merchants and tradesmen, as well English as strangers, did for their general making of bargains, contracts and commerce, usually meet twice a day. But these meetings were unpleasant and troublesome by reason of walking and talking in an open narrow street . . . being there constrained either to endure all extremities of weather, viz. heat or cold, snow or rain, or else to shelter themselves in shops.'

The first Exchange, therefore, was built as much as possible on the plan of that at Antwerp. A Flemish architect, Henryke, was appointed, and all the materials were brought from Flanders, much to the disgust of English masons and bricklayers. The result was that the Exchange, which was opened by Elizabeth in 1571, was foreign-looking to the last degree. It was an immense cloistered court, with a corridor—called a 'pawn,' from the German word 'bahn,' a way—filled with shops running above its arcades. In front rose an immense column surmounted by the grasshopper of the Greshams. Over the pillars round the quadrangle, which were all of marble, were statues of the sovereigns from the Confessor to Elizabeth. Immediately on the execution of Charles I. his statue was thrown down, and in its place was inscribed, 'Exit tyrannus, regum ultimus, anno libertatis Angliae restitutae primo.' The Exchange of Gresham was totally destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. Wren then wished in restoring it to make the Exchange the centre of the new London, from which all the principal streets should diverge. His wish was opposed, and the new building was erected much in the same style as the old, but with greater magnificence, by Edward Jarman, and was adorned with statues by Cibber.

In 1838 the second Exchange was destroyed by fire. The old chime, already surrounded by the flames, had just time to complete the air of 'There's nae luck aboot the hoose,' when the clock tumbled into the street. After this fire, the undestroyed statues were for the most part sold as lumber! The present building by *Tite*,

stately, though inferior to its predecessor, was opened in 1844. It encloses a large cloistered court, with a statue of Queen Victoria in the centre. The statue of Charles II., by *Gibbons*, which formerly occupied that position, is preserved at the south-east angle. The inscription on the pedestal of the figure of Commerce on the front of the building, 'The Earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,' was selected by Dean Milman on hearing the suggestion of the Prince Consort to Mr. Westmacott that the space should be used for some inscription recognising a Superior Power.

The busiest time at the Exchange, when it is most worth seeing, is from 3 to 4.30 P.M. on Tuesdays and Fridays. The western part of the building is occupied by the **Royal Exchange Assurance Company**: the eastern by **Lloyd's**, the great rendezvous of ship-



THE OLDEST SHOP IN LONDON.

owners and all who seek shipping intelligence. The name originated in the early transaction of the business at Lloyd's Coffee-House, at the corner of Abchurch Lane.

'If you wish the world to know,
And learn the state of man,
How some are high and some are low,
And human actions scan;
If justly things you would arrange,
And study human heart;
Observe the humours of th' Exchange,
That universal mart.'

Tom Brown, 'New London Spy.'

Opposite the Exchange, on the right, we should notice an old **Shop Front** (No. 15 Cornhill), carved, painted green, and with

unusually small panes of glass, as being the oldest shop of its class in the metropolis. It was established as a confectioner's in the time of George I. by a Mr. Horton, after whom came Lucas Birch, whose son and successor, Samuel (*ob.* 1840), became Lord Mayor. His successors are of a different family, but retain the old name of 'Birch and Birch' over the window, as well as the antique character of the shop, which they have wisely discovered to be the hen which lays their golden eggs. The commissariat of the Mansion House is sometimes entirely entrusted to this shop by the Lords Mayor during the year of their mayoralty.

On the right, as we face the Royal Exchange, rises the **Mansion House**, the palace of the King of the City, being the residence of the Lord Mayor during his year of office, begun from designs of *George Dance* in 1739–40. When first erected, it was a very fine building, but it has been ruined by the removal of the noble flight of steps by which it was approached, and to which it owed all its beauty of proportion. Its principal apartment, known as the **Egyptian Hall**, has nothing Egyptian in it, but was so called because constructed to correspond with the Egyptian Hall described by Vitruvius. Here the famous City banquets take place, after which the Lord Mayor's toastmaster gives out the toasts, and 'The Loving Cup,' filled with the spiced wine—'sack'—is passed round the table. Each person stands up and bows to his neighbour, who, also standing, removes the cover of the cup with his right hand, and holds it while the other drinks. The Mansion House stands on the site of the Stocks Market, for fruits and herbs, so called from the stocks which once existed there. Here stood the statue, altered to represent Charles II. from an old statue of John Sobieski, King of Poland, brought from Leghorn by Robert Vyner, the Lord Mayor[1] who tried so hard to make his Majesty drunk.[2] It was taken down in 1738, and was given to the representatives of the Vyner family in 1779. The Lord Mayor's coach, built 1757, is painted with allegorical subjects, probably by Cipriani. As the chief magistrate of the City, the Lord Mayor has, in the City, the precedence of all the Royal family, a right vainly disputed by George IV. as Prince of Wales.

Immediately behind the Mansion House is Wren's masterpiece —the **Church of St. Stephen's, Walbrook**, commemorating in its name one of the rivulets of old London, 'the brook by the wall,' which, rising beyond Moorgate, used to enter the Thames near Dowgate, but has long disappeared. It would seem as if Wren had scarcely condescended to notice its exterior, so hideous is it, while the interior, till its interest was restored away by recent 'senseless and irreparable alterations,'[3] was perfect in beauty and proportion. 'If the material had been as lasting and the size as great as St. Paul's, this church would have been a greater monument to Wren than the Cathedral.'[4] When first built, it was so far appreciated by

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[1] Pennant.
[2] See *Spectator*, No. 462.
[3] See *Saturday Review*, June 6, 1891.
[4] Fergusson.

the Corporation that they presented Lady Wren with a purse of ten guineas in recognition of 'the great skill and care' displayed in its erection by her husband. It is strange that, though no church has ever been more admired, no architect should have ever copied its arrangement. It was well repaired in 1880, without any destruction of its ancient features, but in 1884 its fine old tall double-seated pews, which formed part of the design of Wren, were swept away, to the great destruction of its interest and to the total destruction of that perfection of proportion so carefully planned and carried out by the architect. Indeed, every vestige of the great architect's work which could be reached was ruthlessly destroyed. A large picture of the martyrdom of St. Stephen is by *Benjamin West*. Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect, is buried here in a family vault. There is a medallion to Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, 1733-91, who wrote the History of England from the accession of the Stuarts to that of the House of Hanover. Dr. Wilson, the then rector, erected a statue in the church to the 'Divae Mac-Aulae' in her lifetime, but removed it on her second marriage with a boy-husband named Graham. Pendleton, the famous Vicar of Bray, was once rector here. Amongst existing monuments is that of John Lilburne, whose wife, Isabella Quiney, was niece of Thomas Quiney, who married Shakspeare's daughter Judith.

Oxford Court, Walbrook, commemorates the old townhouse of the Earls of Oxford.

We must cross the space in front of the Exchange to visit the **Bank of England**. The conception of the Bank originated with Paterson, a Scotchman, in 1691, though it was not established till 1694. Its small business was first transacted in the Mercers' Hall, then in the Grocers' Hall, and in 1734 was moved to the buildings which form the back of the present court towards Threadneedle Street. The modern buildings, covering nearly three acres, were designed in 1788 by Sir John Soane; they are feeble in design and lose in effect from not being raised on a terrace. 'The Garden Court,' which has a fountain, encloses the Churchyard of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, pulled down when the Bank was built. The taxes are received, the interest of the national debt paid, and the business of the Exchequer transacted at the Bank. The 'Old Lady in Threadneedle Street' was long its popular name, but is now almost forgotten.

'The warlike power of every country depends on their Three per Cents. If Caesar were to re-appear on earth, Wettenhall's List would be more important than his Commentaries; Rothschild would open and shut the Temple of Janus; Thomas Baring, or Bates, would probably command the Tenth Legion; and the soldiers would march to battle with loud cries of "Scrip and Omnium reduced!" "Consols and Caesar."'—*Sydney Smith.*

To the east of the Bank (entered from Capel Court, Bartholomew Lane) is the **Stock Exchange**, the 'ready-money market of the world.'

Behind the Bank is **Lothbury**, the district of pewterers and candlestick-makers, said by Stow to derive its name from the

loathsome noise made by these workers in metal. Here **Founders' Court** takes its name from the brassfounders, and **Tokenhouse Yard** from the manufacture of 'tokens,' the copper coinage of England prior to 1672. The space between these is occupied by the **Church of St. Margaret, Lothbury**, which has a front adorned with sculptures attributed to Grinling Gibbons. Here also, removed from the destroyed Church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, is a fine bronze monumental bust of a knight, inscribed 'Petrus le Maire Aeques Auratus. Ae. suae 88, 1631.' The monuments from St. Olave,[1] Old Jewry, are also here.

Throgmorton Street (named after Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, said to have been poisoned by Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester) is filled every afternoon with a busy crowd discussing the affairs of the Stock Exchange.

The **Drapers' Hall**, on the left, was built (on a site once occupied by the house of Cromwell, Earl of Essex) by *Herbert Williams* in 1869 around a large quiet court, which is adorned with laurel trees in tubs. A handsome winding staircase of coloured marbles, decorated with statues of Edward III. and Philippa, leads to the Banqueting Hall, which is adorned with the utmost magnificence that can co-exist with absence of taste. In this and the neighbouring rooms are many good portraits, but we should especially notice, in the Court Room—

Zucchero. Mary, Queen of Scots, a full-length portrait. Her little son James VI., whom she never saw after he was a year old, is painted with her as a boy of four. The picture is said to have been thrown over the wall into the Drapers' Garden for security during the Great Fire, and to have been found there afterwards amid the ruins, and never claimed.

Sir W. Beechey. Lord Nelson.

At the back of the Hall is a remnant of the Drapers' Garden and two of its famous mulberry-trees, but the beauty of this charming old garden was sacrificed for money-making a few years ago.

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[1] See pp. 189, 192.

CHAPTER VII.

ALDERSGATE AND CRIPPLEGATE.

LET us now return to St. Martin's-le-Grand, and turn to the left down **Aldersgate Street**, so called from the northern gate, one of the original gates of Anglo-Norman London. Some derive its name from the Saxon Aldrich, its supposed founder; others, including Stow, from the alder-trees which grew around it. The gate (removed in 1761), as restored after the Fire, was rather like Temple Bar, with the addition of side towers, and was surmounted by a figure of James I., who entered London by this gate in 1603. It was inscribed with the words of Jeremiah—'Then shall there enter into the gates of this city kings and princes, sitting upon the throne of David, riding in chariots and on horses, they and their princes, the men of Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem; and this city shall remain for ever.' The rooms over the gate were occupied by the famous printer John Day, who printed the folio Bible, dedicated to Edward VI., in 1549, as well as the works of Roger Ascham, Latimer's Sermons, and Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs.' In the frontispiece of one of his books he is represented in a room into which the sun is shining, arousing his sleeping apprentices with a whip, and the words—'Arise, for it is day.'

On the right of Aldersgate Street, in Gresham Street, behind the Post-Office, is an ugly church, built by Wren, called **St. Anne in the Willows**—a name very inappropriate to it now. In the interior, four Corinthian columns form a square in the centre and support rich entablatures. The four arms of the cross thus formed have arched, but the angles flat ceilings. The curious monuments in this church were removed at the end of the last century. One to Peter Heiwood, 1701, recorded the fate of his grandfather, the Peter Heiwood who arrested Guy Fawkes, and, in revenge, was stabbed to death in Westminster Hall by John James, a Dominican friar, in 1640.

St. Anne's Lane is probably the scene of Sir Roger de Coverley's adventure[1]—

'This worthy knight, being but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane; upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering the question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who made Anne a saint? The boy being in some confusion, inquired of the next he

[1] Some think St. Anne's Lane, Westminster, was referred to.

met, which was the way to Anne's Lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and, instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that place;" by which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party.'—*Spectator*, No. 125.

On the left is **Bull and Mouth Street** (Boulogne Mouth), curiously commemorating, in its corrupted name, the capture of Boulogne Harbour by Henry VIII., 1544. The Bull and Mouth Inn was one of the great centres from which coaches started before the time of railways. It was here that George Fox, founder of the Quakers, preached during the Commonwealth. After the Restoration the inn became celebrated in the story of Quaker persecutions: it was there that (August 26, 1662) Ellwood was seized and carried to Bridewell, afterwards to Newgate. An inn, called the 'Queen's Head,' swallowed up in the new buildings of the Post-Office, bore, till 1888, the device of the Bull and Mouth and the lines—

> 'Milo the Crotonian an ox killed with his fist,
> And eat him up at one meal, ye gods what a twist.'

The trophy is now in the Guildhall Museum.

On the left of Aldersgate Street, the branches of a plane-tree waving over a small gothic fountain will draw attention to the **Church of St. Botolph, Aldersgate**, of 1757, which contains the monuments of Dame Anne Packington (1563), often supposed to have written 'The Whole Duty of Man;' of Elizabeth, wife of Sir Thomas Richardson, 1639; of Francis Barnard, the 'Horoscope' of Garth's *Dispensary*, 1698, and of Elizabeth Smith, with a medallion by Roubiliac. Sir W. Cavendish, husband of Bess of Hardwick, was buried here, 1557. A brotherhood of the Holy Trinity was attached to this church. The Palmer in John Heywood's 'Four P's,' describing his pilgrimages in different parts of the world, says that he has been—

> 'At Saint Botulphe and Saint Anne of Buckstone,
> . . . . . .
> Praying to them to pray for me
> Unto the blessed Trinitie.'

Little Britain (commemorating the mansion of John, Duke of Bretagne and Earl of Richmond, temp. Edward II.), a tributary of Aldersgate Street on the left, was as great a centre for booksellers in the reigns of the Stuarts as Paternoster Row is now. It is the place where, according to Richardson, the Earl of Dorset was wandering about on a book-hunt in 1667, when, coming upon a hitherto unknown work called 'Paradise Lost,' and dipping into it here and there, he admired and bought it. The bookseller begged him, if he approved of it, to recommend it, as the copies lay on his hands as so much waste paper. He took it home, and sent it to Dryden, who said when he returned it, 'This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too.' The street has still much of the character, though it has lost the picturesqueness, described by Washington Irving.

'In the centre of the great City of London lies a small neighbourhood, consisting of a cluster of narrow streets and courts, of very venerable and debilitated houses, which goes by the name of Little Britain. Christ Church School and St. Bartholomew's Hospital bound it on the west; Smithfield and Long Lane on the north; Aldersgate Street, like an arm of the sea, divides it from the eastern part of the City; whilst the yawning gulf of Bull and Mouth Street separates it from Butcher's Hall Lane and the regions of Newgate. Over this little territory, thus bounded and designated, the great dome of St. Paul's, swelling above the intervening houses of Paternoster Row, Amen Corner, and Ave-Maria Lane, looks down with an air of motherly protection.

'This quarter derives its appellation from having been, in ancient times, the residence of the Dukes of Brittany. As London increased, however, rank and fashion moved off to the west, and trade, creeping on at their heels, took possession of their deserted abodes. For some time Little Britain became the great mart of learning, and was peopled by the busy and prolific race of booksellers; these also gradually deserted it, and emigrating beyond the great strait of Newgate Street, settled down in Paternoster Row and St. Paul's Churchyard, where they continue to increase and multiply even at the present day.

'But though thus fallen into decline, Little Britain still bears traces of its former splendour. There are several houses ready to tumble down, the fronts of which are magnificently enriched with oaken carvings of hideous faces, unknown birds, beasts, and fishes; and fruits and flowers which it would puzzle a naturalist to classify. There are also in Aldersgate Street certain remains of what were once spacious and lordly family mansions, but which have in latter days been subdivided into several tenements. Here may often be found the family of a petty tradesman, with its trumpery furniture, burrowing amongst the relics of antiquated finery, in great rambling time-stained apartments, with fretted ceilings, gilded cornices, and enormous marble fireplaces. The lanes and courts also contain many smaller houses, not on so grand a scale, but, like your small gentry, sturdily maintaining their claims to equal antiquity. These have their gable ends to the street; great bow windows, with diamond panes set in lead; grotesque carvings, and low-arched doorways.[1] Little Britain may truly be called the heart's core of the City; the stronghold of true John Bullism. It is a fragment of London as it was in its better days, with its antiquated folks and fashions.'—*The Sketch Book.*

A little beyond, on the right of Aldersgate, Falcon Street leads into **Silver Street**, which contains one of the pretty, quiet breathing-places bequeathed to the City by the Fire. A stone tells that 'This was the parish church of St. Olave, Silver Street, destroy'd in the dreadfvll fire in the yeare 1666.' An altar-tomb inscribed 'The Family Tomb of Mr. John Bull' always attracts attention. No. 24 Silver Street, marked by an old coat of arms over the door, is the **Hall of the Parish Clerks' Company**, incorporated 1233. Amongst their portraits of benefactors is one of William Roper, son-in-law of Sir Thomas More.

On the left of Silver Street is **Monkwell Street**, containing (left, No. 33) the **Barber-Surgeons' Court-Room** (their Hall, which was the work of Inigo Jones, is destroyed, and their Company consists of neither Barbers nor Surgeons), approached by an old porch of Charles II.'s time. Here are several good pictures—the Duchess of Richmond (with a lamb and an olive-branch) by *Sir Peter Lely*, Inigo Jones by *Vandyke*, and a grand *Holbein* of Henry VIII. giving a charter to the Barber-Surgeons.[2] The Company have refused

[1] There are still such houses in the neighbouring Cloth Fair.

[2] At that time, and long afterwards, in bleeding, barbers officiated as surgeons, as they still do in Italy. The well-known staff which sticks out above a barber's door commemorates this, as it was customary for the patient about to be bled to hold a staff at full length to keep his arm on the stretch during the operation.

offers of £12,000 for this picture in later years, though Pepys somewhat contemptuously says—

'29th Aug. 1668. Harris [the actor] and I to the Chyrurgeons' Hall, where they are building it new very fine: and there to see their theatre, which stood all the Fire, and (which was our business) their great picture of Holbein's, thinking to have bought it, by the help of Mr. Pierce, for a little money: I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and it is not a pleasant though a good picture.'

The picture is mentioned even by Van Mander (*c.* 1580) as not having been finished by Holbein, who died two years after the granting of the charter in 1541, and the heads on the left of the picture are a later addition, and the whole was much repainted after the Fire. Still it is a fine work and minutely finished, even to the details of the ermine on the king's robe and the rings on his fingers. Henry, seated in a chair of state, is giving a charter to Thomas Vicary, the then Master, who was sergeant-surgeon to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and is said to have written the earliest work on anatomy in the English language. The thirteen principal members, who kneel in gowns trimmed with fur, bear their names on their shoulders. The three on the right, Chamber, Butts, and Alsop, were all Past-Masters of the Company at the time of the giving of the charter. Dr. John Chamber was the king's chief physician and Dean of St. Stephen's College, Westminster, where he built the cloister; Dr. Butts, also physician to the king, had been admitted to the Company as 'vir gravis; eximia literarum cognitione, singulari judicio, summa experientia, et prudentia consilio, Doctor;' his conduct, on the presumed degradation of Cranmer, is nobly portrayed by Shakspeare. Dr. J. Alsop is represented with lank hair and uncovered. Sir John Ailiffe, who kneels on the left, was also an eminent surgeon, and had been sheriff of London in 1548. According to the inscription on his monument in the Church of St. Michael Bassishaw, he was 'called to court' by Henry VIII., 'who loved him dearly well,' and was afterwards knighted for his services to Edward VI. The picture furnishes an example of the beginning of a change of costume in respect to shirts, the wrists of Henry being encircled by small ruffles, and the neck of several of the members displaying a raised collar.[1]

A curious leather screen in the Court-Room is said to commemorate the gratitude of a man who, after being hanged at Tyburn, was discovered to be still living, and was resuscitated by the efforts of the Barber-Surgeons when his body was brought to them for dissection. Such a recovery did occur (November 1740) in the case of William Duel, aged 17, who, after being hanged at Tyburn for twenty-two minutes, recovered in the Surgeons' Hall, just as he was about to be cut up by the anatomists.

Amongst the plate of the Company is the Royal Oak Cup, made in 1678 by order of Charles II., and presented by him, the Master at the time being Sir Charles Scarborough, his chief physician. It

[1] See Allen's *Hist. of London.*

is of silver, partially gilt, the stem and body representing the oak of Boscobel, and the acorns which hang around containing little bells, which ring as the cup passes from hand to hand.

Smollett, who painted many of the events of his own life in 'Roderick Random,' describes his appearance at Barber-Surgeons' Hall to pass his examination before obtaining the appointment of surgeon's-mate, which he did in 1741.

Windsor Place, Monkwell Street, commemorates the town-house of the Lords Windsor. The modern houses on the right of the street occupy the site of the Hermitage of St. James-in-the-Wall, a cell of Quorndon Abbey in Leicestershire. At the Dissolution it was granted by Henry VIII. to William Lambe, a cloth-worker, who built (*c.* 1540) an interesting chapel, pulled down in 1874, over its fine old Norman crypt, of which a portion is preserved in the garden of the Clothworkers' Hall in Mincing Lane.

Returning to Aldersgate Street, **Westmoreland Buildings**, on the left, mark the site of the town-house of the Nevils, Earls of Westmoreland. On the right of the street, conspicuous from its front with eight pilasters, stood a fine old house, built by Inigo Jones, formerly called Thanet House, from the Tuftons, Earls of Thanet, but which has been known as **Shaftesbury House** since it was inhabited by the first Earl of Shaftesbury, Anthony Ashley Cooper, the 'Achitophel' of Dryden, so graphically described by him:—

> 'For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
> Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
> Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
> In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
> A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
> Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
> And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
> A daring pilot in extremity,
> Pleased with the dangers when the waves went high,
> He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
> Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.'

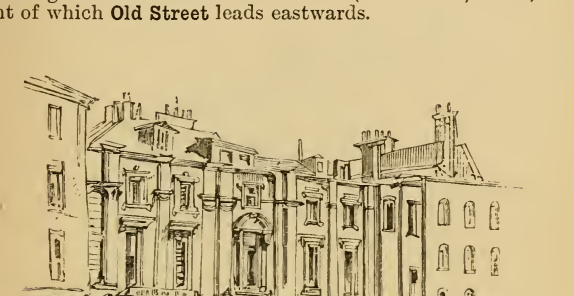
Lord Shaftesbury chose this house as a residence that he might the better influence the minds of the citizens, of whom he boasted that he 'could raise ten thousand brisk boys by the holding up of his finger.' His animosity to the Duke of York obliged his retirement in 1682 to Holland, where he died. The house, as Maitland says, is 'a most delightful fine residence, which deserves a much better situation, and greater care to preserve it from the injuries of time.' Shaftesbury House was ruthlessly pulled down in 1882.

Close by was Bacon House, the private residence of Sir Nicholas, father of the great Lord Bacon—the fat old man of whom Queen Elizabeth used to say 'my Lord Keeper's soul is well lodged,' and of whom so many witticisms are remembered, especially his reply to the thief Hogg, who claimed his mercy on plea of kindred between the Hoggs and the Bacons: 'Ah! you and I cannot be kin until you have been hanged.'

Opposite Shaftesbury House was Dorchester (afterwards called Petre, then London) House, which being at one time the residence

of the Bishops of London, was the place to which the Princess Anne fled in the Revolution of 1688. An old house with low gables and projecting windows, which stood near it till 1879, was called, without reason, 'Shakspeare's House,' but, as the 'Half Moon Tavern,' was a well-known resort of the wits of the sixteenth century. Much curious carving is seen in prints of this old building. Lauderdale House, at the end of Hare Court (right), was the residence of John Maitland, the famous Duke of Lauderdale, of whom we hear in 'Old Mortality.'

Aldersgate Street leads into **Goswell** (Godes-well) **Road**, to the right of which **Old Street** leads eastwards.



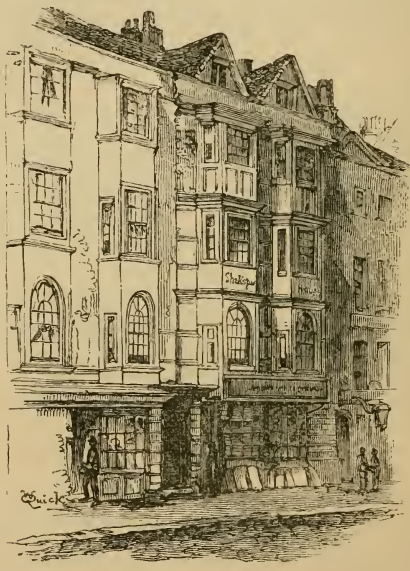
SHAFTESBURY HOUSE, ALDERSGATE.

'The oldest way in or about London is perhaps that which bears the names of Old Street, Old Street Road, and (farther eastward) the Roman Road, leading to Old Ford; probably a British way and ford over the Lea, and older than London itself—forming the original communication between the eastern and western counties north of the Thames.'—*Archaeologia*, xli.

The whole of this neighbourhood teems with associations of Milton, who, after his removal (1640) from St. Bride's Churchyard, went to live at 'a pretty garden-house in Aldersgate Street, at the end of an entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn by reason of the privacy.' Hither, in May 1643, being himself thirty-five, he brought Mary Powell, his seventeen years old Royalist wife, who, having been used to much company, merriment, and dancing, found the place very solitary; 'no company came to her, and oftentimes she heard his nephews beaten and cry.'[1] Her parents also,

[1] Aubrey.

reports Milton's nephew Phillips, 'began to repent them at having matched the eldest daughter of their house to a person so contrary to them in opinion, and thought that it would be a blot on their escutcheon.' At length the poor young wife found married life 'so irksome to her, that she went away to her parents at Forest Hill.' The visit was indefinitely prolonged, and the poet's letters unanswered. He sent a messenger to bring her back, who was scorn-



'SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE,' ALDERSGATE.

fully dismissed; but after two years Mrs. Milton's jealousy was excited by the belief that the poet was paying attentions to a Miss Davis, and she entreated of her own accord for a reconciliation, an event which had a happy result for the Powell family, as they were able to take refuge in the house of their Republican son-in-law when the Royalist cause became desperate. It was in defence of the house in Aldersgate that, on the advance of Prince Rupert's troops after the Battle of Edgehill, Milton wrote the lines—

Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.'

After five years' residence in Aldersgate, Milton removed with his family to a house only two minutes distant, on the right of Barbican, and there he remained two years, his father-in-law Mr. Powell dying there January 1, 1647, and his own father in the following March. In the autumn of that year Milton removed to Lincoln's Inn Fields, whence, in 1649, he went to Charing Cross. In 1652 he moved to Petty France, Westminster.

In 1653 or 1654 Mary Powell died, leaving the poet with three daughters, and in November 1656 he married again, Catherine Woodcock of Hackney, who died in childbirth fifteen months afterwards. Whilst living in Petty France, Milton became blind. At the Restoration he fled to a hiding-place in Bartholomew Close. In 1660 he returned to his old neighbourhood, settling in Jewin Street. Here the blind Milton gave instruction by ear to Ellwood the Quaker in the foreign pronunciation of Latin, which, he aptly said, was the only way in which he could benefit by Latin in conversation with foreigners. This was the Ellwood who, after reading the 'Paradise Lost,' said to the poet, 'Thou hast said much of "Paradise Lost," but what hast thou to say of "Paradise Found"?' a question which gave 'Paradise Regained' to the world. Whilst in Jewin Street, Milton married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, of a Cheshire family. It was probably in 1664 that he made his last move to Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, where, on November 8, 1674, he died, and was four days later attended to the grave, says Toland (1698), by 'all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar.'

Jewin Street leads into **Cripplegate**, so called, says Stow, 'of cripples begging there;' a derivation at least more probable than that of Ben Jonson, who has the simile—

'As lame
As Vulcan, or the founder of Cripplegate.'[1]

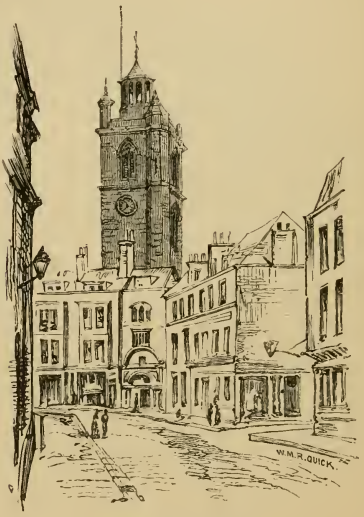
But the name really comes from *crepel-gate*, a covered way in the fortifications.

The gate of the City here was of great antiquity, for the body of St. Edmund the Martyr was carried through it in 1010 from Bury St. Edmunds, to save it from the Danes, and, according to

[1] *Every Man out of his Humour.*

Lydgate, the monk of Bury, it worked great miracles upon the crippled population there. The gate was pulled down in 1762.

Here, as we stand in **Redcross Street** (so called from a cross which once stood in Beech Lane), we see, rising above a range of quaint old houses built in 1660, and so displaying the architecture in fashion just before the Great Fire, the tower of **St. Giles**, the church of the Hermit of the Rhone, who wrote a poem on paralysis, and was the especial saint of cripples and lepers. Its characteristics



REDCROSS STREET.

cannot be better described than in the words of the author of 'The Hand of Ethelberta':—

'Turning into Redcross Street, they beheld the bold shape of the tower they sought, clothed in every neutral shade, standing clear against the sky, dusky and grim in its upper stage, and hoary grey below, where every corner of stone was completely rounded off by the waves of wind and storm. All people were busy here: our visitors seemed to be the only idle persons the city contained; and there was no dissonance—there never is—between antiquity and such bee-hive industry; for pure industry, in failing to observe its own existence and aspect, partakes of the unobtrusive nature of material things. This intramural

stir was a fly-wheel transparent by infinite motion, through which Milton and his day could be seen as if nothing intervened. Had there been ostensibly harmonious accessories, a crowd of observing people in search of the poetical, conscious of the place and the scene, what a discord would have arisen there.'

The original church was burnt in 1545. The present building, which is celebrated for the burial of Milton and the marriage of Cromwell, has internally been grievously mauled and besmeared with blue and white paint. The pulpit, screen, and font-cover are by Gibbons. A foolish gothic canopy with tawdry alabaster columns has been raised over the fine bust of Milton by *Bacon*, placed here in 1793 by Mr. Whitbread. The poet was buried in 1674 in the grave of his father (*ob.* 1646), 'an ingenuous man,' says Aubrey, 'who delighted in music.' The parish books say that Milton died 'of consumption, fourteen years after the blessed Restoration.' In 1790, it is said, his bones were disinterred, his hair torn off, and his teeth knocked out and carried off by the churchwardens, after which, for many years, Elizabeth Grant, the female grave-digger, used to keep a candle and exhibit the mutilated skeleton at twopence and threepence a head. This sacrilege led to Cowper's lines—

'Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones
Where Milton's ashes lay,
That trembled not to grasp his bones
And steal his dust away.

O ill-requited bard! neglect
Thy living worth repaid,
And blind idolatrous respect
As much affronts the dead!'[1]

On the south wall is an interesting bust to Speed, the topographer, 1629. A tablet commemorates 'skilful Robert Glover,' of Ashford, the Somerset Herald, 1588, author of the 'Catalogue of Honour,' wherein, 'being the first work of that kind, he traced untrodden paths.'[2] Sir Martin Frobisher, 1594, the navigator and naval hero, has also a monument. Near the west door is the monument of Foxe, the martyrologist, 1587, described in the register as 'Householder and Preacher.' When he was expelled from Oxford for heresy, he was received into the family of Shakspeare's Sir Thomas Lucy, whose daughter, Margaret Lucy, and grand-daughter, Constance Whitney, have tombs on the north wall. The latter is represented rising in her shroud from her tomb at the resurrection, which has given rise to a tradition that she was buried alive and roused from her trance by the sexton, who opened her coffin to steal one of her rings. The parish register records the marriage of Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth Bowchier, August 20, 1620. The beadles of this church carry two maces before the clergyman, one surmounted by a figure of St. Giles, the other by a representation of the old Cripplegate.

[1] This story has been discredited on the authority of George Stevens, though no doubt the *intention* existed. See 'Shakespeare's Bones,' by C. M. Ingleby, London, 1883, and also *St. James' Chronicle* of the time.

[2] Fuller, *Worthies of Kent.*

The first vicar of St. Giles was Robert Crowley, who, for insubordination, was prohibited by Archbishop Parker from ministering within twenty miles of London. His especial aversion was a surplice, and he declared that he 'would not be persuaded to minister in those conjuring garments of Popery.' Other historic vicars have been Lancelot Andrewes (1565–1626), afterwards Bishop of Winchester, and John Buckeridge (1562–1631), Bishop of Rochester, afterwards translated to Ely by the influence of Laud, who had been his pupil.

ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE.

In the farther part of the sunny **Churchyard** of St. Giles (cut up by a public way in 1878) is a well-preserved bastion of the **City Wall** of Edward IV.'s time. The lower portion is formed of rude stones and tiles, the upper of courses of flint laid in cement. The battlements of the old wall adjoining were removed in 1803 and a stupid brick wall erected in their place 'at the expense of the parish.'

The bells of St. Giles are celebrated, and

'Oh, what a preacher is the time-worn tower,
Reading great sermons with its iron tongue'

'Not far from the church was Crowder's Well (commemorated in Well Street), of which we read in Childrey's 'Britannia Baconica' (1661) that its waters had 'a pleasant taste like that of new milk,' and were 'very good for sore eyes;' moreover, that there was 'an ancient man who whenever he was sick would drink plenteously of this Crowder's Well water, and was presently made well, and whenever he was overcome of drink, he would drink of this water, which would presently make him sober!'

The curious 'Williams' Library,' founded in Redcross Street by Dr. Daniel Williams, the Dissenting divine (1644–1716), which contained an original portrait of Baxter, was pulled down in 1857. Its books (40,000 volumes) are now preserved in the 'Williams' Library' in University Hall, Gordon Square (see vol. ii.).

Redcross Street leads into **Golden** (Golding) **Lane**, where **Play House Yard** on the right, connecting this with Whitecross Street, has, in its name, a memorial of the ancient 'Fortune Theatre,' which, erected in 1599 on that site, was last used in the time of Charles II. 'The Fortune' was the theatre in which was made the wealth of Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, who was the son of the keeper of 'The Pye' inn in Bishopsgate Street. Pepys records his visit to the theatre by saying, 'I found the musique better that we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be.' Close to the 'Fortune Theatre' was the 'Nursery,' established after the Restoration for the education of children for the stage.

'To the King's Playhouse, and there I chanced to sit by Tom Killigrew, who tells me that he is setting up a nursery; that is, going to build a house in Moorfields, wherein he will have common plays acted.'—*Pepys' Diary, Aug.* 2, 1664.

On the left is **Barbican**, so called from an outwork for the defence of Cripplegate—

'A watch-tower once, but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains.'—*Dryden.*

Edward III. made Robert Ufford, Earl of Suffolk, keeper of Barbican. From him the office descended to Katherine, daughter of William, Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, who married first Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and secondly Richard Bertie. With her second husband, as they were both staunch Protestants, she was forced to fly under the Marian persecutions, and escaped with difficulty from her house in Barbican, in a thick fog on the morning of January 1, 1554–55, walking through the streets with her baby to Billingsgate, where she was met by her husband and embarked in safety. At Wesel she gave birth to a son who was called Peregrine, from the exiled condition of his parents, and who

grew up to be one of Elizabeth's greatest generals as 'the brave Lord Willoughby.' The story of the flight is told in the ballad called 'The most rare and excellent History of the Duchess of Suffolk and her husband Richard Bertie's calamity':—

> 'The Duchess of Suffoulk seeing this,
> Whose life likewise the tyrant sought,
> Who in the hopes of heavenly bliss
> Within God's word her comfort wrought;
> For fear of Death was forc'd to fly,
> And leave her house most secretly.
>
> That for the love of God alone,
> Her lands and goods she left behind,
> Seeking still that precious stone,
> The word and truth so rare to find;
> She, with her husband, nurse, and child,
> In poor array their sighs beguil'd.
>
> Thus through London they pass'd along,
> Each one did take a several street,
> And all along escaping wrong,
> At Billingsgate they all did meet;
> Like people poor, in Gravesend barge,
> They simply went, with all their charge.'

Sir Henry Spelman, the antiquary, resided in Barbican. Whilst Milton was living here (1645-47) he wrote the 'Comus,' 'Lycidas,' 'L'Allegro,' and 'Il Penseroso.' **Garter Court**, Barbican, commemorates Garter House, built by Sir Thomas Wriothesley, Garter King-at-Arms. **Bridgewater Square** and **Gardens** (described by Strype as very handsome and delightful) commemorate the residence of the Earls of Bridgewater. The two eldest sons of the third Earl were burnt to death here with their tutor in 1687.

Beech Street, by Barbican, received its name from Nicholas de la Beech, Lieutenant of the Tower in the time of Edward III. The Abbot of Ramsey had a house here which was afterwards known as Drury House, being the residence of Sir Drew Drury: after the Restoration it was inhabited by Prince Rupert. It was in these narrow streets of Cripplegate that the Plague raged worst of all.

Fore Street (*before* London Wall) was the birthplace of Daniel Defoe, 1661. On the left is **Milton Street**, formerly the notorious Grub Street, well known as the abode of small authors, who, writers of trashy pamphlets and broadsides, became butts for the wits of their time: thus Grub Street appears in the 'Dunciad'—

> 'Not with less glory mighty Dullness crown'd,
> Shall take through Grub Street her triumphant round,
> And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
> Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.'

'Pope's answers are so sharp, and his slaughter so wholesale, that the reader's sympathies are often enlisted on the side of the devoted inhabitants of Grub Street. He it was who brought the notion of a vile Grub Street before the minds of the general public: he it was who created such associations as author and rags—author and dirt—author and gin. The occupation of authorship became ignoble through his graphic description of misery, and the literary profession was for a long time destroyed.'—*Thackeray.*

The name 'Grub Street,' as opprobrious, seems, however, to have been first applied by their opponents to the writings of Foxe, the martyrologist, who resided in the street, and complains vehemently in one of his letters of the injury a neighbour had done him by rebuilding his house so as to darken his windows. John Speed, the historian, also lived here. The name of the street was changed in 1839, at the instigation of the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, minister of Finsbury Chapel, who, when he established a sort of Mechanics'

SION COLLEGE, 1878.

Institute in this street, feared that 'The Grub Street Institution' would be unpopular. In Sweedon's Passage, opening out of this street, was a curious old building called Gresham House, pulled down in 1805; it was shown as having been the house of Sir Richard ('Dick') Whittington in the reign of Henry IV., and of Sir Thomas Gresham in that of Elizabeth. In Hanover Court General Monk is believed to have had a residence.

Returning a few steps, Cripplegate Buildings lead into the street called **London Wall,** opposite the picturesque modern **Hall of the Curriers' Company,** which recalls the old buildings of Innsbruck, and is decorated with the banner-bearing stags which are the crest of the Company.

Close by, with a fine old brick and stone front towards Philip Lane, Sion College stood till 1886. The College, as rebuilt after the Fire, had a chapel and library. Fuller resided in its quiet courts while he was writing his 'Church History,' and Psalmanazar wrote his 'Universal History' there. The College was doomed to destruction in April 1878, and sold for gain by the London clergy, its natural protectors, to be replaced by a rubbishy edifice on the Embankment.

Sion College occupied part of the site of Elsing Spittal, a hospital for the sustentation of one hundred blind men, founded in 1329 (on the site of a ruined nunnery) by William Elsing, mercer. A Priory of St. Mary the Virgin for canons regular was added in 1332 by Elsing, who became its first Prior.

The neighbouring **Church of St. Alphage, London Wall** (dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury, murdered at Greenwich by the Danes in 1014), might easily escape observation. Its tower belonged to the church of St. Mary Elsing Spittal, of which the early English doorway in the porch is a relic. The interior, rebuilt by Sir William Staines in 1777, is little better than a square room, but on its north wall is preserved the handsome corinthian monument of Sir Rowland Hayward (1593), twice Lord Mayor, and at his death 'the antientest alderman of the city.' Sir Rowland 'kept his house' on the site of the old Spittal, before the foundation of the College. He kneels here under the central niche, on a red cushion, facing the spectators, and at the sides are his two wives and the eight 'happy children' of each.

Opposite St. Alphage, a fragment of its churchyard is preserved (in a garden formed 1872) for the sake of the fine fragment of the old **London Wall** which it contains.

Aldermanbury Postern was a small gate in the Wall close to this, which led into Finsbury Fields, much frequented by the Londoners in summer evenings.

On the right is the opening of **New Basinghall Street,** named (with Bassishaw Ward) from the Basings, who lived hard by in Blackwell Hall, from the reign of John to that of Edward III. Here, in a quiet court, is (1894) the **Church of St. Michael Bassishaw** (Basings haugh), one of Wren's worst rebuildings, yet interesting and valuable as an unaltered church of the time. It contains the tomb of Dr. T. Wharton, remarkable for his devotion to the sufferers in the Great Plague of 1665. In the old church, destroyed in the Fire, Sir John Gresham, Lord Mayor in 1547, uncle of Sir Thomas, was buried in 1554 with solemnities like those which still attend the funerals of the Roman princes.

'He was buried with a standard and pennon of arms, and a coat of armour of damask and four pennons of arms; besides a helmet, a target, and a sword,

mantles and the crest, a goodly hearse of wax, ten dozen of pensils, and twelve dozen of escutcheons. He had four dozen of great staff torches, and a dozen of great long torches. The church and street were all hung with black, and arms in great store; and on the morrow three goodly masses were sung.'—*Stow.*

St. Michael is doomed to destruction through a selfishly disgraceful scheme successfully carried out.

The last State Lottery in England was held at Coopers' Hall in Basinghall Street, October 18, 1826. The hall was rebuilt 1868.

Farther down London Wall, on the right, at the entrance of Throgmorton Avenue, is the **Hall of the Carpenters' Company,** erected 1877 from designs of *G. Pocock.* Many will remember with bitter regret the noble old building which was destroyed when this was built—the staircase and vestibule adorned with exquisite medallions from designs of Bacon; and the hall, so picturesque without, and so full of glorious oak carving within—one of the best of the buildings which survived the Fire. On its western wall were frescoes illustrative of the carpenter's art, which had been white-washed in Puritan times, but were re-discovered in 1845, viz. :—

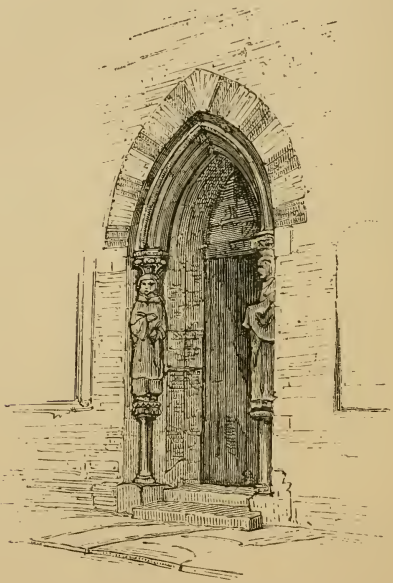
Noah receiving the instructions of the Almighty as to building the Ark.
Josiah repairing the Temple (his workmen in the costume of Henry VIII.).
Our Lord gathering chips in the workshop of Joseph, who was represented at work, with the Virgin spinning by his side.
The teaching of the child Jesus in the Synagogue. 'Is not this the carpenter's son?'

The first Hall, built 'by citizens and carpenters of London,' was erected in 1428 on land leased in this neighbourhood from the Prior of St. Mary Spittal.

Passing the little Church of **Allhallows in the Wall**, built in 1765 (containing an altar-piece by *Dance*, and a representation of Queen Elizabeth lying on her tomb, with laudatory verses), we may enter **Broad Street** and turn to the right.

Where Broad Street falls into Throgmorton Street a gateway on the right leads into the quiet courts of **Austin Friars**, occupying the site of a famous Augustinian convent founded in 1243 by Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex. At the Dissolution it was granted by Henry VIII. to William Paulet, first Marquis of Winchester; but the church, which was retained for the king, was granted by Edward VI. to the Dutch nation in London, 'to have their service in (as he says in his journal of June 29, 1550), for avoiding of all sects of Ana-Baptists, and such like.' The Dutch still own the building, which has some handsome decorated windows. The tombs in this church—once like a cathedral, the present edifice being only part of the ancient nave—were amongst the most magnificent in London, and it still contains the remains of a vast number of eminent persons, including Richard Fitz Alan, Earl of Surrey, beheaded in 1397 by Richard II. for joining the league against De Vere and De la Pole; Humphrey de Bohun, godfather of Edward I., who fought in the battle of Evesham; Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, who was so powerful in the reigns of John and Henry III.; Edward, eldest son of the Black Prince and of the Fair Maid of Kent, who

died in his seventh year, 1371 ; Richard Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, beheaded in 1397 ; John de Vere, 12th Earl of Oxford, beheaded on Tower Hill in 1461 ; the barons who fell in the battle of Barnet, buried together in the body of the church in 1471 ; William, Lord Berkeley (1492), and his wife Joan ; and Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham, beheaded in 1521, through the jealousy of Cardinal Wolsey, of whose death Charles V. said that 'a butcher's dog



IN AUSTIN FRIARS.

(Wolsey) had devoured the fairest buck in all England.' It will scarcely be believed that the monuments of all these illustrious dead were sold by the second Marquis of Winchester for £100. The first Marquis, to whom the monastery had been granted by Henry VIII., is celebrated as having lived under nine sovereigns, and when asked in his old age how he had contrived to get on so well with them all, said, 'By being a willow and not an oak.' He was the builder of Winchester House in Austin Friars, which was sold

to a City merchant by the fourth Marquis, and pulled down only in 1839. In this house the famous Anne Clifford, who 'knew everything from predestination to slane silk,'[1] married her first husband, Richard, Earl of Dorset, February 25, 1608–9. Winchester House is commemorated in **Great Winchester Street**, which till lately contained more ancient houses than almost any street in London. Now most of them are rebuilt, but the street has an old-world look, and ends in a quiet court surrounded with ancient brick houses, with a broad stone staircase leading to the principal doorway. The **Hall of the Pinners' Company** is in this street.

Turning to the right from the gate of Austin Friars, we find ourselves at the eastern front of the Royal Exchange, before which, near a pretty modern **Drinking Fountain** with a tawdry canopy, is the seated **Statue of George Peabody**, by *W. Story*, 1869. Beyond, near the south-eastern corner of the Exchange, is a **Statue of Rowland Hill**, originator of the system of penny-postage, by *Onslow Ford*, erected in 1881.

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[1] Dr. Donne.

CHAPTER VIII.

BISHOPSGATE.

RETURNING to the Royal Exchange, we must follow **Threadneedle Street**, properly Three-Needle Street, which belongs to the Merchant Taylors.[1] On the right, concealed by a row of houses (for which an annual rent of £3 per foot is paid), is the **Hall of the Merchant Taylors' Company**, an incorporation dating from 1466. It was built after the Great Fire by the City architect Jarman, and surrounds a courtyard. It can only be visited by a special order from the Master or Clerk of the Company. The Hall is a noble chamber (90 feet by 48), rich in stained glass and surrounded by the arms of the members. At the end are the arms of the Company—the Lamb of their patron St. John Baptist, and a pavilion between two royal mantles, with camels as supporters. A corridor beyond the Hall has stained glass windows which commemorate a quarrel for precedence between the Merchant Taylors' and Skinners' Companies in 1484–85. The Lord Mayor (Sir R. Billesdon) was called upon to decide it, and ordained that the Companies should have precedence by alternate years : and in commemoration of their peace the Skinners' Company dines with its rival every year in July, when the Master of the Merchant Taylors proposes the toast—

> 'Skinners and Merchant Taylors,
> Merchant Taylors and Skinners,
> Root and branch may they flourish
> For ever and aye ;'

and in August the Skinners return the hospitality, giving the same toast and reversing the order in which the Companies are named.

The *Court Dining-Room* contains—

George III. and Queen Charlotte—copies of pictures at Hatfield by *Sir T. Lawrence.*
George Bristow, clerk of the Company—*Opie.*
George North, clerk—*Hudson.*
Samuel Fiske—*Richmond.*

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[1] Its continuation used to be called Pig Street, where these animals, belonging to the Hospital of St. Anthony, being used to run about the streets and to be fed by the passengers, gave rise to the adage of 'Following like a Tanthony Pig.'—*Walks in London*, David Hughson, 1817.

A noble staircase, the walls of which bear portraits of former masters, leads to the *Picture Gallery*, containing—

Charles I.—*School of Vandyke.*
Duke of Wellington—*Sir D. Wilkie.*
Lord Chancellor Eldon with his favourite dog—*Pickersgill.*
Duke of York—*Sir Thomas Lawrence.*
*Henry VIII.—*Paris Bordone.*
William Pitt—*Hoppner.*

The *Drawing-Room* contains—

Charles II. } *Sir G. Kneller.*
James II. }
William III. } *Murray.*
Mary II. }

In the *Court Business Room* are—

Sir Thomas White, 1561, Founder of St. John's College at Oxford, said to have been painted, after his death, from his sister, who was exactly like him.
Sir Thomas Rowe, 1568.
Sir Abraham Reynardson, Lord Mayor, 1648.

In the *Kitchen* eighteen haunches of venison can be cooked at once, and *are* cooked for the great dinner on the first Wednesday in July. A small but beautiful vaulted *Crypt* is a relic of the Hall destroyed in the Great Fire. The magnificent collection of plate includes some curious Irish tankards of 1683, and the silver measure by which the Merchant Taylors had the right to test the goods in Bartholomew Fair.

The National Anthem was first sung in Merchant Taylors' Hall, having been written at the request of the Company by Ben Jonson, and the music composed by Dr. John Bull, for an entertainment given to James I., July 16, 1607, to congratulate the king upon his escape from the Gunpowder Plot.

In this street stood the tiny polygonal church of St. Benet Fink, named from St. Benedict and Robert Fink, a traditional rebuilder. Wren reconstructed it in 1673. The interior was very rich, and it was a remarkable example of Wren's fertility of invention for using all possible space; and it was the place where Richard Baxter was married in 1662, but it was wantonly destroyed in 1844.

On the north of Threadneedle Street was the South Sea House, rendered famous by the 'bubble' of 1720. Threadneedle Street falls into the picturesque and irregular **Bishopsgate Street**, which, having escaped the Great Fire, continued till recently to be full of quaint buildings with high roofs and projecting windows, but it has been greatly modernised in the last few years.

The most interesting of the remaining houses is one which we see on the right immediately after entering Bishopsgate—**Crosby Hall**, with a late lath and plaster front towards the street, but altogether the most beautiful specimen of fifteenth century domestic architecture remaining in London, and one of the finest examples of that period in England.

Sir John Crosby, 'Grocer and Woolman,' was an Alderman, who represented the City of London in 1468. In 1471 he was knighted by Edward IV. He obtained a lease of this property for ninety-nine years from Alice Ashfield, Prioress of St. Helen's, and built 'this house of stone and timber, very large and beautiful, and the highest,' says Stow, 'at that time in London.' But he died in 1475; so that he only enjoyed his palace for a short time.

It was here, says Sir Thomas More, that Richard, Duke of Gloucester, 'lodged himself, and little by little all folks drew unto him, so that the Protector's court was crowded and King Edward's left desolate,' and it was in the Hall which we now see that he planned the deposition, most probably the death, of his nephew. Shakspeare knew Crosby Hall well, for we know from the parish assessments that he was residing in 1598 in St. Helen's, where, from the sum levied, he must have inhabited a house of importance. He introduces Crosby Hall as the place where Richard induced Anne of Warwick to await his return from the funeral of her father-in-law, the murdered Henry VI., and he otherwise twice mentions it in his play of *Richard III.*, to which fact it is probable that we owe the preservation of the grand old house amongst the vicissitudes which have attended other historical buildings.

Sir Thomas More lived here for some years; and here, without doubt, wrote his Life of Richard III. In 1523 he sold Crosby Hall to the man whom he himself describes as his 'dearest friend,' Antonio Bonvisi, an Italian merchant of Lucca, who was settled in London. It was to this Bonvisi that he wrote a last touching letter with charcoal from the Tower, and, on the morning of his execution, the dress he put on was the 'silk camlet gown given him by his entire good friend M. Antonio Bonvisi.' It would seem that after Sir Thomas More's execution his devoted daughter Margaret longed to return to a place so much connected with her father's sacred life, and in 1547 Bonvisi leased Crosby Hall to More's son-in-law, William Roper, and to his nephew, William Rastell, who was an eminent printer. By the religious persecutions under Edward VI., Bonvisi, Roper, and Rastell were all obliged to go abroad, but they returned under Mary. The next proprietor of the house was Alderman Bond, who added a turret to it, and died here in 1576. The rich Mayor of London, Sir John Spencer, bought Crosby Place in 1594, and during his occupation M. de Rosny, afterwards Duc de Sully, the minister of Henry IV., was received here as ambassador, when he came over to persuade James I. to preserve the League which had existed between Elizabeth, France, and the Hollanders, and not to make war with Catholic Spain. In his Memoirs he gives a curious account of a scene which occurred here in the great Hall during his visit. Previous ambassadors had brought great disrepute upon their country through the excesses committed in London by members of their suite, and of these he was determined to prevent a recurrence. To his horror, upon the very evening of his arrival, he discovered that one of his attendants, going out to amuse

himself, had murdered an English merchant in a brawl in Great St. Helen's. He immediately made the whole of his companions and servants range themselves against the wall; and taking a lighted flambeau, he walked up to each in turn, and, throwing the light full upon them, scrutinised their faces. By his trembling and his livid paleness it was soon disclosed that a noble young gentleman, son of the Sieur de Combaut, was the culprit. He was related to the French ambassador M. de Beaumont, who demanded, urged, and entreated his pardon, but in vain. Sully declared that Combaut should be beheaded in a few minutes. He was finally induced to give him up to the Mayor, who saved his life; but his severity, says Sully, had this consequence, that 'the English began to love, and the French to fear him more.'

Sir John Spencer, having but a poor opinion of the Compton family in that day, positively forbade the first Earl of Northampton to pay his addresses to his daughter, who was the greatest heiress in England. One day, at the foot of the staircase, Sir John met the baker's boy with his covered barrow, and being pleased at his having come punctually when he was ordered, he gave him sixpence; but the baker's boy was Lord Northampton in disguise, and in the covered barrow he was carrying off the beautiful Elizabeth Spencer. When he found how he had been duped, Sir John swore that Lord Northampton had seen the only sixpence of his money he should ever receive, and refused to be reconciled to his daughter. But the next year Queen Elizabeth, having expressed to Sir John Spencer the sympathy which she felt with his sentiments upon the ingratitude of his child, invited him to come and be 'gossip' with her to a newly born baby in which she was much interested, and he could not refuse; and it is easy to imagine whose that baby was. So the Spencer property came to the Comptons after all, and an immense inheritance it has been, and Lord Northampton, who went mad at first with joy at his wealth,[1] lived to erect the magnificent tomb to his 'well-deserving father-in-law,' where the disobedient daughter, in everlasting contrition for her fault, may be seen kneeling in a tremendous hoop, at her father's feet.

The rich wife continued to live frequently in Crosby Place, and proved rather an expensive helpmeet, especially considering the value of money at that time, as may be judged from the following letter, written soon after her marriage. It seems worth giving, as characteristic of the people, the place, and the times :—

'My sweet Life,—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me. I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £2600 quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have £600 quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none should dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let;

[1] John Pym's 'Note-Book.'

also, believe it, it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also when I ride a-hunting or a-hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so for either of these said women I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fine horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only coaches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all; orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor their's with their chamber-maids', nor theirs with their wash-maids'. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before the carriages, to see all safe; and the chamber-maids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, and for that it is undecent for me to crowd myself up with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also I would have to put in my purse £2000 and £200, and so you to pay my debts. Also I would have £6000 to buy me jewels, and £4000 to buy me a pearl-chain. Now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing-chambers in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also my desire is that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby house, and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my lord Chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life. . . . So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me £2000 more than I now desire, and double attendance.'

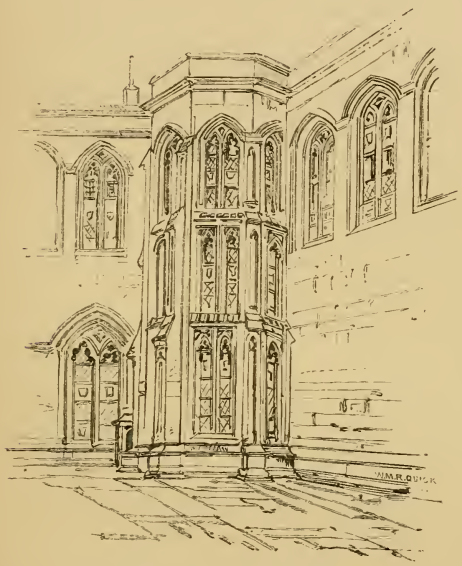
Here for many years lived the Countess of Pembroke, immortalised in Ben Jonson's epitaph. In 1640 Crosby Place was leased to Sir John Langham. In 1672 it became a Presbyterian Meeting House. It was later a packer's warehouse, till, in 1831, a subscription was raised to restore it as we now see it.

A passage, one of those obscure and almost secret ways of the City, which yet are crowded with foot-passengers, leads under an archway into and through Crosby Square. It passes in front of the noble oriel of the *Hall*. This is a stately room, 54 ft. long, 27 ft. broad, and was once 40 ft. high (but this has been curtailed), with a noble perpendicular timber roof. The great oriel window has been filled by *Willement* with stained glass armorial bearings of the different possessors of Crosby Place. It is one of the few ancient halls in which there is no indication of a raised daïs. Above the adjoining *Council Chamber* is the so-called *Throne Room*, with a peculiarly beautiful window. Crosby Place is now occupied by the restaurant of Messrs. Gordon & Co.

In **Crosby Square**, at the back of the Hall, are some admirable modern buildings of brick and terra-cotta. **Crosby Hall Chambers**, close by, have a good chimney-piece of 1635.

Close to Crosby Place, a low timber-corbelled gateway leads out

of Bishopsgate Street into **Great St. Helen's**, where, from the noise and bustle of the great thoroughfare, you suddenly enter upon the quiet of a secluded churchyard, filled in early spring with bright green foliage. Here, *c.* 1216, the Priory of the Nuns of St. Helen's was founded by William Basing, Dean of St. Paul's. The old Hall of the nuns was removed only in 1799. In the **Church**, the nuns had the north aisle and the parish the south aisle. From the



CROSBY HALL, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

number of monuments connected with the City of London within its walls it has become a kind of Westminster Abbey for the City, and is of the highest interest. Lately the number of these monuments has been greatly increased by the destruction, in 1874, of the ancient Church of St. Martin Outwich (so called from its founder, John de Oteswitch, but rebuilt 1796), and the removal to St. Helen's of all the tombs which it contained. A series of injunctions issued

in the fifteenth century, and still existing amongst the archives of St. Paul's, enjoins the nuns of St. Helen's to sing distinctly at divine service, not so fast as heretofore, but with proper pauses; and orders them to abstain from kissing secular persons. They are also desired to wear veils according to the rules of their order, not too sumptuous in kind; and the Prioress is forbidden to receive guests, or to keep more than one or two dogs.

The church, deplorably injured by recent restoration, consists of two aisles, separated by perpendicular arches, with chapels attached at the south-east. Only a very small portion of the building is used for congregational purposes, and till a few years ago a large part of the west end, screened off, and always known as 'The Void,' was used only for funerals. The west doorway—where an inscription reminds us that 'This is none other than the house of God'—and oak porch are by Inigo Jones. The whole building is surrounded with monuments. The usual entrance is by the handsome Jacobean door on the south side of the building. The small altar-tomb with incised figures opposite the entrance is that of William and Magdalen Kerwyn, of 1594. On the left of the door is the stately alabaster tomb raised by Lord Northampton to his 'well-deserving father-in-law,' the rich Sir John Spencer (1609). 'Some thousand men in mourning cloakes' assisted at his funeral.[1] The figures of Sir John and his wife (Alicia Bromfield) repose under a double canopy; the heiress daughter, almost eclipsed in the immensity of her hoop, kneels at a desk at their feet. Next is the tomb of Dame Abigail Lawrence (1682), 'the tender mother of ten children, nine of whom she suckled at her breast.' Opposite, on the north wall, is the tomb of John Robinson, alderman, and merchant of the Staple, with Christian his wife (1592–99), who were 'happy in nine sonnes and seaven daughters': all this family are kneeling behind their parents at a faldstool. Beyond this is an exquisite gothic canopy (from St. Martin Outwich) of Purbeck marble, over the tomb of Alderman Hugh Pemberton and his wife Katerina (1500).

Here the line of monuments was, till the recent 'restoration,' broken by a great tomb, like a house, to Francis Bancroft, founder of the Mile End Almshouses, who 'settled his estate in London and Middlesex for the beautifying and keeping in repair of this monument for ever.' It was a historic landmark, and was very curious, and its removal in 1892 was utterly inexcusable. Being the property of the Drapers' Company, a new Master, when he was appointed, generally paid his respects to Francis Bancroft, for the tomb could be entered by a door, and the lid of the coffin turned back, displaying the skeleton. Bancroft was so unpopular as a city magistrate in his lifetime, that the people pealed the bells at his funeral, and tried to upset the coffin on its way to the grave. He desired that for a hundred years a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine might be placed in his grave every year on the anniversary of his death, because he

[1] Letter from Mr. John Beaulieu to Mr. Turnbull, March 22, 1609–10.

was convinced that before that time he should awake from his death-sleep and require it. The hundred years have now expired.

Beyond the site of Bancroft's outraged tomb are a staircase and a door, which formerly communicated with two stories of the convent. There, against the wall, are the tombs of William Bond—'Flos Mercatorum'—'a merchant-adventurer, and most famous in his age for his great enterprises by sea and land' (1576); and Martin Bond (1643), captain of the camp at Tilbury in the Armada year. The tomb displays to perfection the costume of the time. Bond is represented sitting in a tent, with sentries outside, and a servant bringing up a horse. The noble altar-tomb beneath, with a raised coat of arms, is that of the great Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange, with the simple inscription, 'Sir Thomas Gresham, Knight, buried December 15, 1579.'[1] Above hangs his helmet, carried at his funeral. Against the wall is the quaint coloured monument of Lord Mayor Sir Andrew Judd (1558), founder of the Grammar School at Tunbridge—

> 'To Russia and Muscovai,
> To Spaine, Germany, without fable,
> Travelled he by land and sea,
> Both Mayor of London and Staple.

The great canopied tomb close by is that with an effigy of Sir William Pickering, 'famous in learning, arts, and warfare,' and, moreover, very handsome, which caused him to stand so high in the favour of Elizabeth, that he (a simple knight) was at one time deemed to have a fair chance of obtaining the hand which was refused to the kings of Spain and Sweden. He died at Pickering House in St. Mary Axe in 1574. His son is commemorated on the same monument.

The beautiful gothic niche behind Gresham's tomb has a kind of double grille of stone—'the Nuns' Grate'—which is believed to have been intended to allow refractory nuns[2] to hear a faint echo of the mass from the crypt beneath. In the 'Nuns' Aisle,' every Sunday morning, a dole of fresh loaves—'good sweet wheaten bread'—lies waiting on a clean white cloth for the poor, bequeathed to them by a humble benefactor of the early part of the seventeenth century, whose dust lies below.

On the wall above the Nuns' Grate is a monument erected in 1877 to the memory of Alberico Gentili, who, when driven to England by the religious persecutions of the latter part of the sixteenth century, established by his famous work, 'De Jure Belli,' his reputation as a great international jurist. The register of St. Helen's mentions the burial of his father, Matteo, 'near the cherry-tree,' and that of the son 'at the feet of Widow Coombs, near the gooseberry-tree'—

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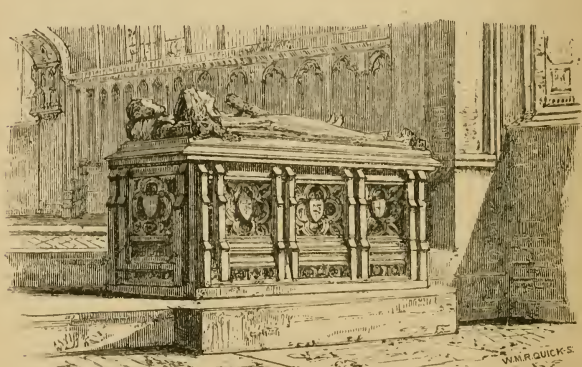
1 There seems to have been no inscription late last century. See Pennant.

2 That the life of the Black Nuns of St. Helen's was not altogether devoid of amusements we may gather from the 'Constitutiones' given them by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's: 'Also we enjoyne you, that all daunsyng and reveling be utterly forborne among you, except at Christmasse, and other honest tymys of recreacyone, among yourselfe usyd, in absence of seculars in alle wyse.'

i.e. in the convent garden, as near to the back of this monument as can be identified.

Passing the altar, we reach the noble tomb of Sir John Crosby (1475) and his wife Anneys—he wearing an alderman's mantle over plate armour, and with a collar of suns and roses, the badge of the House of York, round his neck. The lady wears the close-fitting robe called the *pictun corps* and a necklace of roses: her hair is confined in a net. Steps lead down into the **Chapel of the Virgin**, almost paved with brasses, the best being that of John Leventhorp (1510) in armour; and those of Nicholas Wootton (1482)



TOMB OF SIR JOHN CROSBY, ST. HELEN'S.

and John Brent (1451), rectors of St. Martin Outwich, removed from that church. Effigies of a man and woman in fifteenth-century gowns have an inscription to Thomas Wylliams, sen., 1495, and his wife Margareta. This Thomas was younger brother of Jevan-ap-Morgan of Laniseen, Glamorganshire, who was grandfather of Morgan Williams, brewer and innkeeper of Putney, who was great-great-grandfather of Oliver Cromwell. In the centre of the chapel is the oldest monument in the church—the fine tomb of John de Oteswitch and Mary his wife, of the time of Henry IV., founders of St. Martin Outwitch, brought here in 1874. An admirable little figure of a girl with a book, of old Italian workmanship, on a bracket, is said to be intended for St. Helena, but is probably a Sybil. The ancient altar-stone and sedilia remain.

In the **Chapel of the Holy Ghost** is the altar-tomb of Sir Julius

Caesar, the son of Pietro Maria Adelmare and Paola Cesarino of Treviso. He was made Master of Requests (1590) and Master of St. Catherine's Hospital (1596) by Elizabeth, was knighted at Greenwich by James I. in 1603, made Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1606, and Master of the Rolls in 1610. He was 'the charitable Sir Julius Caesar' of Izaak Walton.[1] The tomb was executed in the lifetime of Sir Julius by *Nicholas Stone*, the sculptor of Dr. Donne's monument in St. Paul's. On the top is a scroll of yellow marble representing a parchment deed with a seal appendant, by which

ST. HELENA.

Caesar covenants willingly to pay the debt of nature when it shall please God to require it. The deed is signed February 27, 1634, and the debt was paid April 18, 1636. But the Latin inscription is too curious to omit:—

'Omnibus Xri fidelibus ad quos hoc presens scriptum pervenerit; sciatis, me Julium Adelmare alias Caesarem militem utriusq. Juris doctorem Elizabethae Reginae supremae curiae Admiralitatis Judicem et unum e magistris libellorum: Jacobo Regi e privatis consiliariis, cancellarium Saccarii secretiorum et sacrorum sereniorum Magistrum hac presenti carta mea confirmasse, me adiuvante divino numine Naturae debitum libenter soluturum quam primum Deo placuerit.'

[1] See Walton's *Life of Sir Henry Wotton.*

The stalls on the north of the chancel were of old the seats of the nuns. A picturesque bit of carving against a pillar, intended as a support for the Lord Mayor's sword and mace, bears the arms and marked the seat of Sir John Lawrence, Lord Mayor, 1664.

On the north wall is the tomb (from St. Martin Outwich) of Alderman Richard Staper (1598), 'the greatest merchant in his tyme, and the chiefest actor in the discoueri of the trades of Turkey and East India, a man humble in prosperity, payneful and ever ready in the affayres publicque, and discreetely careful of his private.' The famous Robert Hooke, philosopher and mechanic, and Curator of the Royal Society, who died in Gresham College in 1702, is buried in this church without a monument. He was the inventor of the first efficient air-pump, of the anchor escapement and pendulum suspending spring, of the revolving pendulum adapted by Watt as his 'governor of the steam-engine,' and of the watch-wheel cutting machine. The first idea of a telegraph originated with him.[1]

From the south porch of the church a labyrinthine passage leads by St. Mary Axe to St. Andrew Undershaft, of which there is a picturesque view where the passage opens upon the street. Several of the houses which look, or looked till lately, upon St. Helen's Churchyard deserve notice. No. 2 has a rich doorway and good staircase of Charles I.'s time; Nos. 8 and 9 were subdivisions of a fine brick house of 1646, probably by Inigo Jones, and built for Sir John Lawrence, afterwards Lord Mayor; and in No. 9 was a handsome chimney-piece and staircase of carved oak. No. 10 was believed to be a house of Sir Thomas Boleyne, and one of the oldest private residences in London. The Almshouses, founded in 1551 by Sir Andrew Judde, whose tomb we have seen, and rebuilt in 1729, existed here till 1892, when they were destroyed.

The next turn out of Bishopsgate Street leads into St. Helen's Place, near the end of which is the modern **Hall of the Leathersellers' Company**, incorporated by Richard II. It stands upon the still-preserved Crypt of St. Helen's Priory. During the first half of the nineteenth century a curious fountain with the figure of a mermaid, sculptured by Caius Gabriel Cibber in 1679, in payment of a fine to the Company, stood in the court in front of it; but it disappeared many years ago.

On the opposite side of Bishopsgate Street was the ancient hostelry of the Green Dragon, with wooden galleries overhanging its courtyard. It was pulled down in 1877, and the site built over; the once curious inn of **The Four Swans** adjoining has also been rebuilt and spoilt. The old Bull Inn was destroyed 1866.

Near this, on the left, with buildings extending to Broad Street, stood Gresham College, founded in honour of Sir Thomas Gresham, who gave the Royal Exchange to the City on condition that the Corporation would institute lectures on Divinity, Civil Law, Astronomy,

[1] The history of the Church of St. Helen has been published in *Annals of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate*, edited by the Rev. J. E. Cox, 1877.

Music, Geometry, Rhetoric, and Physic, to be delivered in his dwelling-house, which he bequeathed for the purpose.

Many eminent men were professors of this College, and their learned weekly meetings in 1645 gave birth to the Royal Society. During the time of the Commonwealth, Sir Christopher Wren was Professor of Astronomy here, and here he made his great reflecting telescope. On April 22, 1663, Charles II. formally constituted the Society by the title of 'The President, Council, and Fellows of the Royal Society of London for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge.' Quaint and credulous were many of the inquiries of these old philosophers, who wrote to ask one of their foreign correspondents to ascertain 'if it were true that diamonds grew again where they were digged out,' and to find out 'what river in Java turns wood into stone,' and who preserved in their museum a bone taken out of a mermaid's head, and issued reports of a mountain cabbage three hundred feet high. Charles II. was often amused with these vagaries. Butler, who laughs at the attempts of the Society—

> 'To measure wind and weigh the air,
> To turn a circle to a square,
> And in the braying of an ass
> Find out the treble and the bass,
> If mares neigh *alto*, and a cow
> In double diapason low'—

especially satirises Wilkins, afterwards Bishop of Chester, one of the professors, who believed that a new world was to be discovered in the moon, and that it would be reached by flying-machines. It was this Wilkins who, when a great lady inquired of him how he would contrive to bait upon the journey, replied that he was amazed that she, who had herself built so many *castles in the air*, should ask him such a question. In 1675 Samuel Pepys was President of the Royal Society in Gresham College. Isaac Newton, afterwards President, was here 'excused from the weekly contribution of a shilling, on account of his low circumstances.'

Gresham College was a noble building of brick and stone, 'with open courts and covered walks, which seemed all so well suited for such an intention, as if Sir Thomas had it in view at the time he built the house.'[1] The open archway towards the stables was decorated with two figures, the one standing with a drawn sword over the other upon his knees. Dr. Woodward, famous as an early geologist, fought a duel with Dr. Mead, the great physician and botanist, under that porch. His foot slipped and he fell. 'Will you beg your life?' demanded Mead. 'No, doctor, that I will not till I am your patient,' returned the implacable Woodward.

After the Fire, which it escaped, Gresham College was temporarily used as an Exchange, and its Professors' lodgings were occupied by the City courts and offices, its piazza by the shops of the Exchange tenants, and its quadrangle by the merchants' meetings—'thus Gresham College became an epitome of this great

[1] Ward, *Lives of the Professors of Gresham College.*

city, and the centre of all affairs, both public and private, which were then transacted in it.'[1] When the Exchange was rebuilt, the Royal Society returned to the College, and continued to hold their meetings there till they moved to Crane Court in 1710. From that time the College fell into decay, and in 1768 it was sold to the Commissioners of Excise, and an Excise Office (pulled down 1854) was built upon part of its site.

Almost concealed by parasitic houses, so that we might easily pass it unobserved, is (right) the gothic arch which forms an entrance to the solemn little **Church of St. Ethelburga**, dedicated to the daughter of King Ethelbert, one of the few churches which survived the Fire, and one of the oldest fabrics in London. 'The Maid's Gallery,' of 1629, is destroyed, and the brass of 'W. Williams, sword-bearer to fifty-two Lord Mayors,' is lost. The church contains some good fragments of old stained glass, but has been gorgeously and incongruously decorated with marble and alabaster. The existence of the church is mentioned as early as 1366. Ethelburga, to whom the church is dedicated, was daughter of Ethelbert and Bertha, and niece of Ricula, whose husband, Sebert, was the first Christian king of Essex. This was the first church to adopt the popular midday services for men.

'One of the very few bits of mediaeval London.'—*Nisen*, '*London City Churches.*

At the junction of Camomile and Wormwood Streets, a large episcopal mitre on a house front in Bishopsgate marks the site of the old Gate of the City called Bishop's Gate. Tradition ascribed the foundation of this gate (frequently rebuilt) to St. Erkenwald in 675, and the Bishops of London had an ancient right to levy one stick from every cart laden with wood which passed beneath it, in return for which they were obliged to supply the hinges of the gate. Beyond this, the street is called **Bishopsgate Without.**

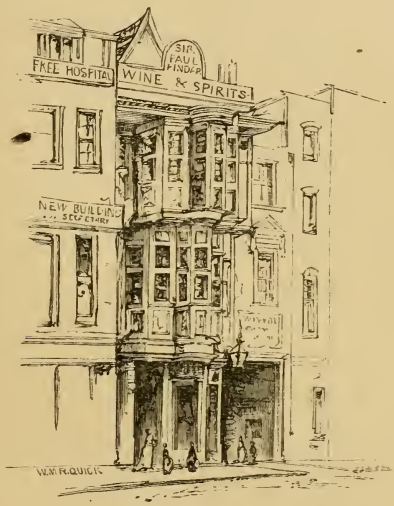
The **Marine Society Rooms** have a portrait of Jonas Hanway (the chief founder of the Society) by *Edwards.*

On the left of Bishopsgate Without is **St. Botolph's Church**, an ugly building of 1728. It occupies the site of an earlier edifice, one of the four churches at the gates dedicated to this popular English saint, who travelled with his brother Adulph into Gaul, and coming back with accounts of the religious institutions he had seen there, and with recommendations from two English princesses then in France, sisters of Ethelmund, king of the East Saxons, received from that prince a piece of land in Lincolnshire—'a forsaken uninhabited desert, where nothing but devils and goblins were thought to dwell; but St. Botolphe, with the virtue and sygne of the holy cross, freed it from the possession of those hellish inhabitants, and by the means and help of Ethelmund built a monastery therein.' Of this Benedictine monastery, of which Boston (Botolph's town) is supposed to mark the site, Botolph was abbot, and there he died in the odour of sanctity, June 680.

The church contains the monument (a tablet with a flaming vase)

[1] Ward, *Lives of the Professors.*

of Sir Paul Pindar (1650), a famous merchant and Commissioner of the Customs in Charles I.'s time. It is inscribed to 'Sir Paul Pindar, Kt., his Majesty's Ambassador to the Turkish Emperor, Anno Dom. 1611, and nine years resident: faithful in negotiations foreign and domestick, eminent for piety, charity, loyalty, and prudence; an inhabitant twenty-six years, and bountiful benefactor to this parish. He died the 22nd of August 1650, aged 84 years.' The registers record the baptism of Edward Alleyn, founder of Dulwich College, 1566; the burial of an infant son of Ben Jonson; the marriage of Archibald Campbell, 7th Earl of Argyll, 1609, and the burial of Edward Allein, 'poete to the Queene,' 1570; and



SIR PAUL PINDAR'S HOUSE, BISHOPSGATE.

William, second Earl of Devonshire, 1628. The sunny churchyard is now a garden peopled with ornamental ducks and pigeons. It contains the tomb of Coya Shawsware, a Persian merchant, around which his relations sang and recited funeral elegies, morning and evening, for months after his death.

John Keats was christened at St. Botolph's, Dec. 18, 1795. On the margin of the entry in the baptismal register is a note stating that he was born Oct. 31, at the Swan and Hoop, No. 28 Finsbury

Pavement, being son of an ostler in Finsbury livery-stable who had enriched himself by a marriage with his master's daughter.

Not far down Bishopsgate Street, on the left, stood till 1890 the beautiful old house of Sir Paul Pindar, 'worthie benefactor to the poore,' with overhanging oriel windows, very richly decorated with panel-work, forming a subject well worthy of the artist's pencil. It was the last ornamented timbered building in London. The handsome ceilings of the interior were removed to the South Kensington Museum in 1877, and the front of the house in 1890. The house was begun by Sir Paul Pindar on his return from Italy at the end of the reign of Elizabeth. He was born in 1566. His reputation as the richest merchant of the kingdom brought him frequent visits here from James I. and Charles I. to beg for loans in their necessities. At the request of the Turkey Company he was sent by James I. as ambassador to Constantinople, where he did much to improve the English trade in the Levant. On his return in 1620, he brought back with him, amongst other treasures, a great diamond which was valued at £30,000, and which he was wont to lend to James I. to wear at the opening of his Parliaments ; it was afterwards sold to Charles I. At the time of the civil wars it was Sir Paul Pindar who provided funds for the escape of the Queen and her children. He gave £10,000 for the restoration of St. Paul's, ordered under Laud in the time of Charles I. When he died, the king owed no less than £300,000 to Sir Paul and the other Commissioners of the Customs, and Pindar's affairs were found to be in such confusion, that his executor, William Toomer, was unable to bear the responsibility of his trust, and destroyed himself. When the great merchant was living, the house had a park attached to it behind, of which one of the richly ornamented lodges and some old mulberry-trees, planted to please James I., existed till the middle of the XIX. c. in Half-Moon Alley. A house with a foliated front stood in the street called 'Little Moorfields.' Now all is destroyed.

The name of **Devonshire Street** (on the right) commemorates the town-house of the Cavendishes, Earls of Devonshire, who lived in Bishopsgate during the seventeenth century, and some of whom are buried in St. Botolph's. The corner house has a chimney-piece with the arms of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the adored friend to whom the *Venus and Adonis* and *Rape of Lucrece* of Shakspeare are addressed.

To the left, by Liverpool Street, are **Finsbury Circus** and **Finsbury Square** (Vynesbury), occupying the site of Moorfields, a marshy ground, which was a favourite Sunday-walk with the citizens. Here, says Shadwell, 'you could see haberdashers walking with their whole fireside.' Shakspeare alludes to the popularity of this walk in his *Henry IV.*—

> 'And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
> As if thou never walk'dst farther than Finsbury.'

Tradition and an old ballad say that the name of Finsbury is

derived from two ladies, daughters of a gallant knight who went to the Crusades:—

'And charged both his daughters
Unmarried to remain
Till he from blessed Palestine
Returned back again:
And then two loving husbands
For them he would attain.'

The eldest of them, Mary, became a nun of Bethlehem, spending day and night in prayer for her father—

'And in the name of Jesus Christ
A holy cross did build,
Which some have seen at Bedlam-gate
Adjoining to Moorfield.'

The younger, Dame Annis, opened a well—

'Where wives and maidens daily came,
To wash, from far and near.'

So the sisters lived on—

'Till time had changed their beauteous cheeks
And made them wrinkled old.'

But when the King of England returned from the Crusades, it was only the heart of their brave father which he brought back to his loving daughters, which they solemnly buried, and gave the name of their father to its resting-place—

'Old Sir John Fines he had the name,
Being buried in that place,
Now, since then, called Finsbury,
To his renown and grace;
Which time to come shall not outwear,
Nor yet the same deface.

And likewise when those maidens died,
They gave those pleasant fields
Unto our London citizens,
Which they most bravely hield.
And now are made most pleasant walks,
That great contentment yield.

Where lovingly both man and wife
May take the evening air,
And London dames to dry their cloaths
May hither still repair—
For that intent most freely given
By these two damsels fair.'

Blomfield Street, Moorfields, may be noticed as containing the **Museum of the London Missionary Society** (open Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from 10 to 3 in winter, and 10 to 4 in summer). It is of little general interest.

Beyond Finsbury Square, by the **Finsbury Pavement**—once the only firm path in the marshy district of Moorfields—we reach, in the **City Road** (left), the modern castellated buildings of the **Militia**

Barracks, which are the headquarters of the London Militia—the 'London Trained Bands' of our Civil Wars, which were the mainstay of the Parliamentary army. In the grounds behind were the headquarters of the **Hon. Artillery Company**, incorporated by Henry VIII., but having their first origin in the Guild of St. George, established in the reign of Edward I. The Artillery Ground here is the Campus Martius—the Champ de Mars—of London. By their transfer from the old Artillery Garden to Finsbury in 1641 the Hon. Artillery Company became locally the successors of the 'Archers of Finsbury.' In Artillery Walk, now **Bunhill Row**, Milton finished his 'Paradise Lost,' and there he died, November 8, 1674, in a house long since destroyed.

'An ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire, Dr. Wright, found John Milton in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk stones. He used also to sit in a grey, coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house in Bunhill Fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality.'—*Richardson.*

Just beyond the Barracks (built on either side of the street) is the vast burial-ground of **Bunhill Fields**, Anthony Wood's 'fanatical burying-place,' and Southey's 'Campo Santo of the Dissenters,' originally called 'Bonehill Fields,' probably from the vast quantities of bones which Maitland mentions as having been transported here (*c.* 1540).

Open, *Week-days*, 9 to 7 in summer, 9 to 4 in winter.
Sundays, 1 to 7 in summer, 1 to 4 in winter.

The burial-ground is now closed as a cemetery, but the forest of tombs on the left, shaded by young trees, remains a green oasis in one of the blackest parts of London. Near the centre of 'the Puritan Necropolis' a white figure, lying aloft upon a high (modern) altar-tomb, marks the **Grave of John Bunyan** (1628–1688), whither all will at once direct their steps, for who does not, with Cowper—

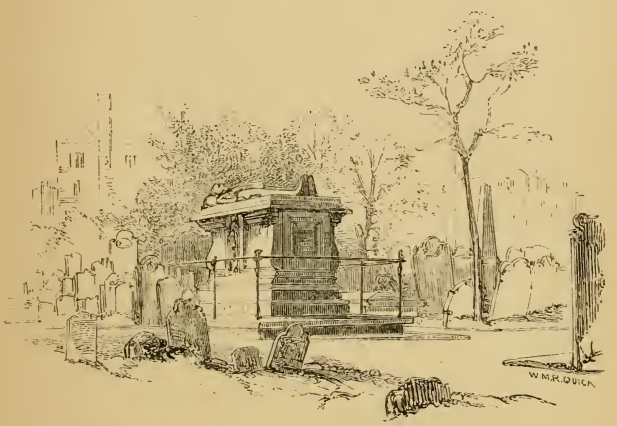
'Revere the man whose pilgrim marks the road,
And guides the progress of the soul to God'?

Bunyan wrote as many books as the sixty years of his life, but is chiefly honoured as the author of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' which was written during his imprisonment as a Dissenter in Bedford jail, where, 'with only two books—the Bible and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs"—he employed his time for twelve years and a half in preaching to, and praying with his fellow-prisoners, in writing several of his works, and in making tagged laces for the support of himself and his family.'[1] Being released in 1672, he spent his remaining years in exhorting his Dissenting brethren to holiness of life, and when James II. proclaimed liberty of conscience for Nonconformists, he opened a meeting-house at Bedford. He died on Snow Hill from a cold taken on a missionary excursion, in the house of John Strudwick, a grocer, who was buried near him in 1697.

[1] Dr. Barlow.

'I know of no book, the Bible excepted, as above all comparison, which I, according to my judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth, according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the Pilgrim's Progress. It is, in my conviction, incomparably the best Summa Theologiae Evangelicae ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired. . . . It is composed in the lowest style of English, without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision. For works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are, the more necessary it is to be plain. This wonderful book is one of the few books which may be read repeatedly, at different times, and each time with a new and a different pleasure.'—*Coleridge.*

'The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an ex-



JOHN BUNYAN'S TOMB.

pression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working-men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language; no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed. . . . We are not afraid to say, that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of those minds produced the "Paradise Lost," the other the "Pilgrim's Progress."'—*Macaulay.*

Bunyan himself, in the preface to the 'Holy War,' describes the way in which his work grew :—

> 'It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
> And thence into my fingers trickled;
> So to my pen, from whence immediately
> On paper I did dribble it daintily.'

'The spot where Bunyan lies is still regarded by the Nonconformists with a feeling which seems scarcely in harmony with the stern spirit of their theology. Many Puritans, to whom the respect paid by Roman Catholics to the reliques and tombs of their saints seemed childish or sinful, are said to have begged with their dying breath that their coffins might be placed as near as possible to the coffin of the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."'—*Macaulay, Essays.*

Just beyond the tomb of Bunyan are altar-tombs to Henry Cromwell, Richard Cromwell, and William Cromwell. General Fleetwood, who had married that severe republican Bridget Cromwell, General Ireton's widow, has an altar-tomb nearer the gate.

At a turn of the path, beyond the tombs of the Cromwells, is the headstone of Susannah Wesley, the youngest daughter of Samuel Annesley, the ejected Vicar of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and widow of the Vicar of Epworth. She was the mother of nineteen children, of whom the most renowned were John and Charles. 'The former' (in the words of her epitaph) 'under God being the founder of the societies of the people called Methodists.'

'No man was ever more suitably mated than the elder Wesley. The wife whom he chose was, like himself, the child of a man eminent among the Nonconformists, and, like himself, in early youth she had chosen her own path: she had examined the controversy between the Dissenters and the Church of England with conscientious diligence, and satisfied herself that the schismatics were in the wrong. The dispute, it must be remembered, related wholly to discipline; but her inquiries had not stopt there, and she had reasoned herself into Socinianism, from which she was reclaimed by her husband. She was an admirable woman, of highly-improved mind, and of a strong and masculine understanding, an obedient wife, an exemplary mother, a fervent Christian.'

Mrs. Wesley died in 1742.

'Arriving in London from one of his circuits, John Wesley found his mother "on the borders of eternity; but she had no doubt or fear, nor any desire but, as soon as God should call, to depart and be with Christ." On the third day after his arrival, "he perceived that her change was near." "I sate down," he says, "on the bed-side. She was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech: 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'" He performed the funeral service himself, and thus feelingly describes it: "Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon I committed to the earth the body of my mother to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I afterwards spoke was, 'I saw a great white throne, and Him that sate on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.' It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see, on this side eternity."'—*Southey's Life of Wesley.*

The stanzas succeeding the texts which her sons placed upon the tomb of Susannah Wesley refer to her belief that she had received an assurance of the forgiveness of her sins at the moment when her son-in-law, Hall, was administering the Last Supper to her—

'In sure and steadfast hope to rise
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown.

True daughter of affliction she,
Inured to pain and misery,
Mourn'd a long night of griefs and fears,
A legal night of seventy years.

The Father then reveal'd His Son,
Him in the broken bread made known,
She knew and felt her sins forgiven,
And found the earnest of her Heaven.

Meet for the fellowship above,
She heard the call, "Arise, my Love!"
I come, her dying looks replied,
And Lamblike as her Lord she died.'

Around the spot where we may picture the vast multitude gathered amid the tombs and Wesley preaching by his mother's grave, the most eminent of the earlier Nonconformists had already been buried. Of these perhaps the most remarkable was Dr. John Owen (1616–1683), 'the Great Dissenter,' at one time Dean of Christ Church, and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford when Oliver Cromwell was Chancellor, the divine who preached before the House of Commons on the day after the execution of Charles I. He was the author of eighty works!

'The first sheet of his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ" had passed through the press under the superintendence of the Rev. William Payne . . . and on that person calling on him to inform him of the circumstance on the morning of the day he died, he exclaimed, with uplifted hands and eyes looking upward, "I am glad to hear it: but, O brother Payne! the long-wished-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing, in this world."'

Amongst the graves of the three hundred notable Nonconformist ministers buried here, we may notice those of Dr. Thomas Goodwin (1600–1697), the President of Magdalen, ejected at the Restoration, who had prayed by Oliver Cromwell's death-bed, and had asked a blessing upon Richard Cromwell at his proclamation as Protector; of Hansard Knollys, the Baptist, author of 'Flaming Fire in Zion' (1691); of Nathaniel Mather (brother of Increase Mather), celebrated for his sermons (1697); of the learned Theophilus Gale (1678), who was ejected from his fellowship at Magdalen for refusing to conform at the Restoration, author of the 'Court of the Gentiles,' and many other works; of the zealous itinerant preacher Vavasour Powell, 'the Whitefield of Wales' (1671), 'an indefatigable enemy of monarchy and episcopacy,' who died in the Fleet prison, where he had been confined for eleven years; of Thomas Rosewell (1692), the ejected rector of Sutton Mandeville,

who was arraigned for high treason, condemned by Judge Jeffreys, and pardoned by the king; of Thomas Doolittle, the much-persecuted minister of Monkwell Street (1707); of Dr. Daniel Williams, founder of the Williams Library (1716); of George Whitehead, author of the 'Christian Progress of George Whitehead' (1725); of Daniel Neal, author of the 'History of the Puritans' (1743–44); of Thomas Bradbury, who refused the bribe of a bishopric under Anne, and who claimed to be the first minister who proclaimed George I. from the pulpit (1759); of Dr. John Condor (1781); with the epitaph, by himself—'Peccavi, Resipui, Confidi; Amavi, Requiesco, Resurgam; Et, ex gratia Christi, ut ut indignus, regnabo;' of Joseph Hughes, founder of the Bible Society; and of Abraham Rees (1825), the editor of 'Chambers' Cyclopaedia' (completed in four folio volumes in 1789, as well as of the subsequent edition known as 'Rees' Cyclopaedia' (completed in forty-five quarto volumes, 1802–19). One of the most interesting tombs is that of Dr. Nathaniel Lardner (1684–1768), one of the most eminent of Nonconformist divines, author of the 'Credibility of Gospel History.'

'Dr. Lardner's extensive and accurate investigations into the credibility of the Gospel history have left scarcely anything more to be done or desired.'—*Orme's Bibl. Bib.*

'No clergyman or candidate for the ministry can afford to be without Dr. Lardner's works, and no intelligent layman should be without them. If any man—not idiotic or destitute of ordinary good sense—can read Lardner's Credibility and still disbelieve the Gospel, it is absurd for him to pretend to believe the most common facts of history, or, indeed, the existence of anything beyond the cognisance of his five senses.'—*Austin Alibone.*

We may also notice John Ward, author of 'Lives of the Gresham Professors' (1758), and Dr. Andrew Kippis, editor of an improved edition of the 'Biographia Britannica' (1795).

Visitors must seek on the northern side of the burial-ground for the tomb of the famous Independent minister Dr. Isaac Watts (1674–1748), author of the well-known hymns and many other works.

'Every Sabbath, in every region of the earth where his native tongue is spoken, thousands and tens of thousands of voices are sending the sacrifices of prayer and praise to God in the strains which he prepared for them a century ago.'—*James Montgomery.*

'It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well. . . . He is at least one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may be safely pleased; and happy will be that reader whose mind is disposed by his verse or his prose to imitate him in all but his Nonconformity, to copy his benevolence to man and his reverence to God.'—*Dr. Johnson.*

Not far from the grave of Watts, a modern pyramid marks that of Daniel Defoe (1661–1731),[1] son of a butcher in St. Giles, Cripplegate, writer of many works, but renowned as the author of

[1] In the burial register is the careless entry: '1731, April 26, Mr. Dubow, Cripplegate.' His second wife was laid in the same grave—'Dec. 19, 1732, Mrs. Defow, Stoke-Newington.'

'Robinson Crusoe.' The monument was nominally erected (1870) by subscription from youthful admirers of the book.

'"Robinson Crusoe" is delightful to all ranks and classes. It is capital kitchen reading, and equally worthy, from its deep interest, to find a place in the libraries of the wealthiest and the most learned.'—*Charles Lamb.*

Amongst those, not ministers, who have been buried here in this century, are Joseph Ritson, the antiquary (1803); John Horne Tooke, the reformer (1812); Lady Anne Erskine (1804), the trustee of Lady Huntingdon; David Nasmith, the founder of City Missions (1839); William Blake, the painter and engraver of 'marvellous strange pictures, visions of his brain'[1] (1827); and Thomas Stothard, R.A. (1834).

The inscription on the tomb of Dame Mary Page (1728) tells that 'In 67 months she was tapped 66 times and had taken away 240 gallons of water, without ever repining at her case or ever fearing the operation.'

George Whitefield preached in Bunhill Fields (April 30, 1760) at the grave of Robert Tilling, who was hung at Tyburn for the murder of his master, Mr. Lloyd, a Bishopsgate merchant. He frequently preached in the open air in Moorfields to congregations of from twenty to thirty thousand persons, and it was there especially, as he wrote to Lady Huntingdon, that 'he went to meet the devil.' In 1741 a wooden tabernacle was built for him, which was superseded by a brick building in 1753, but he continued, when the weather allowed, to address in the open air larger congregations than any building would contain. His open-air church was like a battle-field, merry-andrews exhibiting their tricks close by to draw off his congregation, recruiting sergeants with their drums marching through the midst of his hearers, and showers of dirt, eggs, &c., being perpetually hurled at him. Whitefield's last sermon in an English place of worship was preached in the tabernacle of Moorfields (now pulled down), August 31, 1769.

Opposite Bunhill Fields is the **Wesleyan Methodist Chapel**, where John and Charles Wesley officiated. John Wesley preached his last sermon here, February 23, 1791, and died, aged eighty-eight, on the 2nd March following. He was buried in the yard behind the chapel, where a monument, erected 1791, was enlarged 1840. The line of the inscription describing Wesley as 'the patron of lay-preachers,' was erased by the Wesleyans when they began to think their orders as good as any others.

'At the desire of many of his friends, his body was carried into the chapel on the day preceding the interment, and there lay in a kind of state becoming the person, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. . . . Mr. Richardson, who performed the service, had been one of his preachers almost thirty years. When he came to that part of the service, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear *brother*," his voice changed, and he substituted the word *father;* and the feeling with which he did this was such that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping.'—*Southey's 'Life of Wesley.'*

[1] Charles Lamb.

In 1870 a marble monument was erected to Wesley's mother Susannah. In the chapel are tablets to Charles Wesley (1788) and Dr. Adam Clarke (1832). No. 47 City Road, adjoining the chapel, was John Wesley's house.

Behind Bunhill Fields (west), in Coleman Street, is the entrance to the dismal **Friends' Burial-Ground**, which was for building purposes greatly reduced in its dimensions in 1877, the bones in the appropriated portion of the cemetery being removed to the neighbourhood of the grave of George Fox (1624–1690), founder of the Society of Friends, whose strong religious opinions were formed whilst as a shepherd he tended his sheep in Leicestershire. He became an itinerant preacher in 1647, and his whole after-life was devoted, amid many persecutions, to the spiritual well-being of his fellowmen. George Fox was the only 'Friend' buried with a monument, but his gravestone is now concealed by a Mission Chapel.

The earlier versions of the story of Dick Whittington represent that it was from Bunhill (not Highgate) that, at dawn on Allhallows Day, he heard Bow Bells ring, timed to the ditty—

'Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.'

Far down Bishopsgate Without, **Skinner Street** (on the left) was the centre of the skinners' trade as early as the reign of Richard II.

On the right is **Spitalfields**, now densely inhabited by weavers. It once belonged to the Priory of St. Mary Spital, founded in 1197 by Walter and Rosia Brune. Its old name was Lolesworth. Sir Horatio Pallavicini lived here in the reign of Elizabeth. Silk weaving was introduced in Spitalfields by emigrants expelled from France in 1685 on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. 'Spittlefields and the parts adjoining,' says Strype, 'became a great harbour for poor Protestant strangers, Walloons and French, who, as in former days, so of late, have been found to become exiles from their own country for their religion, and for the avoiding cruel persecution. Here they found quiet and security, and settled themselves in their several trades and occupations, weavers especially; whereby God's blessing is surely not only brought upon the parish, by receiving poor strangers, but also a great advantage hath accrued to the whole nation, by the rich manufacture of weaving silks, and stuffs, and camlets, which art they brought along with them. And this benefit also to the neighbourhood, that these strangers may serve for pattern of thrifty honesty, industry, and sobriety.' In the year 1687 alone, no fewer than 13,500 of these exiles took refuge in England. They so thoroughly identified themselves with the nation which received them, that many changed their French names into English synonyms. Thus Le Noir became Black; Le Blanc, White; Le Brun, Brown; Le Jeune, Young; Oiseau, Bird; Tonnelier, Cooper, &c. Many historic French names are still to be found in the district—Le Sage, Fouché (Anglicised into Futcher), and Racine, whose possessor declares himself related to the famous dramatist. Many existing families of the master-hands, such as the Chabots, the Desormeaux, the Ouvrys, Bouveries, Laboucheres, and

the Turquands, trace their descent from the first refugees of 1685.[1] The mothers of the last generation were often to be seen in their old French costumes, and to this hour thousands work in glazed attics, such as were used by their forefathers on the other side of the Channel, and which give such a characteristic aspect to the neighbourhood.[2]

The weavers' custom of singing whilst working at their looms, like the Protestant woollen weavers from Flanders, is cited by Sir John Falstaff—'I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything;'[3] and Ben Jonson's Cutbeard says in reference to the Parson's rheum—'He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with the clothworkers.'[4]

In a walk through Spitalfields no one will fail to be struck with the number of singing-birds kept in the houses, and for these there is often a large cage near the roof. The catching and training of singing-birds is a branch of industry peculiar to Spitalfields. The weavers first train their call-birds. An amusing article on bird-catching in the 'Encyclopaedia Metropolitana' says: 'The bird-catchers frequently lay considerable wagers whose *call-birds* can jerk (sing) the longest, as that determines the superiority. They place them opposite to each other by an inch of candle, and the bird who jerks the oftenest before the candle is burnt out wins the wager. We have been informed that there have been instances of a bird having given a hundred and seventy jerks in a quarter of an hour; and we have known a linnet in such a trial persevere in its emulation till it swooned from its perch.'

Spital Square, a gloomy red brick square of the early Georges, marks the site of the old Hospital. The number of remains dug up here prove that this district was the burial-place of Roman London. Elizabeth went to hear a sermon at St. Mary Spittal, with two white bears following her in a cart, to be baited as soon as it was over!

In Brick Lane, Spitalfields, is the great **Brewery** of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton & Co.

Shoreditch, which joins Spitalfields on the west, was originally Soersditch, from 'its lord, Sir John Soerditch, of Ickenham, an erudite lawyer trusted by Edward III.;'[5] but tradition continues to derive its name from the goldsmith's wife who was beloved by Edward IV. The tradition has probably arisen through the old ballad of 'The Woful Lamentation of Jane Shore,' in which are the verses—

> 'I could not get one bit of bread,
> Whereby my hunger might be fed,
> Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
> Or stinking ditches in the field.

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1 See *The Builder*, March 29, 1884.
2 See the interesting Report of the New Nichol Street Ragged Schools, 1856.
3 *Henry IV.*, pt. i. act ii. sc. 4.
4 See *The Builder*. (*The Silent Woman*, act iii. sc. 2.)
5 Pennant.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital strength
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent;

The which now, since my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch called, as writers saye,
Which is a witness of my sinne,
For being concubine to a king.'[1]

Attached to the Church of St. Leonard was the Holywell nunnery, founded by Sir Thomas Lovel, who died in 1524. Most of its windows bore the lines—

'Al ye nunnes of Holywel
Pray for the soul of Sir Thomas Lovel.'

Sir George Manners, who fought with Henry VIII. at the siege of Tournay, was buried under the high-altar.

Shoreditch has always had an immoral reputation. Here Mrs. Milwood, celebrated in the ballad of 'George Barnwell,' lived, 'next door unto the Gun.' 'The Theatre' and 'The Curtain,' the only two theatres which were in existence when Shakspeare came to London (between 1583 and 1592), were both in Shoreditch. 'The Theatre' was built in 1576 by James Burbage or Burbadge, on land leased from one Giles Allen, and by 1577 it had become a favourite resort; it was removed by Cuthbert and Richard, the son of James Burbage, that its materials might be used in building the Globe Theatre in Southwark. 'The Curtain,' built about the same time as 'The Theatre,' continued to be used till the time of Charles I.; its site is marked by Gloucester Street, which was called 'Curtain Court' till 1745. The roof in both these theatres only covered the stage and galleries; the central space, to which the charge for admission was only one penny, was left open to the sky. There is a tradition that Shakspeare stood at the doors of the Shoreditch play-houses and held the horses of spectators during the performance. But there is no proof that he was ever reduced to this, and before 1597 his *Romeo and Juliet* had been acted at 'The Curtain;' while before December 1594 he was himself an actor, for entries are found in the accounts of the Treasury of the Chamber for sums paid 'to William Kempe, William Shakspeare, and Richard Burbage, servauntes to the Lord Chamberlayne, for twoe several comedies or interludes, shewed by them before her Majestie in Christmas tyme.'[2] The theatres in Shoreditch were considered as centres of vice. In Stockswood's sermon at Paul's Cross, August 24, 1578, the preacher says: 'What should I speak of beastlye playes, againste which out of this place every man crieth out? I know not how I might with the godly learned more especially discommende the gorgeous playing-place erected *in the fields* than to terme it, as they please to have it called, a theatre that is even after the manner of the olde heathenish theatre at

[1] In reality, Jane Shore, released from her prison of Ludgate on the death of Richard III., lived to be eighty, and died 1533.

[2] See Halliwell's *Illustrations of the Life of Shakspeare.*

Rome, a shew-place of al beastlye and filthie matters.' And in May 1583, the Lord Mayor wrote to Sir F. Walsingham: 'Among others we finde one very great and dangerous inconvenience, the assemblie of people to playes, beare-bayting, fencers, and prophane spectacles at the Theatre and Curtaine, and other like places.'[1]

A little to the east of Shoreditch Church is the handsome gothic **Columbia Market**, erected as a meat-market, at a cost of £200,000, by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in 1869, from designs of H. A. Darbyshire. This is the chief landmark in overlooking from the neighbouring railways the vast sea of houses which covers Bethnal Green. Since 1884 it has been partly used as a vegetable market. **Columbia Buildings** are a huge group of model lodging-houses.

Beyond Spitalfields to the east is the black, poverty-stricken district of **Bethnal Green**, also chiefly inhabited by weavers. The whole district is of nineteenth-century growth. Pepys went to Sir William Rider's gardens at Bethnal Green, and found there 'the largest quantity of strawberries he ever saw, and very good.' Sir W. Rider's was supposed to be the house of 'The Blind Beggar,' so well-known from the ballad in Percy's 'Reliques'—

> 'My father, shee said, is soone to be seene,
> The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene,
> That daylye sits begging for charitie,
> He is the good father of pretty Bessee.
>
> His markes and his tokens are knowen very well;
> He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell,
> A seely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
> Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.'[2]

'Bishop's Hall' and 'Bonner's Fields' commemorate the residence of Bishop Bonner in this locality.

Near St. John's Church and the adjoining garden are the vast red brick buildings of the **Bethnal Green Museum**, opened for the benefit of the East London poor in 1872.

Admission, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; and Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 4, 5, or 6, free. The Museum may be reached by the Old Ford omnibus from the Bank, or by Metropolitan Railway to Aldgate, and thence by a Well Street tramway car—a red car—which passes the Museum.

On the ground floor are the art collections bequeathed to the Museum by Mr. Joshua Dixon; in the 1st Gallery are collections illustrative of Food Products and Natural History: the 2nd Gallery is (1894) temporarily occupied by the collection of *National Portraits*.

To the north-east of Bethnal Green is the **Victoria Park** (1842), a fragment of Stepney Common, of 290 acres, preserved as a recreation ground for the poor, and the principal lung of north-east London.

The district of **Hoxton**, beyond Shoreditch, was once celebrated for its balsamic wells, and, in the last century, in the annals of

[1] See *The Builder*, April 17, 1875.

[2] The beadle of St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, has a staff of 1669, on the head of which is represented, in silver gilt, the story of the Blind Beggar and his daughter.

gardening. Farther east is the populous district of **Hackney**, of which Archbishop Sancroft was vicar. The large church of **St. John** (1797) has monuments from an older church, including those of Christopher Urswick, Dean of Windsor, 1521; Lady Lucy Latimer, 1582; David Dolben, Bishop of Bangor, 1633; Thomas Wood, 1649. Henry Percy, sixth Earl of Northumberland, 1537, was also buried in the old church, in which Dr. South and Henry Cromwell were baptized,

IN BEVIS MARKS.

and General Fairfax married. The Popish conspirators assembled at 'The Cock' at Hackney, October 2, 1661, with the intention of assassinating Charles II. on his return from a visit to Sir Thomas Vyner; but the plot was revealed in time, though the conspirators escaped. The sign of 'The King's Head' at Hackney was changed to 'Cromwell's Head' under the Commonwealth, for which its land-

lord was whipped and pilloried at the Restoration, and afterwards called his inn 'King Charles's Head.'

Returning down Bishopsgate, on the left is **Houndsditch**, a relic, in its name, of the old fosse which here encircled the city, formerly a natural receptacle for dead dogs. Richard of Cirencester says that the body of Edric, the murderer of Edmund Ironside, was thrown into Houndsditch. His crime had raised Canute to the throne, but when he came to claim his promised reward—the highest position in the city—the Danish king replied, 'I like the treason, but hate the traitor: behead this fellow, and, as he claims my promise, place his head on the highest pinnacle of the Tower.' Edric was then scorched to death with flaming torches, his head raised on the highest point of the Tower, and his body thrown into the ditch.

This is the Jews' quarter—silent on Saturdays, busy on Sundays. Houndsditch has long been a street famous for its brokers. In his *Every Man in his Humour* Ben Jonson speaks of a Houndsditch man as 'one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker;' and Beaumont and Fletcher allude to the brokers of Dogsditch—

> 'More knavery and usury,
> And foolery, and brokery, than Dogsditch.'

Cutler Street, on the left, is the ancient centre for the cutlers.

Duke's Place, lately merged in the northern portion of **Duke Street**, occupied the site of Christ Church Priory, founded in 1108 by Queen Maude. It was granted at the Dissolution to Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor. His daughter married Thomas, Duke of Norfolk (whence the name), and they were wont to ride hither through the city with one hundred horsemen in livery, preceded by four heralds. Holbein died in their house. The Duke had the usual fate of greatness in those days, for he was beheaded in 1572, suffering with a 'pious resignation and dignified calmness which bespoke at once the purity and grandeur of his character.'

Behind Houndsditch, on the right, runs **Bevis Marks** (Bury's Marks), from the town-house of the Abbots of Bury St. Edmunds, afterwards 'granted to Thomas Heneage the father, and Sir Thomas Heneage the son.'[1] Many will look here for the house of 'Mr. Sampson Brass,' which Dickens, as he wrote to Forster, spent a whole morning in selecting, and will find 'the office window, with its threadbare green curtain all awry; its sill just above the two steps which lead from the side-walk to the office door.'

On the north side of this street, before the Dissolution, stood the Hospital of the Brotherhood of St. Augustine Papey. Here the sign of the tavern of 'The Blue Pig,' only very recently removed, was a strange instance of the endurance of the sign of 'The Blue Boar,' the crest of Richard III., who, as Duke of Gloucester, resided close by in Crosby Hall.

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[1] Maitland.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE HEART OF THE CITY.

THE labyrinthine but most busy streets which form the centre of the City of London to the south of the Royal Exchange are filled with objects of interest, though of minor interest, amid which it will be difficult to thread our way, and impossible to keep up any continuous connection of associations. The houses, which have looked down upon so many generations of toilers, are often curious in themselves. The City churches are for the most part dying a slow death; their congregations have ebbed, and will never flow back. Very few are worth visiting for their own sakes, yet almost every one contains some tomb or other fragment which gives it an historic interest. Dickens vividly describes their general aspect, and the kind of thoughts which are awakened by attending service in these queer old churches.

'There is a pale heap of books in the corner of my pew, and while the organ, which is hoarse and sleepy, plays in such fashion that I can hear more of the rusty working of the stops than of any music, I look at the books, which are mostly bound in faded baize and stuff. They belonged, in 1754, to the Dowgate family: and who were they? Jane Comport must have married Young Dowgate, and come into the family that way: Young Dowgate was courting Jane Comport when he gave her her prayer-book, and recorded the presentation in the fly-leaf: if Jane were fond of Young Dowgate, why did she die and leave the book here? Perhaps at the rickety altar, and before the damp Commandments, she, Comport, had taken him, Dowgate, in a flush of youthful hope and joy, and perhaps it had not turned out in the long run as great a success as was expected.

'The opening of the service recalls my wandering thoughts. I then find to my astonishment that I have been, and still am, taking a strong kind of invisible snuff up my nose, into my eyes, and down my throat. I wink, sneeze, and cough. The clerk sneezes; the clergyman winks; the unseen organist sneezes and coughs (and probably winks); all our little party wink, sneeze, and cough. The snuff seems to be made of the decay of matting, wood, cloth, stone, iron, earth, and something else. Is the something else the decay of dead citizens in the vaults below? As sure as Death it is! Not only in the cold damp February day do we cough and sneeze dead citizens all through the service, but dead citizens have got into the very bellows of the organ and half choked the same. We stamp our feet to warm them, and dead citizens arise in heavy clouds. Dead citizens stick upon the walls, and lie pulverised on the sounding-board over the clergyman's head, and when a gust of air comes, tumble down upon him.

. . . . . .

'In the churches about Mark Lane there was a dry whiff of wheat; and I accidentally struck an airy sample of barley out of an aged hassock in one of them. From Rood Lane to Tower Street, and thereabouts, there was often a subtle flavour of wine; sometimes of tea. One church, near Mincing Lane, smelt like a druggist's drawer. Behind the Monument, the service had a flavour

of damaged oranges, which, a little farther down towards the river, tempered into herrings, and gradually toned into a cosmopolitan blast of fish. In one church, the exact counterpart of the church in the "Rake's Progress," where the hero is being married to the horrible old lady, there was no speciality of atmosphere, until the organ shook a perfume of hides all over us from some adjacent warehouse.

'The dark vestries and registries into which I have peeped, and the little hemmed-in churchyards that have echoed to my feet, have left impressions on my memory as distinct and quaint as any it has in that way received. In all those dusty registers that the worms are eating, there is not a line but made some hearts leap, or some tears flow, in their day. Still and dry now, still and dry! and the old tree at the window, with no room for its branches, has seen them all out. So with the tomb of the old Master of the old Company, on which it drips. His son restored it and died, his daughter restored it and died, and then he had been remembered long enough, and the tree took possession of him, and his name cracked out.'—*The Uncommercial Traveller.*

The great new street which leads out of St. Paul's Churchyard to the S.W. is **Cannon Street**, originally Candlewick Street, the head-quarters of the wax-chandlers, who flourished by Roman Catholicism. In the formation of the new street many old buildings were destroyed, the most interesting being Gerard's (Gisor's ?) Hall in Basing Lane, with a noble crypt, probably built by Sir John Gisors, Mayor in 1245, in which a gigantic fir-pole was shown as the staff of 'Gerard the Giant.' The figure of the giant, which adorned the outside of the house, is now in the museum of the Guildhall. **Distaff Lane**, near the entrance of Cannon Street on the right, leads to Knightrider Street, which contains the **Church of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey**, 1677, the first church finished by Wren after the Fire, which has a square tower and lead-covered spire of unusual design, and contains much good carving. In the same street stood the **Church of St. Mary Magdalen**, which existed in the XII. c., was burnt in the Great Fire, rebuilt in good proportions by Wren, and united with St. Gregory, which had occupied part of the site of St. Paul's. Advantage was taken of its having been injured by fire in December 1886 (though the tower was quite uninjured) to pull the church down. R. H. Barham, author of the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' who was twenty years its rector, was buried there. In the vestibule was the brass of Thomas Berrie, Merchant of the Staple (rescued from the old church), with the date 1586, and the inscription—

'In God the Lord put all your trust,
Repent your former wicked waies,
Elizabeth, our queen most just,
Bless her, O Lord, in all her daies.
So, Lord, increase good counsellours
And preachers of His holy word;
Mislike of all papists desires—
Oh Lord, cut them off with thy sword.
How small soever the gift shall bee,
Thank God for him who gave it thee:
XII. penie loaves to XII. poor foulkes
Give, every Sabbath day for aye.'

As a monument saved from a church burnt in the Great Fire this deserves notice.

On **Fish Street Hill**, formerly Labour-in-Vain Hill, the Church of

St. Mary Mount Haw occupied the site of a palace and chapel which belonged to the Bishops of Hereford in 1517.

Knightrider Street is supposed to derive its name from the procession of Knights riding from Tower Royal to tournaments in Smithfield. No. 5, marked by the arms of the College of Physicians, was the house of the great physician Linacre, bequeathed by him to the College.

The Church of St. Nicholas looks down upon the great modern Queen Victoria Street, as also does **St. Andrew by the Wardrobe** (formerly St. Andrew juxta Baynards Castle), built by Wren, 1691-92, in place of a church destroyed in the Fire. It contains a monument by *Bacon* to the Rev. William Romaine, 1795.

Returning to Cannon Street, we find it crossed by **Bread Street,** so called from the market in which bakers of Bromley and Stratford-le-Bow were forced to sell their bread before the end of the reign of Edward I., being forbidden to sell it in their houses. On the right is **St. Mildred's, Bread Street,** one of Wren's rebuildings, dedicated to a Saxon princess who was abbess of Minster. It is poor externally, but has an elegantly supported central flattened dome above four great semicircular arches, formerly decorated with four cherubim. The internal arrangements have never been spoilt by so-called restoration. The richly carved hexagonal pulpit is attributed to Grinling Gibbons. An interesting monument commemorates Sir Nicholas Crisp, the indefatigable agent of Charles I., who at one time would wait for information at the water's edge dressed as a porter, with a basket of fish on his head, and at another would disguise himself as a butter-woman, and, mounted between two panniers, carry his news out of London. His epitaph tells how 'Sir Nicholas Crisp, anciently inhabitant in this parish and a great benefactor to it, was the old faithful servant to King Charles I. and King Charles II., for whom he suffered very much, and lost above £100,000 in their service, but this was repaid in some measure by King Charles II.' The poet Shelley was married to Mary Godwin in this church, December 30, 1816. The destruction of St. Mildred's is threatened (1894).

In Bread Street, at the sign of the 'Spread Eagle,' the armorial ensign of his family, John Milton was born, December 9, 1608, being the son of a scrivener. His birthplace was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, before he had become famous by the publication of 'Paradise Lost.' The poet was baptized in the old **Church of All Hallows** at the corner of Bread Street and Watling Street. It was destroyed in the Fire, but rebuilt by Wren. The second church, which had a handsome and characteristic tower, was condemned to destruction in 1877, the same year which witnessed the demolition of the house in Petty France, which was the last remaining of Milton's many London homes. In the register of All Hallows his baptism was recorded, and he was commemorated on the church wall towards Watling Street in the inscription (moved to the outer wall of Bow Church, Cheapside), which City waggoners often lingered to decipher—

'Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn,
The first in loftiness of thought surpast,
The next in majesty—in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go:
To make a third, she joined the former two.'[1]

'John Milton was born in Bread Street on
Friday the 9th day of December, 1608,
And was baptized in the parish church of
Allhallows, Bread Street, on Tuesday the
20th day of December, 1608.'

In the old church was buried Alderman Richard Reed, who refused to pay his contribution to the Northern wars of Henry VIII., and was sent down to serve as a soldier at his own cost, that, 'as he could not find it in his heart to disburse a little quantity of his substance, he might do some service for his country with his body, whereby he might be somewhat instructed of the difference between the sitting quietly in his house and the travail and danger which others daily do sustain, whereby he hath hitherto been maintained in the same.' He was taken prisoner by the Scotch and obliged to purchase his ransom for a large sum. In the vestry of the later church was a monumental tablet inscribed 'In memory of the Rev. W. Lawrence Saunders, M.A., Rector of All Hallows, who, for sermons here preached in defence of the doctrines of the Reformation of the Church of England from the corruptions of the Church of Rome, suffered martyrdom in ye third of Queen Mary, being burned at Coventry, February ye 8th, 1555.' John Howe, the eminent Nonconformist divine, author of 'The Living Temple,' 'The Blessedness of the Righteous,' &c., was buried here in 1705. Some of the fine oak carving from All Hallows is preserved at St. Mary-le-Bow.

Watling Street—so called from the Saxon word Atheling, *noble*—is part of the old Roman road from London to Dover. As we look down it, we see one of the most picturesque views in the City. In this street was 'the Shunamite's House' for the entertainment of the preachers at Paul's Cross. Hooker married Joan Churchman, daughter of the woman who had the care of it. The tower on the right of the street belongs to Wren's restoration of the **Church of St. Augustine**, formerly called 'Ecclesia Sancti Augustini ad Portam' from its position at the south-east gate of the precincts of St. Paul's, one of the six gates by which the old cathedral was approached. 'Here,' says Strype, 'the fraternity met on the eve of St. Austin, and in the morning at High Mass, when every brother offered a penny and was ready afterwards either to eat or to revel as the master and wardens directed.' Beyond rises the great dome, 'huge and dusky, with here and there a space on its vast form where the original whiteness of the marble comes out like a streak of moonshine amid the blackness with which time has made it grander than it was in its newness.'[2]

The **Church of St. Mary Aldermary**, or St. Mary the Elder, in Bow

[1] Dryden. [2] Hawthorne.

Lane (right), which crosses Watling Street to the east, occupies the site of the first church dedicated to the Virgin in the City. The present building (restored 1876–77) is gothic (Perpendicular), in spite of its being one of Wren's restorations (in 1681), for he was forced by a bequest of £5000 in aid of the rebuilding to make the new church a copy of its predecessor, which had been built *c.* 1510 by Sir Henry Kebyll, a grocer, Lord Mayor in 1510, called in his epitaph in the old building—

'A famous worthy wight,
Which did this Aldermarie Church erect and set upright.'

The monuments from St. Antholin's have been placed in the tower. Stow says that 'Richard Chawcer, Vintner, gave to this church his tenement and tavern, with the appurtenance, in the Royal Street, the corner of Kerion Lane, and was there buried, 1348;' this was the father of Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet. Milton was married here to his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull.

St. Pancras Lane, on the left of Watling Street, leads to a quiet little churchyard, where, an inscription says, 'Before ye dreadful fire anno 1666, stood ye church of St. Benet, Sherehog.' This name was a strange corruption through Shrog and Shorehog, from Benedict Shorne, a fishmonger, by whom it was restored in the reign of Edward II. Originally the church, one of the earliest dedications in London, was St. Osyth, commemorating the mother of Offa of Essex, who died a monk at Rome.

Tower Royal (on the left of Cannon Street) now marks the site of an old royal palace, inhabited by King Stephen and restored by Queen Philippa, after which it was known as the 'Queen's Wardrobe.' It was here that the Fair Maid of Kent, widow of the Black Prince, was living during the Wat Tyler invasion, when the rebels terrified her by breaking in, and piercing her bed with their swords, but—

'King Richard, having in Smithfield overcome and dispersed the rebels, he, his lords, and all his company entered the City of London with great joy, and went to the lady princess his mother, who was then lodged in the Tower Royal, called the Queen's Wardrobe, where she had remained three days and two nights right sore abashed. But when she saw the king her son, she was greatly rejoiced, and said, "Ah! son, what great sorrow have I suffered for you this day!" The king answered and said, "Certainly, madam, I know it well, but now rejoice, and thank God, for I have this day recovered mine heritage, and the realm of England, which I had near-hand lost."'—*Stow.*

Riley derives the name of Tower Royal from a street built in the thirteenth century by merchants of the Vintry, who imported wine from the town of La Réole, near Bordeaux. The 'great house' of Tower Royal was granted to the first Duke of Norfolk—'Jocky of Norfolk'—by Richard III. It afterwards became a 'stable for the king's horses,' and was gradually destroyed.

On the left, between the end of Watling Street and Budge Row, so called from sellers of Budge (lamb-skin) fur, was St. Antholin's or

St. Anthony's, one of Wren's churches, destroyed by the vandalism of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in 1876, when the splendid fittings of the church were sold by auction, and its site built over. Great intercession was vainly made for the preservation of the tower, built 1685–88, which was a noble work of the great City architect, was important as the only simple stone spire which he built, and might have been the greatest ornament to the new street and utilised as a clock-tower a hundred and fifty feet high. It only occupied forty-four square yards, and in no way interfered with the traffic; but the impossibility of doing without the rent of this space in the most richly endowed square mile of the whole territory of the Church was considered a sufficient excuse for its destruction! The Commissioners from the Church of Scotland to King Charles I. in 1640 were lodged close by St. Antholin's, with a gallery opening from their house into the church, where their own chaplains preached, of whom Alexander Henderson was the chief. 'To hear these sermons,' says Clarendon, 'there was so great a conflux and resort by the citizens, out of humour and faction, by others of all qualities, part of curiosity, by some that they might the better justify the contempt they had of them, that from the first appearance of day in the morning of every Sunday to the shutting in of the light, the church was never empty; they (especially the women) who had the happiness to get into the church in the morning (they who could not, hung upon or about the windows without, to be auditors or spectators) keeping the places till the afternoon exercises were finished.'[1] St. Antholine's, says Dugdale, was from its 'Morning Lectures,' 'the grand nursery whence most of the Seditious Preachers were after sent abroad throughout all England to poyson the people with their anti-monarchical principles.'[2] The Puritanical piety of St. Antholin's is much ridiculed by contemporary poets.

Facing Cannon Street, opposite the Railway Station (which occupies the site of the south-western bastion of the Roman wall), is the **Church of St. Swithin**, rebuilt by Wren, in the Roman renaissance style. It had a fine domed ceiling, but was remodelled as a mongrel gothic church in 1869. The fine mace-stand of 1710 has been turned with its face to the wall! In the old church Dryden was married to Lady Elizabeth Howard, December 1, 1663. Michael Godfrey, one of the founders of the Bank of England, is buried in the church. He was killed by a French cannon-ball at the siege of Namur, at the feet of William III., who had just remonstrated with him for being led by curiosity to such a point of danger. His epitaph describes him as 'a batchelour much lamented by all his friends.' Early matins (6.30 A.M.) is celebrated in this church.

Built into this church, facing the Station, is the famous **London Stone**, now encased in masonry, and only visible through a circular opening with an iron grille. It is supposed by Camden to have

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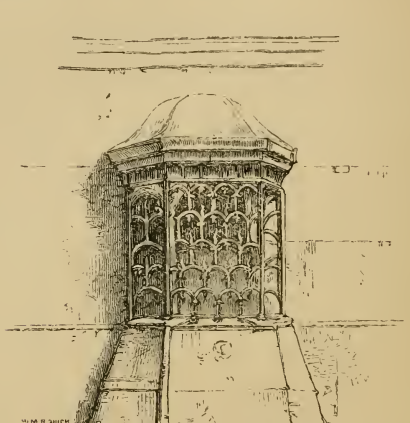
[1] Clarendon's *Hist. of the Rebellion*, ed. 1826, i. 331.
[2] Dugdale's *Troubles in England*, fol. 1681, p. 37.

been a Roman milliarium—the central mark whence all the great Roman roads radiated over England, and answering to the Golden Milestone in the Forum at Rome. It is probably now a mere fragment of its former self. Stow says, speaking of Walbrook—

'On the south side of this high street, neere unto the channell, is pitched upright a great stone, called London Stone, fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and otherwise so stronglie set, that if cartes do runne against it through negligence, the wheeles be broken, and the stone itselfe



LONDON STONE.

unshaken. The cause why this stone was there set, the verie time when, or other memory hereof, is there none; but that the same hath long continued there, is manifest, namely since, or rather before, the time of the Conquest. For in the end of a fayre written Gospell booke, given to Christes Church in Canterburie, by Ethelstane, King of the West Saxons,[1] I find noted of lands or rents in London, belonging to the said Church, whereof one parcel is described to lye near unto *London Stone*. Of later time we read that, in the year of Christ 1135, the 1st of King Stephen, a fire which began in the house of one Ailwarde, neare unto *London Stone*, consumed all east to Ealdgate . . . and those be the eldest notes that I read thereof.'

London Stone seems to have been looked upon as a kind of palladium in London, as the Coronation Stone was in Scotland. As such,

[1] This MS. is now in Lambeth Library.

the adventurous Kentish rebel, Jack Cade, seems to have regarded it; for when, in 1450, in the time of Henry VI., he entered London with royal honours, calling himself John Mortimer, it was straight to London Stone that he rode, and, striking upon it with his sword, cried, 'Now is Mortimer lord of the City.' Shakspeare makes him say—

'Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.'—*Henry VI.*, pt. ii. act iv. sc. 6.

Dryden alludes to this in his fable of 'The Cock and the Fox'—

'The bees in arms
Drive headlong from the waxen cells in swarms.
Jack Straw at London Stone, with all his rout,
Struck not the city with so loud a shout.'

The brick church of **St. Mary Abchurch** (from Up-church, being on rising ground), finished in 1686, is externally one of Wren's ugliest rebuildings, but internally of peculiar and beautiful design. Its cupola, painted by *Sir James Thornhill*, is supported by eight arches and pendentives. The altar-piece is an exquisite work of *Gibbons*, and the font cover a fine piece of renaissance work. Here are monuments to Sir Patience Ward (1696), the Lord Mayor at the time the Monument was built (of whom the Merchant Taylors' Company have a fine portrait); Edward Sherwood, 1690; and Alderman Perchard. In Crooked Lane, at the end of Cannon Street on the right, was St. Michael's Church (now destroyed), where Sir William Walworth, who slew Wat Tyler, was buried, with the epitaph—

'Here under lyeth a mon of fame,
William Walworth called by name.
Fishmonger he was in lyff time here,
And twise Lord Maior, as in bookes appere,
Who with courage stout and manly myght
Slew Jack Straw in King Richard's syght.
For which act done and trew content,
The kyng made him knyght incontinent,
And gave hym armes, as here you see,
To declare his fact and chivalrie.
He left this lyff the yere of our God,
Thirteen hundred fourscore and three odd.'

Cannon Street joins King William Street opposite the statue of William IV. Behind the junction of King William Street and Grace Church Street is the **Church of St. Clement, Eastcheap**, one of Wren's restorations. In the old church Bishop Pearson (*ob.* 1686) was rector. His exposition of the Creed is dedicated 'to the right worshipful and well-beloved the parishioners of St. Clement's Eastcheap.' The Wrenian interest of the church has been restored away under Butterfield. On the west wall is a press for a dole of bread. There are chained books—'books in chains'—in this church.

The greater part of Eastcheap is now swallowed up by King William Street. It was once the especial mart of the Butchers, afterwards removed to Leadenhall.

'Then I hyed me into Est-Chepe,
One cryes rybbs of befe, and many a pye;
Pewter pottes they clattered on a heape,
But for lacke of money I myght not spede.'
John Lydgate's London Lyckpenny.

Here was the famous tavern of the 'Boar's Head,' immortalised by Shakspeare, burnt in the Fire, rebuilt, and finally destroyed in 1831; William IV.'s statue (by Samuel Nixon, 1844) marks its site. Washington Irving describes his vain search for the tavern, but narrates that he saw at the 'Mason's Arms,' in Miles Lane, a snuff-box presented to the Vestry Meetings at the Boar's Head Tavern in 1767, with a representation of the tavern on the lid, and a goblet from the tavern,[1] which he fondly believed was the 'parcel-gilt' goblet on which Falstaff made his loving but faithless vow to Dame Quickly.

Grace Church Street takes its name from the Church of St. Benet (called 'Grass Church' from the adjoining hay-market), discreditably demolished in 1867. Its interior was exceedingly rich, and contained one of the numerous monuments of Queen Elizabeth, inscribed—

'Britain's blessing, England's splendor,
Religion's nurse, the Faith's defender:
Spain's rod, Rome's ruin, Netherland's relief,
Heaven's gem, Earth's joy, World's wonder, Nature's chief.'

The name of the street was formerly written 'Gracious Street.' In White Hart Court, opening from this street, was the Quakers' Meeting-House in which George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, preached two days before his death; and in the house of Henry Goldney in the same court he died, in 1690.

Leaving the 'Monument' for the present, we must now make an inner circle, and turn up the broad new **King William Street** nearly as far as the Mansion-House.

Here (on the right), in the junction of King William Street and Lombard Street, is the grotesque **Church of St. Mary Woolnoth,**[2] designed in 1716 by Nicholas Hawksmoor, the 'domestic clerk' of Sir Christopher Wren, who was the architect of much of Queen's and All-Souls Colleges at Oxford. The niches and windows at the sides are tolerably bold imitations of fifteenth-century Italian work. The interior is quadrangular, and had odd wooden decorations against the walls, and gaudily painted pillars, but was remodelled and utterly spoilt in 1876. Over the entrance hang the helmet, gloves, sword, spurs, and coat of Sir Martin Bowes, Lord Mayor in 1545, whose portrait is at the Goldsmiths' Hall. The fine old organ is by 'Father Smith.' Against the north wall is a monument to John Newton, the friend of Cowper, author of the 'Cardiphonia' and 'Omicron,' and of many of the 'Olney Hymns.' He was for twenty-eight years rector of this parish, where he died, December 21, 1807. The tablet is inscribed with an epitaph from his own pen :—

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1 The supposed goblet from the tavern is said to have been a sacramental cup from St. Michael's Church.

2 Probably from the Anglo-Saxon *Wulf-noth*. In a deed of 1191 the church is described as Wlnstmaricherche. See the *Athenæum*, March 31, 1888.

'John Newton, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy.'

'I remember, when a lad of about fifteen, being taken by my uncle to hear the well-known Mr. Newton (the friend of Cowper the poet) preach his wife's funeral sermon in the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, in Lombard Street. Newton was then well stricken in years, with a tremulous voice, and in the costume of the full-bottomed wig of the day. He had, and always had, the entire possession of the ear of his congregation. He spoke at first feebly and leisurely, but as he warmed, his ideas and his periods seemed mutually to enlarge: the tears trickled down his cheeks, and his action and expression were at times quite out of the ordinary course of things. It was as the "mens agitans molem et magno se corpore miscens." In fact, the preacher was *one* with his *discourse*. To this day I have not forgotten his text, Hab. iii. 17, 18, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Newton always preached extemporaneous.'—*Dibdin's Reminiscences of a Literary Life.*

The remains of John Newton and his wife, ejected from St. Mary Woolnoth in 1893, were removed to Olney, where he had been sixteen years curate, and where a monument has been erected to him.

In the earlier church of St. Mary Woolnoth was buried (1695) Sir William Phipps, who from a shepherd-boy rose by his own unaided exertions to be governor of New England, and founder of the great family of Phipps, Earls of Mulgrave and Marquises of Normanby. He was one of twenty-six brothers and sisters, but his line was continued by his adopted son, a nephew of his wife, who took the name of Constantine Phipps.

Let us now turn down **Lombard Street**—the street of Bankers, which derived its name from the Italian merchants, and of whom there is a relic in the form *£ s. d.*—lire, scellini, denari, who frequented it before the reign of Edward II. Jane Shore, the beloved of Edward IV., was, according to the ballad, the wife of a goldsmith in this street. Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital, was a bookseller here; and here, where his father was a linen-draper, the poet Pope was born in 1688 amongst the merchants and money-makers. At No. 68 was Sir Thomas Gresham's banking office and goldsmith's shop, once surmounted by his 'sign,' a huge gilt grasshopper. On the right, Nicholas Lane leads by the churchyard of St. Nicholas Acon, never rebuilt after the Great Fire. On the left is the well-attended **Church of St. Edmund**, the English king and martyr. It is one of Wren's restorations. Its stately tower has a concave spire, a very graceful feature. The interior has much admirable carving of Wrenian date. In the old church on this site was buried John Shute (1563), who published one of the first English architectural works—'The first and Chiefe Groundes of Architecture.' Opposite this church a court till lately led to a Quaker's Meeting-House, where Penn and Fox frequently preached. **Birchin Lane** (left) was formerly Birchover Lane, from its builder. In **Clement's Lane** (right) the quaint sign of 'The Three Foxes' existed till the house it adorned (No. 6) was let to three lawyers, who felt it personal and had it plastered over.

On the left of Lombard Street is another work of Wren, the **Church of All Hallows, Lombard Street**, which now also serves for the parishes of St. Benet Grace Church, and St. Leonard, Eastcheap. The church is of Saxon foundation and is mentioned in records of 1053. It is now called 'the Invisible Church,' so completely is it concealed by houses, and this is no loss. The interest of the interior is chiefly restored away: there is some good woodcarving: the church has chained books, and the oak reredos is the best in the city. The younger boys in Christ's Hospital attended service here on Good Friday, and afterwards received sixty new pennies and sixty packets of raisins, in accordance with 'William Pitt's Bequest,' dated 1692.

From Lombard Street, **Fenchurch Street** (*Foin* church, from an ancient hay-market) leads to Aldgate; it is sometimes said to take its name from the fenny ground caused by the overflowings of the Lang Bourne, a clear brook of sweet water which ran down Fen Church Street and Lombard Street as far as St. Mary Woolnoth, where it broke into several small rills which flowed southward to the Thames. Many of the buildings in this street bear a date immediately after the Great Fire, in which the older houses were consumed. Pepys saw 'Fanchurch Street, Gracious Street, and Lombard Street all in dust.' At the corner of **Lime Street** (so called from the lime-burners — the neighbouring **Coleman Street** and **Seacoal Lane** having the same origin) was the church of St. Dionis (St. Denys Backchurch), a good work of Wren, wantonly destroyed in 1878, with the want of respect for all memorials of a really great architect which characterises the present century. The second name of this church indicated its position: its fine marble altar-steps were given by Sir Thomas Cullum. St. Gabriel (of which no trace remains), standing close by, was called 'Fore-church,' from its position in the centre of Fenchurch Street. St. Dionis contained the monument of Sir Arthur Ingram, 1681, from whom Ingram Court, which we have just passed on the left, derives its name; and in the vestry were preserved four specimens of the earliest type of fire-engines — large syringes, three feet long, fastened by straps round the body of the man who worked them. The **Pewterers' Hall** in Lime Street (No. 15) contains a curious portrait of William Smallwood, Master of the Company in the time of Henry VII.

On the right of Fenchurch Street, **Philpot Lane** records its ownership by Sir John Philpot, grocer and mayor under Richard II. Hard by **Rood Lane**, the next turn on the right, ends very picturesquely in the **Church of St. Margaret Pattens**, rebuilt by Wren, and so named 'because of old pattens were there usually made and sold.'[1] The church has a beautifully proportioned N.W. tower and spire, and contains a good deal of handsome carving, but was renovated 1879. Two rich canopied pews at the west end are characteristic of Wren. The mace-holder is a fine specimen of old iron-work. Dr. Thomas Birch (*ob.* 1766), author of the 'General

[1] Stow.

Dictionary,' 'Memoirs of the Reign of Elizabeth,' &c., was rector of this church and was buried in the chancel. The church is threatened with destruction. Rood Lane takes its name from the rood which stood in or near this church, especially endowed by the Pope with indulgences, but broken to pieces by night in May 1538 and its tabernacle destroyed.

Mincing Lane (right) is named from houses which belonged to the Minchuns or nuns of St. Helen's. Near the entrance of the lane, on the left, an iron gate is the entrance to the **Hall of Cloth-**

ALL HALLOWS STAINING.

workers' Company (by Angell, 1857). The badge of the Company is a ram. About a hundred and ten poor men and the same number of women are clothed throughout by this Company, and receive a guinea each after attending a service at one of the neighbouring churches on the 16th of May. The Hall is very handsome, with stained windows and curious gilt statues of James I. and Charles I., saved from the Great Fire. Amongst the plate is the 'Pepys Cup,' presented in 1678 by Samuel Pepys, who was a member of the Company. The cash-books of the Company exist, 'brought forward,' from 1480. The

garden of the Company is formed by the **Churchyard of All Hallows Staining**, in which most of the tombs have been ruthlessly buried under the shrubs and gravel. Elizabeth is said to have attended a thanksgiving service here on the day of her deliverance from the Tower, before dining at the 'Queen's Head.' The church was demolished in 1870, its monuments removed to St. Olave, Hart Street, and the churchyard ruined by gravel and silly rockwork, but the fine old tower, which escaped the Fire, remains. All Hallows Staining claimed to be the earliest stone church in the City.

To this churchyard has been removed a fragment of the beautiful **Crypt of the Hermitage of St. James in the Wall**, which was pulled down in 1874, when the chapel built above it by William Lambe the Clothworker (1495–1580) was removed from Cripplegate to Islington. It has low Norman arches with zigzag moulding.

Returning to Fenchurch Street, on the left is the **Elephant Tavern**, rebuilt in 1826, on the site of a tavern which was of great interest, because, being a massive house built of solid stone, it alone resisted the Great Fire, and the flames, which tore swiftly through the timber buildings of this part of London, left it standing smoke-begrimed and flame-blackened, but sufficiently uninjured to give shelter to numbers of the homeless inhabitants of the 13,200 houses which were swept away. William Hogart, who afterwards changed his name to Hogarth, came to lodge in this house in 1697, soon after the death of his father, who kept a small school in the Old Bailey, and here for a long time he earned a hand-to-mouth subsistence by selling his engravings on copper. 'I remember the time,' he says, 'when I have gone moping into the City with scarce a shilling, but as soon as I have obtained two guineas for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied forth again with all the confidence of a man with thousands in his pockets.' Sometimes, however, the plates accumulated unsold till the artist was glad to sell them at half-a-crown the pound to Mr. Bowles of the 'Black Horse' at Cornhill. It was in 1727, while he was living here, that Hogarth made a tapestry design for Morris the upholsterer, for which he was refused payment, and vainly sued for it in the Courts. It is believed that this loss induced him to run so far into debt with his landlord that he consented to wipe off the score with his brush by caricaturing on the wall of the Elephant taproom the parochial authorities who had insulted his landlord by removing the scene of their annual orgie to a tavern (Henry the Eighth's Head) opposite, and insulted himself by omitting to send his accustomed invitation. The famous picture of 'Modern Midnight Conversation' was the result, in which every phase of riotry and intoxication was represented,[1] and which delighted the landlord by attracting half London to his house. The host of the 'Elephant' was only too glad to obliterate a second score for the picture of the 'Hudson's Bay Company Porters going to Dinner,' in which Fenchurch Street, as it then was, was represented

1 Orator Henley, the famous but eccentric and profligate preacher, who was the 'orator of brazen face and lungs' of Pope's *Dunciad*, was introduced here.

and to these greater pictures the paintings of Harlequin and Pierrot, and of Harlow Bush Fair, were afterwards added, so that the Elephant became a little gallery of the best works of Hogarth.[1]

The next house is the **Hall of the Ironmongers' Company**, which received its charter from Edward IV. in 1462. At the foot of the staircase is an ancient wooden statue of St. Laurence, their patron saint, and an ostrich, the bird which digests iron. Their picturesque **Hall** is hung with pictures and banners, and decorated with the arms of the Masters. The portraits include—

Izaak Walton, the angler.
Sir Robert Geffery, founder of almshouses in Whitechapel.
Thomas Betton, who, dying in 1723, left 20,000 guineas, half the interest of which was to be applied to the redemption of Christian slaves taken by pirates. The bequest has of late years enormously increased in value, a portion of the building land purchased for £9000 having been sold for £87,000. In 1847 the Company got a scheme passed by which the freemen and widows of the Company obtained a share of the income of the bequest, as well as 800 National Schools in England and Wales.
Admiral Lord Hood, a noble portrait by *Gainsborough*, presented by Hood on his admission to the Company.
Lord Exmouth, by *Sir W. Beechey*.
On a window is a representation in stained glass of Sir Christopher Draper, Lord Mayor, 1639.

The chief property of the Ironmongers is in that part of Ireland to which the large estates held by the City Companies have given the name of Londonderry.

No. 53, on the opposite side of Fenchurch Street, was the Queen's Head Tavern, pulled down in 1876. In it were preserved the metal dish and cover used by the Princess Elizabeth when she dined here on pork and peas upon her release from the Tower in 1554. The modern building, erected on the site of the old tavern, bears a commemorative statue of Elizabeth. On the right, on the left of Church Row, is the **Church of St. Catherine Coleman**, occupying the site of an ancient garden called Coleman Haw. It escaped the Fire, but was rebuilt 1734. Its little churchyard is a garden.

Mark Lane (right) is one of the busiest streets in London. It was originally 'Mart Lane, from the privilege of fair accorded by Edward I. to Sir Thomas Ros of Hamlake, whose manor of Blanch Appleton became corrupted into Blind Chapel Court.'[2] In the reign of Edward IV. basket-makers, vine-dressers, and other foreigners were permitted to have shops in the manor of Blanch Appleton, and nowhere else in the City.

Descending Mark Lane, we find, on the left, **Hart Street**, where (four doors from Mark Lane) stood the richly ornamented timber house called 'Whittington's Palace,' where, with the same generosity shown by the Fuggers at Augsburg, the princely Lord Mayor burnt the royal bond for a debt of £60,000 when Henry V. and his

[1] See *The Builder*, Sept. 11, 1875.
[2] *Edinburgh Review*, No. 267.

queen came to dine with him. 'Surely never had king such a subject,' Henry is said to have exclaimed, when Whittington replied, 'Surely, sire, never had subject such a king.'

The interesting **Church of St. Olave, Hart Street,** is dedicated to a Norwegian who came to England and fought on behalf of Ethelred I. against the Danes. Being afterwards himself made king of Norway, he became a Christian, which irritated his subjects, who invited Canute to supplant him, by whom he was driven from his throne, and in 1033 was defeated and killed at Stiklestadt, near Drontheim. Several churches were dedicated to him in England and three in London, on account of the assistance he had given to the Saxons against the Danes. This church[1] escaped the Great Fire, and is full of interest. It is the 'our owne church' so frequently mentioned in his Diary by Samuel Pepys, whose parish church it was, and who was buried here (1703), beside his wife and his brother Tom (1664), 'just under my mother's pew.' The interior is highly picturesque, and its monuments and relics of old ironwork have been respected in its 'restoration' under Blomfield, though the fine old pews have been exchanged for open seats, and the usual folly of shiny tiles is introduced. Making the round of the building from the left, we see—

The Tomb of *Sir Andrew Riccard*, Turkey merchant and Chairman of the East India Company, 1672.

Monument to *Sir John Radcliffe*, son of Robert, Earl of Sussex, 1568.

Half-figure of *Peter Turner*, 1614, son of the Herbalist.

Inscription to *William Turner*, author of the first English Herbal, 1568.

'The fore-mentioned William Turner, father of Peter, was an antient gospeller, contemporary, fellow-collegian, and friend to Bishop Ridley, the martyr. He was doctor of physic in King Edward the Sixth's days, and domestic physician to the Duke of Somerset, Protector to that king; he was also a divine and preacher, and wrote several books against the errors of Rome; and was preferred by King Edward to be Dean of Wells; and, being an exile under Queen Mary the First, returned home upon her death, and enjoyed his deanery again. He was the first that, by great labour and travel into Germany, Italy, and other foreign parts, put forth an Herbal in English, anno 1568, the groundwork of Gerard's Herbal and then lived in Crutched Friars, from which he dated his epistle dedicatory of that book to the queen.'—*Strype.*

'Dr. Turner's Book of Herbs will always grow green, and never wither as long as Dioscorides is held in mind by us mortal wights.'—*Dr. Bulleyn.*

Kneeling Effigy of the Florentine merchant, *Pietro Capponi*, 1582.

Two curious Monuments (delightful in colour) of *Andrew Bayninge*, 1610, and *Paul Bayninge*, 1616, Aldermen, with an epitaph which tells how—

> 'The happy summe and end of their affaires
> Provided well both for their soules and heires.'

Above the tombs of these brothers is the Bust of the foolish beauty with whose little affectations and jealousies we are so singularly well acquainted—the *wife of Samuel Pepys.* The memorial Bust and Monument of her husband opposite were erected in 1884.

(*Right of altar.*) The admirable figure, beautiful in profile, of *Dame Anne Radcliffe*, 1585.

The Monument of *Sir John Mennys*, 1671, the witty Comptroller of the Navy under Charles II., who wrote some of the best poems in the 'Musarum Deliciae.'

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[1] A placard on the church states where the keys are to be found.

This is the Sir John Minnes mentioned in Pepys' Diary of June 6, 1666, when he says, 'To our own church, it being the common Fast-day, and it was just before sermon; but, Lord! how all the people in the church did stare upon me, to see me whisper [the news of the victory over the Dutch] to Sir John Minnes and my Lady Pen! Anon I saw people stirring and whispering below; and by and by comes up the sexton from my Lady Ford, to tell me the news, which I had brought being now sent into the church by Sir W. Batten in writing, and passed from pew to pew.'

(*South aisle.*) The curious Brass, much mutilated, of *Sir Richard Haddon*, Lord Mayor in 1506, and his family.

THE GATE OF THE DEAD, SEETHING LANE.

The Brass of *John Orgone* and his wife *Ellyne*, 1684, with the inscription—

'As I was, so be ye;
As I am, you shall be;
That I gave, that I have;
That I spent, that I had;
Thus I ende all my coste,
That I lefte, that I loste.'

Admirable Jacobean Monument of Sir J. Deane, 1608, with his wives and children.

Devereux, Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary general, was baptized in this church, 1591, by Lancelot Andrewes, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. The churchyard was one of those used for burial during the plague, a fact commemorated in the skulls over its picturesque and grimy gateway, which is surmounted by a curious *chevaux-de-frise* of ancient ironwork. Pepys, writing on January 30, 1665–6, says—

'Home, finding the towne keeping the day solemnly, it being the day of the king's murther; and they being at church, I presently into the church, and a dull sermon of our young Lecturer, too bad. This is the first time I have been in this church since I left London for the Plague; and it frighted me indeed to go through the church, more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyard where people have been buried of the Plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while.'

The gateway looks out upon **Seething Lane**, where Pepys lived as Clerk of the Acts, being here during the Great Fire, which this street escaped. Sir Francis Walsingham and his son-in-law, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, lived here in a house built by Sir John Allen, Lord Mayor in the time of Henry VIII., and here Walsingham died in 1590.

The Convent of Crossed or Crouched Friars (Fratres Sanctae Crucis) in Hart Street, founded by Ralph Hosiar and William Sabernes in 1298, has given a name to the neighbouring street of **Crutched Friars**. Here, in Cooper's Row, were Sir John Milborne's Almshouses (lately removed to Seven Sisters Road, Holloway), built in 1535, in honour of God and of the Virgin, where, having strangely survived Puritan iconoclasm, a relief of the Assumption of the Virgin remained to the last over the entrance gate. Near this was an early Northumberland House, inhabited by the second Earl of Northumberland, who was slain at the battle of St. Alban's, and his son the third Earl, who fell, sword in hand, at the battle of Towton. In Crutched Friars are the vast buildings of the East India Docks Indigo Warehouse.

'The first making of Venice-glasses in England began at the Crotchet Friers in London, about the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by one Jacob Venaline, an Italian.'—*T. Fuller*, '*The Worthies of England*.'

Returning to Fenchurch Street, we pass, on the left, **Billiter Lane**, formerly 'Bell-yeter Lane,' from the bell-founders (bell-setters), though Stow says it was formerly 'Belzettars Lane, so called of the first owner and builder thereof.' Fenchurch Street leads into Aldgate High Street, where **Aldgate Pump** occupies the site of a famous well dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel. Close by stood a little Chapel of St. Michael, which belonged to the neighbouring monastery of the Holy Trinity, where wayfarers to the eastern counties sought the divine protection for their journey. The chapel is destroyed, but its beautiful *Crypt* still exists beneath the pavement of Aldgate, though the approaches to it have been recently blocked up.

Aldgate was one of the great gates of the City, and the chief outlet to the eastern counties from the time of the Romans to its

destruction in 1760. Its antiquity is shown in the name of Aeld or Old gate. It was rebuilt, in the reign of John, by the Barons, with money taken from the coffers of the monks, and stone from the houses of the Jews, for they feared that others might not experience more difficulty than they had done themselves in entering the City on this side. The dwelling-house above the gate was leased by the Corporation in 1374 (48 Edward III.) to the poet Chaucer for life, though he was not allowed to under-let any portion of the building to others. In 1471 Aldgate was attacked by Thomas Nevill, the 'Bastard of Falconbergh,' who succeeded in effecting an entrance, but, the portcullis being let down, was surrounded and slain with his men. In 1553 Aldgate was hung from the top to the

IN ALDGATE, 1878.

bottom with streamers to welcome Mary I. as she entered London in triumph after the fall of the partisans of Lady Jane Grey. The gate built by the Barons was pulled down in 1606 and another erected in 1609. This last Aldgate bore on its east side a gilded statue of James I., with a lion and unicorn chained at his feet, and on the west side gilded statues of Peace, Fortune, and Charity. It was used after the Fire for the prisoners who had been lodged in the Poultry Compter.

The name of **Nightingale Lane**, just outside the site of Aldgate, is possibly an odd corruption of 'Knighten Guild Lane,' commemorating the district which Stow describes as 'a certain portion of land on the east part of the City, left desolate and forsaken by the

inhabitants, by reason of too much servitude,' which was given by King Edgar to 'thirteen knights or soldiers well-beloved, for service by them done,' and was formed by them into the liberty called Knighten Guild, which still exists as **Portsoken** (soke of the gate) **Ward.**

Stow, the antiquary, lived in Aldgate, and here witnessed the death of the Bailiff of Romford, 'a man very well-beloved,' who was executed on an accusation of having taken part in a rising in the eastern counties. This accusation was brought by Sir Stephen, curate of St. Andrew Undershaft, the popular agitator whose silly sermon at Paul's Cross led to the destruction of the parish Maypole. The bailiff died protesting his entire innocence. 'I heard the words of the prisoner,' says Stow, 'for he was executed upon the pavement of my door, where I then kept house;' and the popular indignation was so great that the curate was forced to take flight from the City.

Left of the Aldgate railway station stood till recently the curious 'Bull Inn,' with the gateway at which Mr. Pickwick arrived in a cab, after 'two mile o' danger at eight-pence,' and through which he and his companions departed for Ipswich, driven by the elder Weller. Opposite was the old house of the 'Hoop and Grapes,' known as 'Christopher Hill's,' and, a little west, the decorated front of what was formerly the 'Saracen's Head,' a famous coaching inn.

Duke Street, on the left, commemorates Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who married the heiress of the property on this site. On the right is **Jewry Street** (leading into Crutched Friars), called even in Stow's time 'the poor Jurie, of Jews dwelling there.' But the great settlement of Jews here was in 1655, under Cromwell, when they came to England in such numbers that there was no room for them in Old Jewry and Jewin Street. At the corner of St. James's Place is the **Great Synagogue,** dating from 1790.

The ugly **Church of St. Botolph, Aldgate,** was built by George Dance in 1744 on the site of an earlier church, for there were churches to this popular saint at four of the gates—Billingsgate, Aldersgate, Bishopsgate, and Aldgate. Retained from the older church are the curious painted bust of Robert Dow, merchant tailor, 1612, and a figure in a shroud on the tomb of Sir Nicholas (beheaded 1538) and Lady Elizabeth Carew, with their son-in-law, Lord Darcy, and their grandson, Sir Arthur Darcy. This monument was in the chancel of the old church, rebuilt by the canons of Holy Trinity Priory hard by. In this church Defoe married Mary Tuffley. The register has: 'Jan. 1, 1683 [O.S.], Daniel Ffoe, batchellor, and Mary Tufflie, spinster, married by W. Hollingworthy.' Almost opposite St. Botolph's stood, till 1882, an old house decorated with Prince of Wales's feathers, the Fleur-de-lis of France, the Thistle of Scotland, and the Portcullis of the Beauforts.

The **Three Nuns Inn** (left), near St. Botolph's, rebuilt 1880, is mentioned in Defoe's 'History of the Plague.' It is named after the nuns of the Minorite convent, which gave its name to the opposite street of the Minories.

The name of Petticoat Lane (on the left) has been ludicrously changed into **Middlesex Street**; it is the 'Hog Lane' of Stow. Here, in the centre of the Jews' quarter, the unleavened cakes used in the feast of the Passover are sold. In **Gravel Lane**, close by, stood, till 1844, 'the Spanish Ambassador's House,' where Gondomar is said to have once lived. In another house near this, which belonged to Hans Jacobsen, jeweller to James I., John Strype was born, and his name, horribly perverted, remains in 'Tripe Yard'![1]

'Petticoat Lane is essentially the old clothes district. Embracing the streets and alleys adjacent to Petticoat Lane, and including the rows of old boots and shoes on the ground, there is, perhaps, between two and three miles of old clothes. Petticoat Lane proper is long and narrow, and to look down it is to look down a vista of many-coloured garments, alike on the sides and on the ground. The effect sometimes is very striking, from the variety of hues and the constant flitting or gathering of the crowd into little groups of bargainers. Gowns of every shade and every pattern are hanging up, but none, perhaps, look either bright or white; it is a vista of dinginess, but many-coloured dinginess, as regards female attire. Dress-coats, frock-coats, greatcoats, livery and gamekeepers' coats, paletots, tunics, trousers, knee-breeches, waistcoats, capes, pilot-coats, working jackets, plaids, hats, dressing-gowns, shirts, Guernsey frocks, are all displayed. The predominant colours are black and blue, but there is every colour; the light drab of some aristocratic livery; the dull brown-green of velveteen; the deep blue of a pilot-jacket; the variegated figures of the shawl dressing-gown; the glossy black of the restored garments; the shine of the newly turpentined black satin waistcoats; the scarlet and green of some flaming tartan; these things—mixed with the hues of the women's garments, spotted and striped—certainly present a scene which cannot be beheld in any other part of the greatest city in the world, nor in any other portion of the world itself.

'The ground has also its array of colours. It is covered with lines of boots and shoes, their shining black relieved here and there by the admixture of females' boots, with drab, green, plum or lavender-coloured "legs," as the upper part of the boot is always called in the trade. There is, too, an admixture of men's "button-boots," with drab-cloth legs; and of a few red, yellow, and russet-coloured slippers; and of children's coloured morocco boots and shoes. Handkerchiefs, sometimes of a gaudy orange pattern, are heaped on a chair. Lace and muslins occupy small stands, or are spread on the ground. Black and drab and straw hats are hung up, or piled one upon another, and kept from falling by means of strings; while, incessantly threading their way through all this intricacy, is a mass of people, some of whose dresses speak of a recent purchase in the lane.'—*H. Mayhew's 'London Labour and the London Poor.'*

Aldgate now falls into the poverty-stricken district of **Whitechapel**. The name of **Wentworth Street** (left) commemorates Thomas Wentworth, Lord Chamberlain to Edward VI. On the right of the main street is the **Church of St. Mary**, which once occupied an important position, as before the time of railways most of the great roads into the eastern counties and all the coast lines on this side of London were measured from 'Whitechapel Church,' which 'shared with Shoreditch Church, Hicks's Hall, Tyburn Turnpike, and Hyde Park Corner the position now occupied by the great railway-termini north of the Thames.'[2]

The church, as rebuilt in 1876–77, from designs by Ernest C. Lee, with a spire 210 feet high (replacing a hideous building of

[1] *The Builder*, May 11, 1877.
[2] *Saturday Review*, Feb. 17, 1877.

Charles II.'s time), was completely destroyed by fire, August 26, 1880, and again rebuilt in the following year. It is one of the few churches to which, as the churchyard has frequently been used for open-air preaching, an outside pulpit is attached. The original name of the church, 'St. Mary Matfelon,' is derived from the Syriac word *Matfel*, meaning a woman who has recently given birth to a son.[1] A picture of the Last Supper, which was painted by Sir J. Thornhill for this church, but which the Bishop of London caused to be removed as a scandal, because Kennet, Dean of St. Paul's, was therein represented as Judas Iscariot, was removed to St. Alban's Abbey.

On the 21st of July 1649 a man named Brandon was buried in this churchyard—'a man out of Rosemary Lane, where he kept a ragshop.' His entry in the Burial Register is 'This Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles I.;' and a rare tract, entitled, 'The Confession of Richard Brandon, the Hangman, upon his death-bed, concerning the beheading of his late Majesty,' describes how, as his corpse was being carried to the churchyard, the people cried out, 'Hang the rogue! Bury him in the dung-hill!' while others pressed upon him, saying that they would quarter him for executing the king, so that his body had to be rescued by force.[2] Brandon was succeeded in his horrible office by Dunn, who was followed by Jack Ketch, whose name was long transmitted to his successors. Parker, leader of the Mutiny at the Nore, was buried in the vaults of the old church.

On the same line with the church is the **London Hospital**, instituted 1740. Behind is the magnificent church of **St. Philip Stepney**, built at the cost of its vicar, the Rev. Sidney Vatcher, on the site of a church which dated from 1818. One-third of the existing building is in the parish of Whitechapel and two-thirds in Stepney, on a site where greyhounds coursed, and minnows were caught in a brook within the last century, but now surrounded by a dense population. The simple exterior of the present church (200 feet by 80), from designs of Arthur Cawston, gives no idea of the extreme beauty of the gothic interior, with its interlacing arches, antechapel, baptistery, ambulatory, and a niche for an ancient Cornish holy-water stoup.

The **Quaker Burial Ground** in Whitechapel is the birthplace of the Salvation Army: its first service was held there under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Booth, July 2, 1865.

Beyond Whitechapel is **Stratford-le-Bow**, so called from the bridge which Queen Matilda built over the Lea in the XII. c.; its last remnants were removed in 1835.

From Whitechapel the long broad thoroughfare of the **Commercial Road** leads (right) to **Stepney**—the Stibenhede or Steben-

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[1] W. H. Black, F.R.S., derives the name from the custom of tolling a bell on the approach of *felons* on their way from the City to Execution Dock at Wapping, whereby they were *mated*, that is, subdued, scared, by the sign of approaching death.

[2] See 'The Trial of Charles I.,' The Family Library, No. xxxi.

hethe of early deeds, and 'a centre of fashion' at the time of the Conquest,[1] though at the beginning of the present century it was only a suburban village. We must turn here to the left down Whitehorse Street, past the Radcliffe Schools, founded in 1710, and adorned with quaint figures of the charity children of that date, to where **St. Dunstan's Church** stands in its great churchyard, a beautiful green oasis amid the ugly brick houses. Colet was vicar of this church before he was Dean of St. Paul's, and Erasmus came to his country vicarage—an old brick house only recently destroyed —saying, 'I come to drink your fresh air, my Colet, to drink yet deeper of your rural peace.' Colet was followed by Richard Pace, also Dean of St. Paul's, described by Erasmus, who was his intimate friend and addressed many of his letters to him, as 'utriusque literaturae calentissimus,' and by Stow as 'endowed with many excellent gifts of nature: courteous, pleasant, and delighting in music; highly in the king's favour, and well heard in matters of weight.' In 1527 he was sent as ambassador to Venice. Afterwards he lost the royal favour through the influence of Wolsey, and was imprisoned for two years in the Tower. On his release, he lived in retirement in Stepney, and was buried (1532) near the altar of the church. William Jerome, who was presented to the vicarage of Stepney soon after the death of Pace, was executed for heresy in 1540. In the present century Edward Denison obtained the name of 'the Brother of the Poor' from his labours of love amongst the people of Stepney.

St. Dunstan's is a handsome perpendicular building, and contains a number of monuments, chiefly Jacobean. Its epitaphs are quoted in both the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*. In the porch is a stone inscribed—

'Of Carthage wall I was a stone,
Oh, mortals, read with pity!
Time consumes all, it spareth none,
Man, mountain, town, nor city.
Therefore, oh mortals, now bethink,
Go whereunto you must,
Since now such stately buildings
Lie buried in the dust.'

Thomas Hughes, 1663.

On the right, on entering the church, is the monument of Dame Rebecca Berry, 1696, wife of Sir John Berry, and afterwards of Thomas Elton of Stratford-le-Bow, which is regarded with much popular favour, though there are those who declare that Dame Rececca has only been connected with the ballad of 'The Fish and the Ring,' or 'The Cruel Knight and the Fortunate Farmer's Daughter,' by the coat-of-arms upon the tomb, which is, heraldically speaking, paly of six, on a bend three mullets (Elton), impaling a fish, and in the dexter chief point an annulet between two bends wavy. The legend tells that a knight learned in the stars was present at her birth, and reading her horoscope, knew that she was

[1] See Loftie's 'History of London.'

fated to become his wife. He tried various means for her destruction, and finally attempted to drown her by throwing her from a rock into the sea, but relented at the last moment, and threw a ring into the waves instead, bidding her never see his face again unless she were able to produce it. She became a cook, and having found the ring in a codfish she was dressing, presented it to the knight and was married. The knight can have had nothing to regret if we may believe the epitaph—

'Come, ladies, you that would appear
Like angels fair, and dress you here.
Come dress you at this marble stone,
And make that humble grace your own
Which once adorn'd as fair a mind
As e'er yet lodged in womankind.
So she was dress'd, whose humble life
Was free from pride, was free from strife,
Free from all envious brawls and jarrs,
Of human life the civil warrs,
These ne'er disturbed her peaceful mind,
Which still was gentle, still was kind,
Her very looks, her garb, her mien,
Disclos'd the humble soul within.
Trace her through every scene of life,
View her as widow, virgin, wife,
Still the same humble she appears,
The same in youth, the same in years,
The same in high and low estate,
Ne'er vex't with this, ne'er moved with that.
Go ladies now, and if you'd be
As fair, as great, as good as she,
Go learn of her humility.'

On the left of the altar is the handsome canopied tomb of Sir Henry Colet, Knight, 1510, twice Mayor of London, the father of Dean Colet. Sir Thomas Spert, founder of the Trinity House and Comptroller of the Navy under Henry VIII., is also buried here. There is a handsome old font. In the churchyard is the altar-tomb of Admiral Sir John Leake, 1720, 'the brave and fortunate,' who raised the siege of Londonderry. The great variety of curious epitaphs in this churchyard, in which you may 'spend an afternoon with great pleasure to yourself,' is described in No. 518 of the *Spectator*. Stupidly covered by gravel, in the path leading to Whitehorse Street, is the tomb of Roger Crab, 1680, described in the pamphlet called 'The English Hermit, or the Wonder of the Age.' He served for seven years in the Parliamentary army, and suffered much in the cause, but nevertheless was unjustly imprisoned by Cromwell. Soon after his release he literally followed the precept of the Gospel by distributing all his goods to the poor, retaining for himself only a cottage and garden at Ickenham, where he resided, living entirely on herbs—'dock-leaves, mallows, or grass.' The church register of the deaths during the Plague, when Stepney was almost depopulated, is very curious.

Stepney was the scene of a Parliament under Edward I., and the Bishops of London had a country palace and park here till the

time of Bishop Ridley. There is a tradition that all children born at sea are parishioners of Stepney—

'He who sails on the wide sea
Is a parishioner of Stepney.'

Several old houses still (1894) remain on Stepney Green.

We may return from Aldgate to the Exchange through **Leadenhall Street**, which once had its four-sided Conduit, called Carfax (Carfukes), like that at Oxford. On the left is **Leadenhall Market**, so called from the manor-house of Sir Hugh Nevile. It was the house that belonged to Nevile in 1309.

'Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal,
Seek Leadenhall.'—*Gay*, '*Trivia*.'

In 1662 the Spanish Ambassador, Don Pedro de Ronquillo, told Charles II. that more meat was sold here than in the whole kingdom of Spain. The market, of no architectural interest, was rebuilt in 1881.

On the north (right) of the street is the **Church of St. Catherine Cree**, rebuilt 1629. Though it was very interesting as the first work executed by Inigo Jones after his return from Italy, the interior was modernised in 1878–79. The church was consecrated (in the place of an older one) by Laud as Bishop of London (January 16, 1631) with ceremonies which were afterwards made a leading charge against him when he was accused of Popery, and were greatly conducive to his condemnation. Hans Holbein, who died of the plague at the Duke of Norfolk's house in Aldgate, 1543, was buried in the old church. The south-eastern porch of the existing building was the gate of the watch-house. It bore an inscription stating that 'this gate was built at the cost and charges of William Avernon, Citizen and Goldsmith of London, who died December anno dni. 1631.' Above—a strange memento mori to the ever-moving flow of life through the street beneath—was till very recently the ghastly figure of the donor, a skeleton in a shroud, lying on a mattress.

The church contains the tomb of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, 1571, Chief Butler of England (the father-in-law of Sir Walter Raleigh), from whom Throgmorton Street takes its name. His effigy in armour is interesting as that of one who played a conspicuous part in the reigns of the Tudors. Having been server to Henry VIII., he followed the fortunes of the queen-dowager, Katherine Parr, resided with her as cup-bearer throughout her brief married life with Seymour, and was with her at her death. He served in Scotland under the Protector Somerset, who sent him to bear the news of the victory of Pinkie to London. Edward VI. appointed him privy-councillor, and he was present at the young king's death at Greenwich. In February 1554 he was arrested on a charge of being concerned in Sir Thomas Wyatt's conspiracy, and was tried in the Guildhall, but was acquitted, after a fierce cross-examination, owing to his own presence of mind and his spirited defence, though the jury were fined for releasing him. For the third time present at a royal death-bed, he fulfilled the request of Elizabeth by taking

the wedding-ring given by Philip from the finger of the dead Mary and delivering it to the new queen. In the words of his epitaph, he became 'one of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer, and Ambassador lieger to the Queen's Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, in France.' He was also the ambassador sent to remonstrate with Mary Queen of Scots on her intended alliance with Darnley. But at the close of his life he intrigued for the marriage of Mary with the Duke of Norfolk, and was sent a second time to the Tower. Though released, he never regained the favour of Elizabeth, and died of a broken

ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT.

heart, not without suspicion of poison, at the house of the Earl of Leicester, February 12, 1571.[1]

'He was a man of large experience, piercing judgment, and singular prudence; but he died very luckily for himself and his family, his life and estate being in great danger by reason of his turbulent spirit.'—*Camden.*

The epitaph of R. Spencer, a Turkey merchant, records his death in 1667, after he had seen 'the prodigious changes in the State, the dreadful triumphs of death by pestilence, and the astonishing conflagration of the city by fire.'

1 In the church books is noted a bequest of Sir Nicholas of an annual sum to be expended in faggots for the burning of heretics. The money is now spent in firing for the poor at Christmas.

'The Lion Sermon,' which is still occasionally preached in this church, commemorates an adventure of Sir John Gayer, Knight and merchaut of London, who, while travelling in Arabia, became separated from his caravan, and, while wandering alone in the night, was attacked by a lion. Falling on his knees, he vowed his fortune for his deliverance. The lion turned aside, and, with other charitable bequests, Sir John left £200 to the parish of St. Catherine Cree, on condition of his escape being sometimes described in a sermon. At the 'Flower Sermon,' on Whit Tuesday, every child presents a nosegay.

Cree Lane, which runs along the western wall of the church, once led to the magnificent Priory of Holy Trinity, also called Christ Church, which was founded by 'good Queen Maude,' wife of Henry I., on the persuasion of Archbishop Anselm. The first Mayor of London, the draper Henry Fitz-Aylwin, who continued twenty-four years in office, was buried in its church in 1212. The fact that this was one of the richest monasteries in the kingdom was probably the cause of its being one of the first to be attacked. Henry VIII. gave it to Thomas Audley, afterwards Lord Chancellor. His daughter married Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who, after Audley's death, lived here in great state at 'Duke's Place.' Howard's son, the Earl of Suffolk, sold the property to the City of London for a large sum, which he expended in the building of Audley End.

No. 157 Leadenhall Street, familiar to readers of 'Dombey and Son' as the residence of 'Uncle Sol,' and once adorned with the figure of the 'Little Midshipman,'[1] was pulled down in 1881.[2]

Passing, on the right, the **Ship and Turtle Tavern**, famous for its turtle-soup,[3] we reach, on the right, the **Church of St. Andrew Undershaft**, so called, says Stow, 'because that of old time every year (on Mayday in the morning), it was used that a high or long shaft or Maypole was set up there before the south door.' The shaft of the Maypole was higher than the steeple. It was last erected on 'Evil May Day' in 1517, in the reign of Henry VIII., but it continued hanging on hooks in Shaft Alley till the third year of Edward VI., when it was sawn in pieces and burnt by the people after a sermon at Paul's Cross, in which the preacher told them that it had been made an idol of, inasmuch as they had named their parish church 'under the shaft.' The church (1520–32), which has a picturesque many-turreted tower, is a good specimen of perpendicular. In the east window are portraits of Edward VI., Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and Charles II. On the north wall is a monument to Sir Hugh Hammersley, 1637, with effigies of him and his wife kneeling under a tent, and two standing figures at the side. The sculpture is attributed to one Thomas Madden. Close by, a curious little specimen of a painted monument, is that of Alice Bynge, who had 'three husbands, all bachelors and stationers.'

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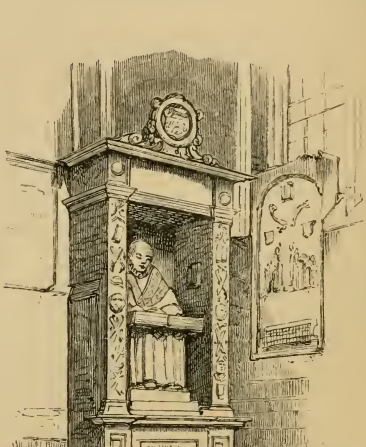
[1] Still to be seen over the door of No. 99 Minories.
[2] See the account of the Minories.
[3] There is a tank full of live turtle in the basement of the house.

A mace-bearer is a fine piece of metal-work. The church has 'chained books.' At the end of the north aisle is the striking terra-cotta tomb (never painted) of John Stow, the famous antiquary (1525–1605), author of the 'Survey of London,' to which all later writers on the city are so much indebted. The venerable old man is represented sitting at his table with a book before him and a pen in his hand. He was a tailor by trade, and resided near the well in Aldgate. He describes how the compilation of his works,



STOW'S TOMB.

printed and manuscript, 'cost many a weary mile's travel, many a hard-earned penny and pound, and many a cold winter night's study.' In his old age he fell into great poverty, but in his eightieth year all he could obtain from James I. for his great literary services was 'a license to beg.' His collections for the 'Chronicles of England,' now in the British Museum, occupy sixty quarto volumes. The same misfortunes which attended him in life followed him even after death, for his remains were disturbed, if not removed, in 1732.

'The fact that Stow was originally a tailor may account for the interest which he always took in matters of dress, in which he was "the grave chronicler of matters not grave."'—*Disraeli.*

'I confess, I have heard Stow often accused, that (as learned Guicciardini is charged for telling *magnarum rerum minutias*) he reporteth *res in se minutas*, toys and trifles, being such a *Smelt-feast*, that he cannot pass by Guildhall, but his pen must taste of the good cheer therein. However this must be indulged to his education; so hard is it for a citizen to write an history, but that the *fur* of his gown will be felt therein. Sure I am, our most elegant historians who have wrote since his time (Sir Francis Bacon, Master Camden, &c.), though throwing away the basket, have taken the fruit; though not mentioning his name, making use of his endeavours. Let me add of John Stow, that (however he kept *tune*) he kept *time* very well, no author being more accurate in the notation thereof.'—*Fuller's 'Worthies.'*

St. Andrew Undershaft stands at the entrance of the ancient street called **St. Mary Axe**, which derives its name from the great relic of the old parish church (suppressed 1565), before the Reformation—'an axe, one of the three that the 11,000 Virgins were beheaded with.'[1] The famous surgeon Sir Astley Cooper commenced practice in a house in this street.

Nearly opposite St. Andrew Undershaft are the **New Zealand Chambers**, designed by *Norman Shaw*, an ambitious modern imitation of old architecture.

On the other side of Leadenhall Street, at the north-west corner of Lime Street, was the House of the East India Company, 'the most celebrated commercial association of ancient or modern times.' The Company was incorporated in 1600, and first leased premises here in 1701 from Lord Craven, who was born in the old house on this site. The East India House was several times rebuilt, and finally pulled down 1862, when its most valuable contents were transferred to the Indian Museum in Whitehall. Charles Lamb was a clerk in the House. 'My printed works,' he said, 'were my recreations—my real works may be found on the shelves in Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred folios.'

Leadenhall Street joins **Cornhill** (so called from a cornmarket), where the conduit-fountain called the Standard (built 1582) formerly stood like a high round tower. Cornhill also had its Maypole, which was of prodigious size, for Chaucer, writing of vain-boasters, says that they look as if they could 'bear the great shaft of Cornhill.' Gray the poet was born (December 26, 1716) in Cornhill, where his father was an exchange broker, at a house on the site of No. 41, which was destroyed by fire in 1748, and rebuilt by him. No. 65, the offices of Messrs. King, the publishers, rebuilt in 1871, stands opposite the place where the fountain known as 'the Standard at Cornhill' stood, at which the Great Fire stopped. The old house, while occupied by Messrs. Smith & Elder, was interesting from its associations with Leigh Hunt, Thackeray, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë, and others. It was here that Charlotte and Anne Brontë presented themselves in 1848 to prove their separate identity to the publishers, who imagined, as all the world did

[1] Bill of 5 Henry VIII.

then, that Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell were the same person. Hence also issued the *Cornhill Magazine*, which had Thackeray as its first editor.

St. Michael's, Cornhill, is one of the classical churches built by Wren after the Fire. Its gothic tower, spared by the Fire, and 130 feet in height, was rebuilt—'restored'—by him the year before his death. Robert Fabyan, Alderman and Sheriff in 1493, who wrote the 'Chronicles of England and France' (1511), and the father and grandfather of John Stow the historian, were buried in the old church. The marked feature of the present building is its great perpendicular tower, a bad imitation of that of Magdalen College at Oxford. There is a rich modern door with a relief of St. Michael weighing souls. The interior has been 'restored' into bastard Italian gothic, and is covered with foolish decorations in polychrome. Seven seats at the end of the nave are set apart as the Royal, Diocesan, Corporation, Drapers', Merchant Taylors', and Rector's pews.

St. Peter's, Cornhill—hideous outside—one of Wren's rebuildings, and a singularly bad specimen of his work, claims to stand on the earliest consecrated ground in England, and to take precedence of Canterbury itself, for there (according to a tablet preserved in the vestry) King Lucius was baptized four hundred years before the coming of Augustine and the conversion of Ethelbert, and he then made it the metropolitan church of the whole kingdom. A murderer is said to have taken sanctuary here as early as 1230. There is some good wood-carving in the interior. The wood screen in this church was set up by Bishop Beveridge (of St. Asaph), who was rector here 1672–1704, and is mentioned in one of his sermons. Its design is attributed to the daughter of Wren; over its central opening are the arms of Charles II. A touching monument by *Ryley* commemorates the seven children of Mr. and Mrs. Woodmason, burnt in their beds in their father's house in Leadenhall Street, January 18, 1782. The cherub heads upon the monument are known from a beautiful engraving by Bartolozzi. The vane of the steeple is formed by the key of St. Peter. The window of the chamber used by Thackeray as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* looked out on this church.

Opposite the statue of Sir Rowland Hill is the entrance to **Cowper's Court**, which contained, till 1892, **The Jerusalem** (Coffee-House), rebuilt 1880, but occupying the site of the famous Coffee-House established early in the seventeenth century, which was the great rendezvous of merchants, brokers, and captains interested in trade with the ports of the Mediterranean. The coat of arms over the entrance, preserved from the old building, was that of the East India Company, which is said to have been founded at 'The Jerusalem.'

Change Alley, Cornhill (it was originally called Exchange Alley), leading into Lombard Street, was the chief centre of the money transactions of the last century, when the Stock Exchange was held here at 'Jonathan's Coffee-House.' It was the great scene of

action in the South Sea Bubble of 1720, by which so many thousands of credulous persons were ruined.

Another Coffee-House in this alley which played a great part in the same time of excitement was 'Garraway's,' so called from Garway, its original proprietor. It was here that tea was first sold in London.

'There is a gulf where thousands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came;
A narrow sound, though deep as hell,
'Change Alley is the dreadful name.

Meantime, secure on Garway cliffs,
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.'

Swift.

Now we reach the Royal Exchange, whence we set forth.

CHAPTER X.

THE TOWER AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

FROM the statue of William IV. at the foot of King William Street, Little East Cheap and Great Tower Street lead to the Tower of London. This is one of the busiest parts of the City; movement is impeded, and all the side streets teem with bustle and traffic. At the end of Great Tower Street is the Church of **All-hallows, Barking**, which derives its surname from having been founded by the nuns of Barking Abbey before the reign of Richard I., who added a chantry in honour of the Virgin where the north chancel aisle now is. This chantry—'Berking Chapel'—contained a famous image of the Virgin, placed there by Edward I. in consequence of a vision before his father's death, in which she assured him that he should subdue Wales and Scotland, and that he would be always victorious whilst he kept her chapel in repair. To the truth of this vision he swore before the Pope, and obtained an indulgence of forty days for all penitents worshipping here at the Virgin's shrine. In the instrument in which this is set forth, prayer is especially asked for the soul of Richard I., 'whose heart is buried beneath the high altar': the lion-heart, however, is really in the Chapelle du Christ of the cathedral at Rouen, where it was deposited when the king's body was buried at Fontevrault.

The church, much of which is perpendicular, is entered on the south by a handsome modern decorated door. The interior has all the charm which want of uniformity gives, and its old ironwork (observe the sword-rests of three Lords-Mayor—the last of 1727—over the Corporation pew), its ancient monuments, and numerous associations give it a peculiar interest. Taking the circuit of the church, we may notice—

North Aisle. The beautiful canopied altar-tomb of John Croke, Alderman and Skinner, 1477, and his wife Margery, 1490, who bequeathed her 'great chalys of silver guilt' to the church, to have the souls of herself and her husband more 'tenderly prayed for.' They are represented in brass, accompanied by small groups of their sons and daughters, with prayers coming from their lips: these, and the coats of arms, are enamelled, not incised.

The figure of Jerome Bonalius, 1583, an Italian (probably the Venetian Consul), kneeling at a desk.

Brass of Thomas Virby, Vicar, 1453.

Brass of John Bacon, 1437, and his wife, very well executed figures with flowing draperies. He was a woolman and is represented on his bag. The inscription is in raised letters.

Pavement of North Aisle. The grave of George Snayth, 1651, 'sometimes auditor to William Lawd, late Archbishop of Canterbury.' Snayth, a witness of

the will of the Archbishop, who bequeathed to him £50, desired to rest near his master. (The windows in this aisle commemorate the escape of the church in the Great Fire.)

The Altar, beneath which the headless body of Archbishop Laud was buried by his steward, George Snayth, January 10, 1644. It is curious that Laud, the champion of the Book of Common Prayer, was buried according to the ceremonies of the Church of England, long after that form of prayer was disused in most of the London churches. His body was removed to St. John's College, Oxford, in 1663.

Nave. Brass of Roger James, 1563, bearing the arms of the Brewers' Company; and the noble Flemish brass of Andrewe Evyngar, Citizen and Salter, and his wife Ellyn, 1536, which has all the delicacy of a Memling picture, and is well deserving of study. Evyngar was the son of a brewer at Antwerp, where his monument was probably executed. There is only one brass superior to it in England—in the Church of St. Mary Cray at Ipswich. On the upper part of this monument is a representation of the Virgin seated in a chair with the dead Christ upon her knees. On the right are the arms of the Salters' Company, on the left those of the Merchant Adventurers of Hamburg. The symbols of the four Evangelists appear at the angles of the inscription (from the litanies of the Sarum Breviary), 'Ne reminiscaris domine delicta nostra vel parentum nost. neque vindictam sumas de peccatis nostris.' Above and below the figures are the words from the second and third nocturn of the Office for the Dead, and the responsory in the second nocturn of the same, 'Sana domine animam meam quia peccavi tibi. Ideo deprecor majestatem tuam ut tu Deus deleas iniquitatem meam.'

Monument of John Kettlewell the Nonjuror, 1695, who desired 'to lie in the same grave where Archbishop Laud was before interred.' This voluminous author, the Vicar of Coleshill, was deprived in 1690 for refusing to take the oaths to William and Mary. His funeral service was performed by Bishop Ken. He 'so happily and frankly explained all the details of our duty, that it is difficult to say whether he more formed the manners of men towards evangelical virtue, or exemplified it in his own life.'

South Aisle. A canopied tomb of c. 1400, with a small enamel of the Resurrection.

Brass of John Rusche, 1498; and that of Christopher Rawson, Merchant of the Staple, 1518, and his two wives, for the repose of whose souls he founded a chantry in the Chapel of St. Anne.

The important brass of William Thynne, 'chefe clerk of the kechyn' to Henry VIII., who 'departed from the prison of his frayle body' in 1546. This brass is a palimpsest (the other side being engraved with the figure of an ecclesiastic), and is evidently one of the monastic brasses torn up at the Dissolution. Thynne wears the chain which was the badge of court officers, for he was Clerk of the Kitchen, Clerk of the Green Cloth, and Master of the Household to Henry VIII. He was the 'Thynnus Aulicus'—the courtier—of Erasmus,[1] and was the first to found the reputation and power of the Thynne family. His father was Ralph Boteville, of an ancient family which came from Poitou in the reign of John, and which acquired the name of Thynne from John of th' Inn, one of its members who resided in an Inn of Court. William Thynne edited a very early edition of the Works of Chaucer in 1532,[2] which he dedicated to Henry VIII., and which was complete, with the exception of 'The Plowman's Tale,' which was then suppressed by the king's desire. This, however, appeared in the edition of 1542, which was edited by Thynne's son Francis, who says—

'This tale when Kinge Henry the Eigth had redde he called my father unto him and said: "William Thynne, I doubt this will not bee allowed; for I suspect the bishoppes will call thee in question for ytt." To whome my father, being in great favore with his prince, sayed, "If your grace be not offended I hope to be protected by you." Whereupon the king did bidd hym go his waye and feare not. All which notwithstanding my father was called in question by the bishopps and heaved at by Cardinall Wolseye his olde enemeye for many causes, but mostly for that my father had procured Skelton to publish his *Collin Cloute* against the Cardinall, the most part of which book was compiled in my father's house at Erith in Kent.'

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[1] Epistolae, xv. 14.

[2] The first edition was that of Caxton, fol. 1477–78.

The only son of William Thynne was Francis, the Lancaster Herald, a distinguished antiquary, who assisted Holinshed in his Chronicles, 'seeing,' says Fuller, 'the shoulders of Atlas himself may be weary, if not sometimes beholden to Hercules to relieve him.' Of his nephews, one was William, Steward of the Marches, who has a noble alabaster tomb in Westminster Abbey, and another Sir John Thynne of Longleat, who founded the House of Bath.

Brass of Elizabeth (1540), wife of W. Denham, Alderman and Sheriff, whose portrait is in the Ironmongers' Hall.

The carvings of the *Font* are by *Gibbons*.

The Parish Register records the baptism, October 23, 1644, of 'William, son of William Penn and Margarett his wife, of the Tower Liberty.' The eldest son of Sir William Penn (Commander-in-Chief of the Navy under the Duke of York, knighted in 1665) was born 'on the east side of Tower Hill, within a court adjoining to London Wall.'[1] He was turned out of doors by his father for his Quaker opinions. Nevertheless, he obtained a grant (in consideration of his father's services) from Charles II. of land in the province of New Netherlands in America, where he became the founder of 'Pennsylvania.' Returning to England, he died at Beaconsfield in 1718.

In the Churchyard of Allhallows was buried Humfery Monmouth, Alderman, the great benefactor of the early Reformers, who harboured and helped Tyndale, was imprisoned for heresy by Sir Thomas More, and who bequeathed money for 'four godly ministers' (Mr. Latimer, Dr. Barnes, Dr. Crome, and Mr. Taylor) 'to preach reformed doctrines' in the church where he was buried. From its nearness to the Tower, this church also became the burial-place of several of those who perished on Tower Hill. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester (the Cardinal of St. Vitalis, who was never allowed to wear his hat), his grave being 'digged by the watches with their halberds,' was laid here in 1535 (without his head, which was exposed on London Bridge). He was buried 'without coffin or shroud,' near the north door, but was afterwards moved that he might be near his friend Sir Thomas More in the Tower. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (beheaded for quartering the arms of Edward the Confessor, though he had a license to do so from the Heralds' College), 'the first of the English nobility that did illustrate his birth with the beauty of learning,'[2] was also buried here in 1547, but his remains were moved to Framlingham in 1614. Here still reposes Lord Thomas Grey (uncle of Lady Jane), beheaded in 1554 for taking part in the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt; and his perhaps may have been the headless skeleton lately found at the west end of the nave.[3]

The sign of the **Czar's Head** (No. 48), opposite this church, marks a house where Peter the Great, when in England, used to booze and smoke with his boon companions.

We now emerge on **Tower Hill**, a large plot of open ground, surrounded with irregular houses. In one of these lived Lady Raleigh while her husband was imprisoned in the Tower. Otway the poet died at the 'Bull Inn,' 1685. Where the garden of Trinity Square is now planted, a scaffold or gallows of timber was always erected for the execution of those who were delivered by writ out

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[1] Letter from P. Gibson to William Penn, the Quaker.

[2] Camden.

[3] For further details as to this church, consult *Collections in Illustration of the Parochial Hist. of Allhallows, Barking*, by Joseph Maskell.

of the Tower to the Sheriffs of London, there to be executed. Only the queens and a very few other persons have suffered within the walls of the Tower— almost all the great historical executions have taken place here on the open hill. Amongst others, this honoured spot has been stained with the blood of Bishop Fisher, June 22, 1535; Sir Thomas More, July 6, 1535; Cromwell, Earl of Essex, July 28, 1540; Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, 1547; Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, 1549; the Protector Somerset, 1552; John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, 1553; Lord Guildford Dudley, February 12, 1553; Sir Thomas Wyatt, 1554; Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, May 12, 1641; Archbishop Laud, January 10, 1644–45; Algernon Sidney, December 7, 1683; the Duke of Monmouth, July 15, 1685; the Earl of Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure, 1716; Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, August 18, 1746; and Simon, Lord Lovat, April 9, 1747 (the last person beheaded in England), who died expressing his astonishment that such vast multitudes should assemble 'to see an old grey head taken off.'[1]

Below Tower Hill, separated from it by a wide moat and ramparts, now planted with gardens on the side of the town, is the immense pile known as the **Tower of London**. Though one of the most ancient, and by far the most historically important of English fortresses, a strong feeling of disappointment will be inevitably felt by those who see it for the first time. Its picturesque points have to be carefully sought for. Its general aspect is poor, mean, and uninteresting—a fault which is entirely owing to the feebleness of our later English architects—to the same utter ignorance of the honour due to light and shade, and the same sacrifice of general outline to finish, which have ruined Windsor Castle. Here, where an Italian would have used enormous blocks of stone, perfect rocks heaped one upon another, all work of rebuilding or restoration has been done with small stones neatly cut and fitted together like bricks, producing an impression of durable dulness, which it requires all the romance of history to counteract.

A tradition which ascribes the first building of the Tower to Julius Caesar has been greatly assisted by Gray through the lines in 'The Bard'—

> 'Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
> With many a foul and midnight murder fed.'

The quantity of Roman brick found in recent excavations shows that a considerable fortress existed here in Roman times, and the White Tower is built upon a solid Roman bastion. But no existing buildings are of earlier date than the **White Tower** or Keep, which was built by William the Conqueror in 1078. Gundulph, a monk of Bec, created Bishop of Rochester, the builder of Rochester Castle, was overseer of the work. He was surnamed 'the Weeper,' and appropriately 'laid in tears the foundation of the fortress which

[1] Though connected with so many historical events and beautiful in itself, the garden of Trinity House Square was preserved from destruction in July 1879 only by the exertions of Mr. G. Shaw-Lefevre.

was to be the scene of so much suffering.' The Tower was much enlarged by William Rufus, of whom Henry of Huntingdon says, 'He pilled and shaved the people with tribute, especially to spend about the Tower of London and the great hall of Westminster.' By Rufus and Henry I. the tower afterwards called St. Thomas's Tower was built over the Traitor's Gate—'they caused a grate castle to be built under the said Tower, to wit on the south side towards the Thames, and also encastelated the same about.' In the reign of Henry I. we read of Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, being imprisoned in the Tower, but a rope was sent to him, concealed in a cask of wine, and he escaped safely, being let down from the walls.

King Stephen frequently resided in the Tower. The moat was made by Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, in 1190, when he was intrusted with the defence of the Tower for Richard I. against John. He 'enclosed castle with an outward wall of stone, thinking to have environed it with the river of Thames.' Of all English sovereigns, the Tower was most enriched and adorned by Henry III., for he regarded it rather as a palace than a fortress. Griffin, or Griffith, Prince of Wales, was imprisoned here in 1244, and attempted to escape by a rope made of his bedclothes, but it broke, and he met with a frightful death in the moat. Under Edward I. the great prisoners taken in the Scottish wars were immured here. Baliol, after three years, was released on the intercession of the Pope; but Sir William Wallace and Sir Simon Fraser only left their prison to be executed with the most horrible brutality in Smithfield.

Edward II. frequently resided in the Tower, where his eldest daughter, thence called Joan of the Tower, was born. Under Edward III., John, king of France, and David Bruce, king of Scotland, were imprisoned here. In the reign of Richard II. the Tower was continually filled with prisoners who were victims of the jealousy of rival factions, the most illustrious being the young king's tutor, the excellent Sir Simon Burley, of whom Froissart says, 'To write of his shameful death right sore displeaseth me; for when I was young I found him a noble knight, sage and wise . . . yet no excuse could be heard, and on a day he was brought out of the Tower and beheaded like a traitor—God have mercy on his soul.' For this act, when his own friends obtained the chief power, King Richard caused his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, to be put to death at Calais, and the Earl of Arundel lost his head on Tower Hill.

During the rebellion of Wat Tyler, when the king, who had previously been fortified in the Tower, was induced to go forth to meet the insurgents, the rebels broke into the fortress and pillaged it, beheading Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury (who had abused them as 'shoeless ribalds'), Sir Robert Hales, the Treasurer, and others whom they found there. It was in the upper chamber of the White Tower that Richard II. abdicated in favour of his cousin Henry of Bolingbroke, and hence Henry IV. went to his coronation, a custom which was followed by all after sovereigns of England till

James II. Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, the king's brother-in-law, was the first of a long series of victims beheaded in the Tower in the reign of Henry IV.; and in the reign of the same king, Prince James of Scotland, son of Robert III., was imprisoned here. Under Henry V. the cells were filled with the captives of Agincourt, including Charles, Duke of Orleans,[1] and his brother John, Count of Angoulême. In this reign also the Tower became the prison of many of the reformers called Lollards, of whom the greatest was Lord Cobham, who was dragged by a chain from the Tower to St. Giles's Fields, where he was burnt.

In the reign of Henry VI. the fortress was occupied by the prisoners of the Wars of the Roses, and here, in June 1471, King Henry VI. died mysteriously just after the battle of Tewkesbury—according to Fabyan and Hall, by the hand of the Duke of Gloucester, who 'murthered the said kyng with a dagger.' Queen Margaret was imprisoned here till 1475. Two years afterwards, George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., was put to death in the Tower. With the death of Edward IV. the darkest page in the annals of the fortress is opened by the execution of Lord Hastings, soon to be followed by the alleged murder of the young King Edward V., and his brother Richard, Duke of York.

Hence Elizabeth of York went to her coronation as wife of Henry VII., and here she died a week after the birth of her seventh child in 1503. Her little dumb daughter Katherine was the last princess born in the Tower. The most illustrious victim of this reign was Edward, Earl of Warwick, son of the murdered Duke of Clarence, and the last male Plantagenet, who was beheaded in 1499, his only crime being his royal blood. In the same year Perkin Warbeck, the White Rose of England, who claimed to be the younger son of Edward IV., was imprisoned here before being taken to be hanged at Tyburn.

The accession of Henry VIII. witnessed the imprisonment and execution of Empson and Dudley, the tax-gatherers of his father, and in 1521 that of Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham, whose chief fault was his descent from Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III. The next great executions on Tower Hill were those of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, who suffered for refusing to acknowledge the king's supremacy. These were soon followed by the private execution of Queen Anne Boleyn and her brother, Lord Rochford, and by the death on Tower Hill of Henry Norris, William Brereton, Sir Francis Weston, and Mark Smeaton for her sake. The endless victims of the northern insurrections and of the dissolution of the monasteries next succeeded to the prisons of the Tower, followed by those accused of treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole, including his venerable mother, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, niece of Kings Edward IV. and Richard III., who was brutally beheaded within the walls. In 1540 Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the chief promoter of the dissolu-

[1] The father (by his third wife) of Louis XII. He had previously married Isabella of Valois, widow of Richard II. of England.

tion of monasteries, who had offended Henry VIII. by bringing about his marriage with Anne of Cleves, was imprisoned and brought to the block. His execution was soon followed by that of Queen Katherine Howard and her confidante, Lady Rochford.

In 1546 Anne Askew was racked in the Tower to obtain evidence of the Protestant tendencies of the queen and court ladies before her burning in Smithfield. And in 1547 the poet Earl of Surrey was executed on Tower Hill, the only ground for the accusation of high treason brought against him being that he quartered (as he had a right to do) the arms of Edward the Confessor, and that he was fond of conversing with foreigners. His father, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, only escaped being added to the victims of Henry VIII.'s jealousies by the tyrant's death.

In the reign of Edward VI., Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, his uncle, and the widower of his stepmother, Queen Katherine Parr, was beheaded on Tower Hill for intrigues against the Government, for having defrauded the mint to an amount of something like £40,000, and for having established cannon foundries, where he had twenty-four cannons ready for immediate service.

'As touching the kind of his death, whether he be saved or no, I refer that to God. In the twinkling of an eye He may save a man, and turn his heart. What he did I cannot tell. And when a man hath two strokes with an axe, who can tell but between two strokes he doth repent? It is hard to judge. But this I will say, if they will ask me what I think of his death, that he died very dangerously, irksomely, and horribly. He was a wicked man, and the realm is well rid of him.'—*Latimer's Sermons*, p. 162.

In 1552 the king's other uncle, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, being most unjustly found guilty of felony, was beheaded amid the tears of the people. His execution was followed by those of his friends Sir Thomas Arundel, Sir Michael Stanhope, Sir Ralph Vane, and Sir Miles Partridge.

The events which followed the accession of Mary brought Lady Jane Grey and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, to the Tower and the scaffold, with her father-in-law, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and his adherents Sir John Gates and Sir Thomas Palmer. The rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt, a principal cause in the execution of Lady Jane Grey, led to his being beheaded, to the execution of the Duke of Suffolk and Lord Thomas Grey, and to the imprisonment in the Tower of the Princess Elizabeth.

The accession of Elizabeth sent a number of Roman Catholic bishops and abbots to the Tower for refusing to acknowledge her supremacy. Lady Katherine Grey, sister of Lady Jane, was also kept in prison till her death in 1567 for the crime of a secret marriage with the Earl of Hertford. Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, son of the unfortunate Earl of Surrey, was imprisoned and executed in 1572, for having aspired to the hand of Mary, Queen of Scots. In the latter part of the Queen's reign numbers of Jesuit priests were committed to the Tower and executed, and Henry Percy, eighth Earl of Northumberland, being imprisoned there, died by suicide. Sir John Perrot, a natural son of Henry VIII.,

unjustly imprisoned, died of a broken heart. Through the bitter jealousy of the reigning court favourites, Cecil and Raleigh, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was imprisoned and beheaded privately in the Tower in 1601, his execution being followed by those of Sir Christopher Blount, Sir Charles Danvers, Sir Gilley Merrick, and Henry Cuffe.

Shortly after James I. came to the throne an alleged plot for the re-establishment of Popery and raising of Lady Arabella Stuart to the throne led to that lady's imprisonment for life in the Tower (where she died insane) with Lord Thomas Grey and Lord Cobham, and to the execution of George Brook, the brother of the latter. Sir Walter Raleigh, imprisoned at the same time (1603), was released in 1616, but he was re-imprisoned in 1618 to gratify the malice of Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, and (though he had been appointed admiral of the fleet, with command of an expedition to Guiana, during his short interval of liberty) he was beheaded in Palace Yard, Westminster, two months afterwards on the old accusation.

In 1606 the dungeons of the Tower were filled with the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot, who were all hung, cut down, and disembowelled while they were still living. In 1613 Sir Thomas Overbury was poisoned in the Tower by Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, and the Countess of Essex, who obtained a pardon by the favour of King James, though he had prayed that 'God's curse might light upon him and his posterity (which it did) if he spared any that were guilty.'

In 1630 Sir John Eliot was committed to the Tower, where he wrote his 'Monarchie of Man,' and continued, though his lodging was ten times changed, till his death, November 1632.

In 1641 Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, unjustly condemned for high treason against the will of his sovereign, Charles I., was beheaded on Tower Hill, having been blessed from a window on his way to execution by Archbishop Laud, who was then himself a prisoner. In the wars which followed, Sir John Hotham and his son, the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and Lord Capel were imprisoned and suffered death for the cause of their king.

With the return of Charles II. came the imprisonment and death of many of the regicides, but the next important executions were those of Algernon Sidney and William, Lord Russell; and that of the Duke of Monmouth, who was executed for high treason against his uncle, James II., in 1685. In 1688 the Archbishop of Canterbury and six bishops were imprisoned in the Tower for an alleged libel upon the king and his government. Executions were now rare, but numerous prisoners still filled the Tower. Among these in 1722 was Bishop Atterbury, whose imprisonment for Jacobitism is commemorated by Pope—

> 'How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour,
> How shone his soul unconquered in the Tower.'

In 1716 the Earl of Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure were

beheaded on Tower Hill for their devotion to the Stuarts. The Earl of Nithsdale escaped in a cloak and hood provided by his heroic wife. Loyalty to the Stuarts likewise led in 1746 and 1797 to the execution of Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat, with Charles Ratcliffe, younger brother of Lord Derwentwater.

The parts of the Tower generally exhibited to the public are the Jewel Tower, the Armoury and St. John's Chapel, and the Beauchamp Tower. To visit the rest of the Tower an order should be obtained from the Constable. The Wardens of the Tower are called *Beefeaters*, and they still wear the picturesque dress designed by Holbein. It is that of the Yeomen of the Guard of Henry VIII., established in 1485 (at the coronation of Henry VII.). The right to wear it was obtained for them in perpetuity from Edward VI. by his uncle, the Protector Somerset, who had noted their diligence in their office while he was a prisoner in the Tower. It has been well observed that the dress of the Beefeaters in the Tower shows, more than anything else in London, the reverence of England for her past. Their name is sometimes derived from the *Buffetiers*—attendants at the sideboard of Henry VII., but more probably originates in the fact that the commons of the early Yeomen of the Guard, when on duty, was beef—and the name was probably derisory, beef being then a cheap article of consumption; for when under Henry VIII. butchers were compelled by law to sell their mutton at three farthings, beef was only a halfpenny.

Before reaching the moat we pass by what is called 'the Spur,' beneath the **Middle Gate**, where an ancient arch with a portcullis is now built into modernised bastions. This was the gate where Elizabeth, coming from Canonbury before her coronation, on entering the fortress which had been her prison, alighted from her palfrey, and falling upon her knees, 'offered up to Almighty God, who had delivered her from a danger so imminent, a solemn and devout thanksgiving for an "escape so miraculous," as she expressed it herself, "as that of Daniel out of the mouths of the Lions."'[1]

Adjoining the Middle Gate was the **Lion Tower**, with a semi-circular area, where the kings of England formerly kept their wild beasts. The first of these were three leopards presented to Henry III. by the Emperor Frederick, in allusion to the royal arms. A bear from Norway was soon added, for which the Sheriffs of London were ordered to provide a muzzle and iron chain to secure him when out of the water, and a strong cord to hold him 'when fishing in the Thames.' An elephant was procured in the same reign, and a lion in that of Edward II. The wild beasts at the Tower were the most popular sight of London in the last and the beginning of the present century, and 'Seeing the lions' has hence become a proverb. 'Our first visit was to the lions,' says Addison in the *Freeholder*.[2] In 1834 the royal menagerie was used as a foundation for the Zoological Gardens collection. To

[1] See Burnet's *History of the Reformation*.
[2] No. 47.

the right of the gate is a terrace along the bank of the Thames, where we should walk to admire the wide reach of the Thames, here called *the Pool*, crowded with shipping, so that one seems to be walking through a gallery of beautiful Vandeveldes. The first steps leading to the river are the Queen's Stairs (once much wider), where the sovereigns embarked for their coronations. The wharf from which we are gazing is the same which—twice destroyed and twice rebuilt during his reign—made Henry III. so excessively unpopular with the Londoners.

'A monk of St. Alban's, who tells the tale, asserts that a priest who was passing near the fortress saw the spirit of an archbishop, dressed in his robes, holding a cross, and attended by the spirit of a clerk, gazing sternly on these new works. As the priest came up, the figure spake to the masons, "Why build ye these?" As he spake, he struck the walls sharply with the holy cross, on which they reeled and sank into the river, leaving a wreath of smoke behind. The priest was too much scared to accost the more potent spirit; but he turned to the humble clerk, and asked him the archbishop's name. "St. Thomas the Martyr," said the shade. . . . The ghost further informed the priest that the two most popular saints in our calendar, the Confessor and the Martyr, had undertaken to make war upon these walls. "Had they been built," said the shade, "for the defence of London, and in order to find food for masons and joiners, they might have been borne; but they are built against the poor citizens; and if St. Thomas had not destroyed them, the Confessor would have swept them away."

'The names of these popular saints still cling to the Water gate. One of the rooms, fitted up as an oratory, and having a piscina still perfect, is called the Confessor's Chapel; and the barbican itself, instead of bearing its official name of Water gate, is only known as St. Thomas's Tower.'—*Hepworth Dixon.*

An arch beneath the terrace forms the approach to the **Traitor's Gate**, through which the water formerly reached to the stairs within the gloomy low-browed arch which we still see. Here it was that Anne Boleyn was landed for imprisonment in the same room from which she had gone to her coronation, having been hurried hither without warning from a tournament at Greenwich, and fell upon her knees upon the steps, praying God to defend her, as she was innocent of the crime of which she was accused. Here, eighteen years after, her daughter Elizabeth stepped on shore, exclaiming, 'Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before Thee, O God, I speak it.' Fuller mentions the proverb, 'A loyal heart may be landed at Traitor's Gate'—

> 'That gate misnamed, through which before
> Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More.'
> *Rogers' 'Human Life.'*

In the room over the gate died the last Lord Grey of Wilton (1614), after eleven years of cruel imprisonment, on accusation of wishing to marry Lady Arabella Stuart without permission of James I. An oratory in the upper story was dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury.

Beyond the Traitor's Gate, guarding the outer ward towards the river, were the **Cradle Tower**, the **Well Tower**, and the

Galleyman Tower. Near the last was the approach called the Iron Gate.

Returning to the main entrance, we pass into the **Outer Ward** through the **Byward Tower** (so called from the password given on entering it), having on the left the Bell Tower, in which Bishop Fisher and Lady Arabella Stuart were confined. There is a similar 'Bell Tower' at Windsor—there almost the only remnant of the ancient castle.

We should examine the Traitor's Gate as we pass it. The walls, both at the sides and in front towards the river, are perforated

BYWARD TOWER.

with little passages, with loopholes from which the Lieutenant of the Tower could watch, unseen, the arrival of the prisoners. We may linger a moment at the top of its steps also, to recollect that it was here that, as Sir Thomas More was being led back to prison after his condemnation, with the fatal sign of the reversed axe carried before him, his devoted daughter Margaret, who had been watching unrecognised amid the crowd, burst through the guards, and flinging herself upon his neck, besought his blessing.

> 'The blushing maid
> Who through the streets as through a desert stray'd,
> And, when her dear, dear father passed along,
> Would not be held—but, bursting through the throng,

Halberd and battle-axe—kissed him o'er and o'er;
Then turned and went, then sought him as before,
Believing she should see his face no more.'
Rogers' 'Human Life.'

Margaret was forced away from her father, but a second time broke away and threw her arms around his neck, with such piteous cries of 'Oh, my father, my father!' that the very guards were melted into tears, while he, 'remitting nothing of his steady gravity,'

TRAITOR'S GATE.

gave her his solemn blessing, and besought her 'to resign herself to God's blessed pleasure and to bear her loss with patience.'

In the recent 'restorations' at the Tower, most of the interest of the Traitor's Gate—one of the most important memorials of English history—was wilfully and ruthlessly destroyed. The old stone steps, worn by the feet of so many illustrious prisoners, were torn up, with the stone upon which Elizabeth sate when she was landed as a prisoner, and they have been replaced by 'a neat staircase of Bath-stone.' The venerable gates themselves, strong and durable as ever, though worn by the actions of ten thousand tides and green with river weed, were sold for fifteen shillings to a small tradesman in Whitechapel. Barnum, who heard of them there, immediately gave the man £50 for them, and they are now the most important and

attractive object in his Exhibition at New York. Such is the care bestowed on our national relics by their proper guardians.

Immediately opposite the Traitor's Gate, another ancient arch with a portcullis admits us to the **Inner Ward.** The old ring on the left of the arch is that to which the rope was fastened, stretched across the roadway, from the boat which brought in the prisoners. This is altogether the most picturesque point in the building. It is called the **Bloody Tower,** from the belief that here the sons of Edward IV. were murdered by order of their uncle, Richard III. There is not, however, any proof that, if the murder was committed,

THE BLOODY GATE.

the crime was perpetrated here, and only since the reign of Elizabeth has the present name been given to the place: it was previously called 'the Garden Tower,' because it joined the Constable's garden, which now forms part of the parade.

Though there is no proof that the princes were murdered here, a very old tradition points out the angle at the foot of the wall, outside the gate on the right, as the place of their hasty burial by their reputed assassins, Dighton and Forrest, before their removal by Richard III. to the foot of the staircase in the White Tower.

The gate looks the same now as it did when Sir Thomas Wyatt passed through it to his prison, when Sir John Bridges seized him

and shook him by the collar, calling him names and saying, 'But that the law must pass upon thee, I would stick thee through with my dagger.' 'To the which,' says Holinshed, 'Wyatt, holding his arms under his side, and looking grievously with a grim look upon the lieutenant, said, "It is no mastery now," and so passed on.'

It is from the little portico on the right within the Bloody Gate that nightly at 11 P.M. the sentry of the guard challenges the Chief Warder having the keys of the fortress—'Who goes there?' 'Keys.' 'Whose Keys?' 'Queen Victoria's Keys.' 'Advance Queen Victoria's

THE WAKEFIELD TOWER.

Keys, and all's well.' Then the Warder exclaims, 'God bless Queen Victoria.' The soldiers respond and salute, the keys pass on, and the guard disperses.

Just within the gate, on the right, some steps lead into the **Wakefield Tower**, where the Regalia are now kept. The basement of this tower, which is said to derive its name from the prisoners kept here after the battle of Wakefield, probably dates from Stephen. The interior has a beautiful vaulted roof. Opening from the raised recess of the window on the south side is the oratory of Henry VI., which tradition points out as the scene of his murder. The centre of the chamber is occupied by a great glass case containing the *Regalia*,

with the magnificent gold plate used at Coronation banquets. The collection of plate and jewels here is valued at three millions. The most important objects are—

The Queen's State Crown, made 1838. It is covered with precious stones. In front, in the centre of a cross of diamonds, is the famous ruby given to the Black Prince by Don Pedro of Castile (1367) after the battle of Najera. Henry V. wore it in his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.

St. Edward's Crown, made for the Coronation of Charles II., and used ever since at coronations. It replaced a crown destroyed during the Commonwealth, which, according to tradition, had been worn by the Confessor.

The Prince of Wales's Crown, of gold, without jewels.

The Crown used for the Queens Consort, of gold, set with diamonds and precious stones.

The Queen's Circlet, made for Mary of Modena, wife of James II.

The Orb, a ball of gold, set with jewels and surmounted by a cross, held by the sovereigns in their right hand at coronation, and carried in their left on their return to Westminster Hall. This is a badge of universal authority, borrowed from the Roman emperors.

St. Edward's Staff, a golden sceptre carried before the sovereign at coronation.

The King's Sceptre with the Cross, which is placed in the right hand of the sovereign at coronation by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The King's Sceptre with the Dove, surmounted by a cross, with a dove as the emblem of Mercy.

The Queen's Sceptre with the Cross.

The Queen's Ivory Rod, an ivory sceptre, with a golden cross and dove, made for Mary of Modena.

The Armillae, or Bracelets, worn by sovereigns at coronations.

The Royal Spurs, carried by ancient custom at coronations by the Lords Grey de Ruthyn, as representatives of the Earls of Hastings.

The Ampulla, or Golden Eagle, which holds the consecrated oil at coronations. The spoon belonging to the Ampulla is the oldest piece of plate in the collection.

The Curtana, or Sword of Mercy, carried at coronations between the Swords of Temporal and Spiritual Justice.

The Salt-cellar of State—a model of the White Tower.

The Silver Fountain, presented to Charles II. by the town of Plymouth.

The Silver Font, used at the baptisms of the royal children.

The crown jewels have frequently been pledged by the English kings to Flemish and French merchants. A determined attempt to carry them off was made, in the reign of Charles II., by an Irishman named Thomas Blood. He was a desperate ruffian, who, amongst other wild deeds, had carried off the Duke of Ormonde, and very nearly succeeded in hanging him at Tyburn, to avenge the deaths of some of his associates in a Dublin insurrection, when the Duke was Lord Lieutenant. On the present occasion he came first with his supposed wife to see the Regalia, and while there the woman pretended to be taken ill. Her being conveyed into the rooms of Talbot Edwards, the Deputy-keeper, then eighty years old, was made the pretext for an acquaintance, which ended in a proposition on the part of Blood to bring about a marriage between his son and the daughter of Edwards. Some days after he returned with the imaginary bridegroom and two other companions, and, while waiting for the lady, begged to be shown the crown jewels. Edwards complied, and as soon as the door, according to custom, was locked on the inside, they gagged the old man, beat him till he was half senseless, and began to pack up the Regalia. Fortunately young Edwards returned from Flanders at that moment and arrived to see his father. The old keeper, hearing him, contrived to cry out 'Murder!' and

the conspirators made off, Blood carrying the crown, and one of his companions, Perrot, the orb. They were pursued and seized. The most extraordinary part of the story is that, backed by the reminiscence of his attack on the Duke of Ormonde, Blood so contrived to terrify the king by his account of the vengeance which his friends would take in case of his execution, that he was not only released, but allowed a pension of £500 a year! while poor old Edwards, promised a pension which was never paid, was allowed to die almost in destitution.

Before the Regalia were removed hither, the Wakefield Tower was used as a Record Office. It was here that Selden, with Sir Robert Cotton, searched for the precedents upon which the Petition of Rights was founded. Here also Prynne forgot the loss of his ears in compiling materials for his books, for when some one asked Charles II. at the Restoration what should be done to keep Prynne quiet, he said, 'Let him amuse himself with writing against the Catholics and poring over the records in the Tower,' of which he forthwith gave him the custody, with a salary of £500 a year.

A chapel which existed in the Wakefield Tower, and where Henry VI. probably worshipped during a great part of his reign, has been wantonly destroyed by the Board of Works.

The centre of the Inner Ward is occupied by the mighty **White Tower**, the 'Arx Palatina' of the Conqueror, 'La Blanche Tour deinz la Tour de Londres' of Edward III. It is an immense quadrangular building with corner turrets, and pierced with Norman arches and windows.[1] On the uppermost or 'state' floor of the south front is a picturesque short arcade of eight windows set in recesses in couples, having a plain baluster in common, one pair being probably the only windows in the Tower which retain their original appearance. This arcade opens from the mural gallery running round the exterior of the Council Chamber and adjoining room. Out of one of these windows it was that Bishop Flambard, the faithful but nefarious minister of Rufus, let himself down when imprisoned by Henry I. The original main entrance of the White Tower has never been ascertained. The half-round bow on the exterior indicates the apse of St. John's Chapel. Close to the Tower, on the outside, are preserved several curious specimens of early guns, chiefly of the time of Henry VIII., the earliest dating from Henry VI. The most interesting pieces are 'the Great Harry' of Henry VIII. and a gun inscribed 'Thomas Semeur Knyght was Master of the King's Ordynannce when John and Robert Owen Bretheren made thys Pece, Anno Domini 1546.'

'If there be any truth in the proverb, "As long as Megg of Westminster," it relateth to a great gun, lying in the Tower, commonly called "Long Megg," and in troublesome times (perchance upon Ill May-day in the reign of King Henry the Eighth) brought to Westminster, where for a good time it continued. But this nut (perchance) deserves not the cracking.'—*Fuller's 'Worthies.'*

We enter the Tower by a staircase at its south-west angle. Under the steps at the first landing (as an inscription tells) some bones were

[1] The modern casing of this tower is by Wren.

found in the reign of Charles II., and were buried in Westminster Abbey as those of the princes, sons of Edward IV. Edward V. was twelve at the time of his death, his brother Richard eight. The story of their disappearance is still one of the mysteries of history. Heywood, in his play of *Edward IV.*, thus describes their arrival here with their uncle :—

'*Prince Edward.* Uncle, what gentleman is that?
Gloster. It is, sweet Prince, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Prince Edward. Sir, we are come to be your guests to-night.
I pray you, tell me, did you ever know
Our father, Edward, lodge within this place?
Brackenbury. Never to lodge, my liege; but oftentimes
On other occasions I have seen him here.
Prince Richard. Brother, last night when you did send for me,
My mother told me, hearing we should lodge
Within the Tower, that it was a prison,
And therefore marvell'd that my uncle Gloster,
Of all the houses for a king's receipt
Within this city, had appointed none
Where you might keep your court but only here.
Gloster. Vile brats! how they do descant on the Tower!
My gentle nephew, they were ill-advised
To tutor you with such unfitting terms
(Whoe'er they were) against this royal mansion:
What if some part of it hath been reserved
To be a prison for nobility,
Follows it therefore that it cannot serve
To any other use? Caesar himself,
That built the same, within it kept his court,
And many kings since him; the rooms are large,
The building stately, and for strength beside
It is the safest and the surest hold you have.
Prince Edward. Uncle of Gloster, if you think it so,
'Tis not for me to contradict your will;
We must allow it, and are well content.
Gloster. On then, a' God's name.
Prince Edward. Yet before we go,
One question more with you, Master Lieutenant:
We like you well; and, but we do perceive
More comfort in your looks than in these walls,
For all our uncle Gloster's friendly speech,
Our hearts would be as heavy still as lead.
I pray you, tell me, at which door or gate
Was it my uncle Clarence did go in
When he was sent a prisoner to this place?
Brackenbury. At this, my liege! Why sighs your Majesty?
Prince Edward. He went in here that ne'er came back again!
But as God hath decreed, so let it be!
Come, brother, shall we go?
Prince Richard. Yes, brother, anywhere with you.'

Heywood thus portrays the night before the murder :—

'*Scene, a Bedroom in the Tower—enter the two young Princes in their bedgowns and caps.*

Richard. How does your lordship?
Edward. Well, good brother Richard.
How does yourself? You told me your head ached.
Richard. Indeed it does; my lord, feel with your hands
How hot it is!
Edward. Indeed you have caught cold
With sitting yesternight to hear me read;
I pray thee go to bed, sweet Dick, poor little heart!

Richard. You'll give me leave to wait upon your lordship.
Edward. I had more need, brother, to wait on you;
For you are sick, and so am not I.
Richard. Oh Lord! methinks this going to our bed,
How like it is to going to our grave.
Edward. I pray thee do not speak of graves, sweet heart;
Indeed thou frightest me.
Richard. Why, my lord brother, did not our tutor teach us,
That when at night we went unto our bed
We still should think we went unto our grave?
Edward. Yes, that's true,
If we should do as every Christian ought,
To be prepared to die at every hour.
But I am heavy.
Richard. Indeed, so am I.
Edward. Then let us say our prayers and go to bed.
[*They kneel, and solemn music within: it ceases and they rise.*]
Richard. What, bleeds your grace?
Edward. Ay, two drops, and no more.
Richard. God bless us both, and I desire no more.
Edward. Brother, see here what David says, and so say I:
Lord, in thee will I trust although I die.'—*Parts I. and II.*

A winding stair leads to **St. John's Chapel** (of 1078), the most perfect Norman chapel in England, encircled by heavy circular pillars with square cornices and bases, and a very wide triforium over the aisles. The stilted horseshoe arches of the apse resemble on a small scale those of St. Bartholomew the Great. The pavement is modern, but admirably adapted to the place. Here, while he was kneeling in prayer, Brackenbury, the Lieutenant of the Tower, received an order to murder the young Edward V. and his brother, and refused to obey it; here their sister, Elizabeth of York, lay in state, 1503; here Mary attended a mass for her brother Edward VI. at the time of his funeral; and here the Duke of Northumberland, father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey, heard mass and publicly 'kneeled down and axed all men forgiveness, and likewise forgave all men,' before his execution.

It is on this floor of the White Tower that Flambard, Bishop of Durham, Griffin, Prince of Wales, John Baliol, and the Duke of Orleans were confined. Baliol especially lived here in great state, with an immense household.

Adjoining the chapel was the ancient **Banqueting Hall**, now filled with weapons. The upper floor, reached by a winding stair at the end of the Banqueting Hall, was the **Council Chamber**, in which Richard II. abdicated in favour of Henry IV.

'King Richard was released from his prison, and entered the hall, which had been prepared for the occasion, royally dressed, the sceptre in his hand and the crown on his head, but without supporters on either side. He addressed the company as follows: "I have reigned King of England, Duke of Aquitaine, and Lord of Ireland about twenty-two years, which royalty, lordship, sceptre, and crown I now freely and willingly resign to my cousin, Henry of Lancaster, and entreat of him, in the presence of you all, to accept this sceptre." He then tendered the sceptre to the Duke of Lancaster, who took it and gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. King Richard next raised the crown with his two hands from his head, and placing it before him, said, "Henry, fair cousin, and Duke of Lancaster, I present and give to you this crown, with which I was crowned king of England, and all the rights dependent on it."

'The Duke of Lancaster received it, and delivered it over to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was at hand to take it. These two things being done, and the resignation accepted, the Duke of Lancaster called in a public notary, that an authentic act should be drawn up of this proceeding, and witnessed by the lords and prelates then present. Soon after the king was conducted to where he had come from, and the Duke and other lords mounted their horses to return home.' —*Froissart.*

Shakspeare has introduced the speech of King Richard :—

'I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldly sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart:
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!'

Here also occurred that stranger scene in 1483, when the Protector (afterwards Richard III.), coming in amongst the lords in council, asked the Bishop of Ely to send for some strawberries from his famous garden in Holborn. It is impossible to resist the temptation to quote Sir Thomas More's graphic account of what followed :—

"The protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon, praying them to spare him for a little while, departed thence. And soon after one hour, between 10 and 11, he returned into the chamber among them, all changed, with a wonderful sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and frothing and gnawing on the lips; and so sat him down in his place, all the lords much dismayed and sore marvelling of this manner of sudden change, and what thing should him ail.

'Then, when he had sitten still awhile, thus he began: "What were they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood unto the king, and protector of his royal person and his realm?" At this question all the lords sate sore astonished, musing much by whom this question should be meant, of which every man wist himself clear. Then the lord-chamberlain,[1] as he who for the love between them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors whoever they were. And all the others affirmed the same. "That is," quoth he, "yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and another with her," meaning the queen.

. . . . . .

'Then said the protector, "Ye shall all see in what wise that sorceress, and that other witch, of her counsel, Shore's wife, with her affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft wasted my body." And therewith he plucked up his doublet-sleeve to his elbow, upon his left arm, when he shewed a werish withered arm and small, as it was never other. And thereupon every man's mind sore misgave him, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel. For well they wist that the queen was too wise to go about any such folly. And also, if she would, yet would

[1] Lord Hastings, whose wife, Catherine Neville, was Richard's first cousin.

she, of all folk, least make Shore's wife of counsel, whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king her husband had most loved. And also no man was there present but well knew that his arm was ever such since his birth.

'Nevertheless, the lord-chamberlain answered and said, "Certainly, my lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy heinous punishment."

'"What," quoth the protector, "thou servest me ill I ween with ifs and with ands: I tell thee they have so done, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor." And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist upon the board a great rap; at which token given, one cried "treason" without the chamber. Therewith a door clapped, and in came there rushing men in harness as many as the chamber might hold. And anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings, "I arrest thee, traitor." "What! me, my lord?" quoth he. "Yea, thee, traitor," quoth the protector. And another let fly at the Lord Stanley, who shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth; for, as shortly as he shrank, yet the blood ran about his ears.'

'Then were they all quickly bestowed in divers chambers; except the lord-chamberlain, whom the protector bad speed and shrive him apace, "for by St. Paul," quoth he, "I will not to dinner till I see thy head off." It booted him not to ask "why;" but heavily he took a priest at adventure, and made a short shrift; for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to dinner, which he might not go to till this were done, for saving of his oath. So was he brought forth into the green, beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off; and afterward his body, with the head, interred at Windsor, beside the body of King Edward; both whose souls our Lord pardon!'—*Life of Richard III.*

The collection of ancient armour has recently been moved to the Council Chamber, where it is ill arranged (not in order of dates) in overcrowded stands. The collection is a fine one, but not to be compared to those of Madrid or Vienna, or even to that of Turin. We may notice—

1st Stand (armour of the time of the Tudors).

Suit of russet armour, covered with filigree work, of the time of Edward VI. The horse armour is adorned with the badges of Burgundy and Granada. It probably belonged to the Archduke Philip, who married the unfortunate Joanna, second daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. This horse armour is believed to have been presented to Henry VII. when Philip and Joanna were forced by storms to take refuge in England in 1506.

2nd Stand (armour of the time of Elizabeth).

Tilting suit which belonged to Robert Dudley, Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester. Observe the initials R. D. on the genouillères, and the Bear and Ragged Staff on the chamfron of the horse, encircled by the collar of the Garter. This suit was originally gilt.

Gilt suit of 1581. It belonged to the Earl of Essex. At George II.'s coronation it was worn by the king's champion.

3rd Stand (armour of the time of James I. and Charles I.).

4th Stand (armour of the time of James I. and Charles I.).

Gilt suit made for Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I., when a child.

Suit made for Charles I. when a child.

Gilt suit of Charles I. given by the Armourers' Company. This suit was laid on the coffin of the great Duke of Marlborough at his funeral.

Suit made for Charles II. in his fifth year.

5th Stand (early 17th century).

6th Stand (Cavalier armour of 1630–60).

At the south end of the chamber.

(*On the left.*) The instruments of torture—thumbscrews; bilboes; the torture cravat, called 'Skeffington's Daughter,' after its inventor; and a Spanish collar of torture taken in the Armada.

Equestrian figure bearing the armour of James II. The head is interesting as having been carved by Grinling Gibbons as a portrait of Charles II.

An axe said to have been used at the execution of the Earl of Essex.

The block used at (and made for) the execution of Lord Lovat.

A glass case containing engraved armour, said to have belonged to Henry IV. of France.

7th Stand (*15th century*).

8th Stand (*armour of the time of Edward IV. and Richard III.*).

9th Stand (*armour of the time of Henry VII. and VIII.*).

Suit of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, 1520.

Horse armour of Henry VIII.—probably authentic.

Another suit worn by Henry VIII.

10th Stand (*armour of the time of Henry VII. and VIII.*).

The glorious suit (of German manufacture) presented to Henry VIII. on his marriage with Katherine of Arragon. There is a similar suit in the Belvedere at Vienna.

'The badges of this king and queen, the rose and the pomegranate, are engraved on various parts of the armour. On the fans of the genouilleres is the sheaf of arrows, the device adopted by Ferdinand, the father of Katherine, on his conquest of Granada. Henry's badges, the Portcullis, the Fleur-de-lys, and the Red Dragon, also appear; and on the edge of the lamboys, or skirts, are the initials of the royal pair "H. K." united by a true lovers' knot. The same letters, similarly united by a knot, which includes also a curious love-badge, formed of a half rose and half pomegranate, are engraved on the croupière of the horse.'—*Hewitt's 'Tower Armouries.'*

The most remarkable part of the adornment consists in the designs, probably by Hans Burgmair, from the stories of St. George, the patron of England, and St. Barbara, the patroness of armourers and soldiers. The corresponding scenes form a regular series:—

1. St. George, on horseback, riding forth in search of adventures: St. Barbara, attended by two maidens, building her tower.
2. St. George accused before the Emperor: St. Barbara pursued by her father.
3. St. George tortured by the wheel: St. Barbara scourged.
4. St. George beheaded by an executioner: St. Barbara beheaded by her father.

A beautiful brass gun taken from Malta by the French, and captured by the *Seahorse* in 1798.

The awful 'Headsman's mask,' and the burgonet of Will Somers, jester to Sir Thomas More and Henry VIII.—a kind of head-piece with ram's horns.

A ludicrous figure of Elizabeth on horseback, as she is supposed to have appeared at Tilbury Fort.

Having looked out of the window whence Richard beheld the execution on Tower Green, we may enter the broad triforium of St. John's Chapel, whence there was a communication with the royal apartments.

There is a glorious view from the leads on the summit of the White Tower. Greenwich is visible on a fine day. The turrets are restorations. In that by which we enter (N.E.) King John imprisoned the beautiful Maud, daughter of Robert Fitzwalter of Baynard's Castle.

In the *Crypt* of St. John's Chapel is a dark cell falsely called the

prison of Sir Walter Raleigh. At its entrance are inscriptions left by the prisoners after Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion—

'He that indvreth to the ende shall be savid M 10.
R. Hudson. Kent. Ano. 1553.'
'Be faithful vnto the deth and I wil give thee a crowne of life. T. Fane. 1554.'
'T. Culpeper of Darford.'

The vaults of the White Tower were used as prisons, though there is no authority for the statement of the Warders that Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More were imprisoned there. As we descend, we may see the remains of the old staircase on the right: a sword shown as Smith O'Brien's was kept there. The holes in which the rack was fixed upon which Anne Askew was tortured still exist under the boarding of the floor. Burnet narrates that the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, throwing off his coat, himself drew the rack so severely that he almost tore her body asunder. In the prison called **Little Ease** Guy Fawkes was imprisoned, with his companions, and here he was racked, and confessed after thirty minutes of torture. On a wall in one of the vaults is the inscription 'Sacris vestibus indutus, dum sacra mysteria servans, captus et in hoc angusto carcere inclusus. T. Fisher'—probably by a Jesuit priest involved in the conspiracy.

Those really interested in the Tower will obtain leave to make the circuit of the smaller towers, of which there were twelve encircling the Inner Ward. Returning to the Bloody Gate, and ascending the steps on the right, they will be shown the rooms over the gateway, which are full of curious, or great, reminiscences.

On the wall of a small chamber (left) on the first floor is an inscription by Leslie, Bishop of Ross, so long an active partisan of Mary, Queen of Scots, who confessed the Norfolk and Northumberland plots in her favour, and declared her privy to the death of Darnley: only the name is now legible, the rest of the inscription having been chipped by axes in the time of the Commonwealth. Another room on this floor is that whither Felton, the murderer of Buckingham, was brought to prison, blessed by the people on his way. Here also Colonel Hutchinson was imprisoned after the Restoration—'It was a great dark room,' says Mrs. Hutchinson, 'that had no window in it, where the portcullis to one of the inward Tower gates was drawn up and let down, under which there sate every night a court of guard.' The same prison was afterwards occupied by a very different character, James II.'s Judge Jeffreys, who was taken at Wapping in the dress of a sailor by a man he had injured, and who died here of drinking, having, during his imprisonment, been insulted by receiving a present of a barrel, containing apparently Colchester oysters, but enclosing in reality a halter.

On the upper floor is the room where the supposed murder of the Princes took place. Its window opens upon a narrow passage by which the assassins are said to have entered from the outside walk upon the walls. The rooms have been subdivided in late times. In one of them Margaret Cheyne was imprisoned, the wild woman who

in the reign of Henry VIII. excited the second pilgrim-invasion of Yorkshire, with the object of overthrowing the power of Cromwell and restoring Katherine of Arragon. Here Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey, was imprisoned, and hence he was led to the scaffold. Here was the first prison of Archbishop Cranmer. Henry, eighth Earl of Northumberland, imprisoned for exciting a Catholic crusade against Elizabeth, shot himself here, June 21, 1585, to avoid the confiscation of his estates. In the same room Sir Thomas Overbury, in the reign of James I., underwent slow agonies of poisoning at the hands of Viscount Rochester, the Countess of Essex, and their minions. Here also Sir Walter Raleigh lived through his second and longest imprisonment of sixteen years, being accused of a plot in favour of Lady Arabella Stuart. His imprisonment was not rendered unnecessarily severe, and his wife and son were allowed to live near him in the Tower. In the still existing room he wrote his 'History of the World,' and burnt its second volume as a sacrifice to Truth on being convinced that a murder which he fancied that he had seen from his prison window was only an optical delusion.[1] Here he received the visits of Ben Jonson and other clever men of the time, and of Prince Henry, who said, 'No man but my father would keep such a bird in such a cage.' In the adjoining garden he used to work, to cultivate rare plants and distil curious essences from them. The narrow walk upon the wall, connected with these apartments, is still called **Sir Walter Raleigh's Walk.**

We should next visit the **Lieutenant's Lodgings**, where Mrs. Hutchinson was born, being the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower. On the ground floor we may see the curious *Axe of Office* of the Chief Warder, which was carried before the Lieutenant when he accompanied prisoners to the House of Lords. As they returned, the axe was carried before the prisoner. If the trial was not finished, the face of the axe was away from him; if he was condemned, it was turned towards him: thus those watching through the loopholes of the Traitor's Gate knew the prisoner's fate at once.

To the south room on the upper floor Guy Fawkes and his friends were brought for examination before Cecil, Nottingham, Mountjoy, and Northampton. Cecil wrote of Guy Fawkes, 'He is no more dismayed than if he were taken for a poor robbery on the highway.' There is a fine bust in wood of James I. over the chimney-piece, and on the left the names of the conspirators are given on one of a set of tablets, which contain curious Latin inscriptions, put up by Sir William Waad, Lieutenant of the Tower, to flatter the vain-glorious James I. Of some of these the following are translations:—

'James the Great, King of Great Britain, illustrious for piety, justice, foresight, learning, hardihood, clemency, and the other royal virtues; champion and patron of the Christian faith, of the public safety, and of universal peace; author most subtle, most august, and most auspicious.

[1] D'Israeli, *Curiosities of Literature.*

'Queen Anne, the most serene daughter of Frederick the Second, invincible King of the Danes.

'Prince Henry, ornament of nature, strengthened with learning, blest with grace, born and given to us from God.

'Charles, Duke of York, divinely disposed to every virtue.

'Elizabeth, full sister of both, most worth of her parents.

'Do Thou all-seeing protect these as the apple of the eye, and guard them without fear from wicked men beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

'To Almighty God, the guardian, arrester, and avenger, who has punished this great and incredible conspiracy against our most merciful Lord the King, our most serene Lady the Queen, our divinely-disposed Prince, and the rest of our Royal House; and against all persons of quality, our ancient nobility, our soldiers, prelates, and judges; the authors and advocates of which conspiracy, Romanised Jesuits, of perfidious, Catholic, and serpent-like ungodliness, with others equally criminal and insane, were moved by the furious desire of destroying the true Christian religion, and by the treasonous hope of overthrowing the kingdom, root and branch; and which was suddenly, wonderfully, and divinely detected, at the very moment when the ruin was impending, on the 5th day of November in the year of grace 1605. William Waad, whom the King has appointed his Lieutenant of the Tower, returns, on the ninth of October, in the sixth year of the reign of James the First, 1608, his great and everlasting thanks.

This is the room where Pepys (Feb. 28, 1663-64) 'did go to dine with Sir J. Robinson, his ordinary table being very good, and his lady a very high-carriaged, but comely-big woman.' James, Duke of Monmouth, taken as a fugitive from Sedgemoor, was imprisoned in the Lieutenant's lodgings (1685) till his execution.

We now reach the **Bell Tower**, so called from being surmounted by a wooden turret containing the alarm-bell of the garrison. At the entrance of the upper room from the walk upon the wall is the inscription—

'Bi . torture . stravnge . my . trovth . was . tried . yet . of . my . lybertie . denied : ther . for . reson . hath . me . perswaded . that . pasyens . mvst . be . ymbrasyd : thogh . hard . fortvne . chasyth . me . wyth . smart . yet . pasyens . shall . prevayl.'

The curious vaulted chamber of the Bell Tower is that where John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was imprisoned in his eightieth year. He was condemned for treason because he believed in the prophecies of the Maid of Kent, who said that a judgment would follow Henry VIII.'s divorce of Katherine of Arragon. 'You believe the prophecies,' said Cromwell, 'because you wish them to be true.' From the Bell Tower he wrote piteously to Cromwell, 'I beseech you to be good master in my necessity; for I have neither shirt, nor suit, nor yet other clothes that are necessary for me to wear, but that be ragged and rent too shamefully. Notwithstanding, I might easily suffer that, if I could keep my body warm. But my diet also, God knoweth how slender it is at many times. And now in mine age, my stomach may not away but with a few kinds of meats, which, if I want, I decay forthwith.' While Fisher was in prison, the Pope, to comfort him, sent him a cardinal's hat. 'Fore God,' said the king, 'if he wear it he shall wear it on his shoulders,' and his death-warrant was signed, so that 'his cardinal's hat and his head never met together.'[1] The old man put on his best suit for

[1] Fuller.

what he called his marriage day, and went forth gladly to the scaffold, with his New Testament in his hand. It opened at the passage, 'This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.'

The Bell Tower is said to have been also the prison of the Princess Elizabeth, but it is more probable that she was confined in the royal apartments. It is certain that after a month's strict confinement she was allowed to walk in the Queen's Garden. Arabella Stuart, however, who had married Sir William Seymour, with the love which 'laughs at privy councils,'[1] certainly languished here for four years after her capture in Calais Roads while attempting to escape with her husband to France.

'What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history; but enough is known; that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason; and if the duration of her imprisonment [four years] was short, it was only terminated by her death. Some loose effusions, often begun and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain in the fragments of her papers. In a letter she proposed addressing to Viscount Fenton, to implore for her his Majesty's favour again, she says, "Good my lord, consider the fault cannot be uncommitted; neither can any more be required of any earthly creature but confession and most humble submission." In a paragraph she had written, but crossed out, it seems that a present of her work had been refused by the king, and that she had no one about her whom she might trust.'—*D'Israeli*, '*Curiosities of Literature*.'

'Where London's towre its turrets show
So stately by the Thames's side,
Faire Arabella, childe of woe!
For many a day had sat and sighed,
And as shee heard the waves arise,
And as shee heard the bleak windes roare,
As faste did heave her heartfelte sighes,
And still so faste her teares did poure.'
From Evans's Old Ballads (probably by Mickle).

Adjoining the Bell Tower is a room with an ancient chimney-piece inscribed—'Upon the twentieth daie of June in yere of our Lord a thousand five hundred three score and five, was the Right honorable countes of Lennox Grace committede prysoner to thys lodgynge for the marreage of her sonne my Lord Henry Darnle and the Queen of Scotland. Here is their names that do wayte upon her noble Grace in thys plase—M. Elizh. Hussey, M. Jane Baily, M. Elizh. Chamberlen, M. Robarte Partington, Edward Cuffin, Anno Domini 1566.' This is a memorial of Margaret, Countess of Lennox, first cousin of Queen Elizabeth, being the daughter of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, by her marriage with the Earl of Angus. She was imprisoned on the marriage, and released on the murder, of Darnley. She died in great poverty (leaving two grandchildren, James VI., son of Henry, and Arabella, daughter of Charles Stuart), and was buried in state at Westminster at the expense of Elizabeth.

In the centre of the west side of the court is the **Beauchamp Tower**, which probably derived its name from the imprisonment in it, by Richard II., of Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick,

[1] D'Israeli.

before his removal to the Isle of Man in 1397. The tower was restored and all its interest destroyed in 1854. Its inscriptions were then taken down and placed together in one room, to the great injury of their historic value. This room is on the upper story, and is surrounded by a number of arched embrasures. The walls are half covered with the inscriptions, which will be found of the greatest interest by those who read them on the spot, though a description of them here is dull reading. We may notice—

Right of First Recess. In old Italian—'Dispoi : che : vole : la : fortvna : che : la : mea : speransa : va : al : vento : pianger : ho : volio : el : tempo : perdvto : e : semper : stel : me : tristo : e : discontèto : Wilim : Tyrrel . 1541.'

Over the Fireplace. The autograph of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, eldest son of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, beheaded 1572, for the sake of Mary, Queen of Scots. 'Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc saeculo, tanto plus gloriae cum Christo in futuro. Arundell. June 22, 1587.

'Gloria et honore eum coronasti Domine,
In memoria eterna erit justus.'

Lord Arundel, having embraced the Catholic faith, had wished to emigrate, but was seized and imprisoned on an accusation of unlawfully supporting Catholic priests. The joy he expressed on hearing of the Spanish Armada caused his being tried in Westminster Hall and condemned to death, but he was reprieved, and languished all his life in prison. Elizabeth vainly offered his restoration to liberty, riches, and honour, if he would renounce his faith. He died Oct. 19, 1595, thus, though not without suspicion of poison, escaping the capital punishment inflicted upon his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather.

Right of Fireplace. Sculpture by John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, eldest son of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, imprisoned for the cause of Lady Jane Grey, who had married his brother, Lord Guildford Dudley. Beneath the lion, bear, and ragged staff is the sculptor's name, and a border of roses (for Ambrose), oak leaves (for Robert), and two other flowers, the whole being emblematical of the names of his four brothers, imprisoned with him, as we see by the inscription—

'Yow that these beasts do wel behold and se,
May deme with ease wherefore here made they be,
With borders eke wherein——
4 brothers names who list to serche the ground.'

Of the five brothers, John died in prison, Guildford was beheaded, the other three were released after six months' imprisonment.

Recess on Right of Fireplace. The inscription 'Dolor patientia vincitur. G. Gyfford, August 8, 1586,' and another, are probably by George Gyfford, gentleman pensioner to Elizabeth, falsely accused of having sworn to kill the queen.

On the left side of the same recess is a panel adorned with lozenges inscribed—

'J. H. S.
1571 . die 10° Aprilis.

'Wise men ought circumspectly to se what they do; to examine before they speake; to prove before they take in hand; to beware whose company they use; and, above all things, to whom they trust. Charles Bailly.'

The writer was a secret agent to Mary, Queen of Scots, arrested at Dover with letters in cipher for her, the Duke of Norfolk, and other adherents, and harshly imprisoned and tortured on the rack to obtain additional disclosures. Amongst Lord Burghley's State Papers there is a touching letter from him to that statesman—'For God's sake, and for the passion which he suffered for us, take pitie of me; and bend your mercyfull eyes towards me, Charles Bailly, a poore prisoner and stranger . . . who have no friend at all to help me with a penny, and am allready naked and torne.'

Another inscription by the same hand is—

'Principium sapientie timor Domini. I.H.S. X.P.S. Be frend to one. Be ennemye to none. Anno D. 1571. 10 Sept. The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not pacient in adversities; For men are not killed with the adversities they have: but with ye impacience which they suffer.

'Tout vient apoient, quy peult attendre. Gli sospiri ne son testimoni veri dell' angoscia mia. aet. 29. Charles Bailly.'

A third inscription by the same has simply the name and the date 1571.

Close to this is—'1570. JOHN STORE. Doctor.' This Store or Story was a member of the House of Commons, who was committed on the accession of Elizabeth for the vehemence with which he spoke against the Reformation, but escaped to Antwerp. He was, however, ensnared on board an English ship, carried back to the Tower, and condemned and cruelly executed for the Roman Catholic faith, with tortures even more barbarous than those used against Protestants. He was drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn, hung, cut down while still alive, and struggled with the executioner while he was being disembowelled!

Passing over inscriptions by persons of whom nothing is known, we find—

Third Recess—

(*Left side.*) 'T. C. I leve in hope and I gave credit to mi frinde in time did stande me most in hande. So wovlde I never do againe, excepte I hade hime suer in bande; and to al men wishe I so, unles ye sussteine the leke lose as I do.

'Unhappie is that mane whose actes doth procuer
The miseri of this hous in prison to induer.
1576. Thomas Clarke.'

(*Right side.*)

'Hit is the poynt of a wyse man to try and then trvste.
For hapy is he who fyndeth one that is jvste.
T. C.'

These are believed to be by Thomas Clarke, a Roman Catholic priest who recanted at St. Paul's Cross, July 1, 1593.

Below the first of these are the lines by a sufferer on the rack—

'Thomas Miagh which liethe here alone
That fayne wold from hens be gon
By tortvre stravnge mi trovth was
Tryed yet of my libertie denied.
1581. Thomas Myagh.'

Between the last two Recesses are, amongst many other inscriptions, under the name Thomas Rooper, 1570, the figure of a skeleton, and the words, 'Per passage penible passons a port plaisant.'

Near this is 'Geffrye Poole, 1562;' doubtless inscribed by that descendant of George, Duke of Clarence, who was imprisoned in the Tower for life, and on whose evidence his own brother, Lord Montague, with the Marquis of Exeter and others, was beheaded.

Near this is the word JANE, supposed to refer to Lady Jane Grey, and to have been cut by her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, imprisoned here with his brothers.

Near this also is 'Edmonde Poole,' which is several times repeated in the room, commemorating one of the great-grandsons of George, Duke of Clarence, imprisoned here for life on accusation of wishing to supplant the Protestant religion and make Mary of Scotland queen of England. His brother Arthur Pole has left his inscription—'Deo. servire . penitentiam . inire . fato . obedire . regnare . est. A. Poole. 1564. I. H. S.' and 'I. H. S. A passage perillus maketh a port pleasant. Ao. 1568. Arthur Poole. Aet. sue 37. A.P.'

Last Recess (*left*). 'I hope in th' end to deserve that I would have. Men: Novem: Ao. 1573,' with the name 'Hugh Longworthe' underneath and the prostrate figure of a man. This is especially curious as probably having been the work of one Peter Burchet of the Middle Temple, who being imprisoned here for wounding Sir John Hawkins, murdered (to 'deserve' his punishment?) his fellow-prisoner Hugh Longworth, as he was reading his Bible in this window. Burchet was hung by Temple Bar, Nov. 11, 1573.

After the last Recess. 'AS : VT : IS : TAKY . Thomas Fitzgerald,' commemorates the eldest son of Gerald FitzGerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, imprisoned for rebellion in Ireland, and hung and quartered at Tyburn, with his five uncles, Feb. 3, 1537.

Left of the (*original*) *East Window.* Under the word 'Thomas' is a great A upon a bell, being the rebus of Dr. Thomas Abel, domestic chaplain to Queen

Katherine of Arragon, imprisoned and executed for his fidelity to the cause of his mistress.

Near this is 'Doctor Cook,' the signature of Laurence Cook, Prior of Doncaster, hung for denying the king's supremacy; and 'Thomas Cobham, 1555,' commemorating the youngest son of Lord Cobham of Couling Castle, who was condemned for his share in Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection.

The last inscription we need notice is a carving of an oak-tree with acorns and the initials 'R. D.' beneath, the work of Robert Dudley, afterwards Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester, who, being already married to Amy Robsart, was imprisoned with his father and brothers for the affair of Lady Jane Grey.

An illustrious prisoner of the Beauchamp Tower, who has left no memorials, is Sir John Oldcastle, the Good Lord Cobham, who was sentenced to be burnt to death for supporting the doctrines of Wickliffe. A band of London citizens broke into the Tower and rescued him, and he remained under their protection in safety for three months. After this, being forced to flee, he wandered for four years through England and Wales, with a price of 1000 marks set upon his head. At length, after four years of wandering, he was betrayed by a Welsh follower, brought to London, and burnt before his own house in Smithfield in 1417.

On the wall at the top of this tower was the touching 'Epitaph on a Goldfinch'—

> 'Where Raleigh pin'd, within a prison's gloom,
> I cheerful sung, nor murmur'd at my doom;
> Where heroes bold, and patriots firm could dwell,
> A goldfinch in content his note might swell:
> But death, more gentle than the law's decree,
> Hath paid my ransom from captivity.
> Buried, June 23, 1794, by a fellow-
> -prisoner in the Tower of London.

Almost opposite the Beauchamp Tower is 'the Green within the Tower' (now a gravelled space, where it is said that grass has never consented to grow since the executions) whither Hastings (1483) was brought hastily from the council chamber in the White Tower, and where, 'without time for confession or repentance, his head was struck off upon a log of timber.'

A stone here marks the spot on which several of the most illustrious of the Tower-victims have suffered death, the greater part of the prisoners having been executed on Tower Hill. Here the beautiful Anne Boleyn walked to her death in the calm of innocence, comforting her attendants, and praying with her last breath for her brutal husband: the executioner of Calais was brought over on purpose for her beheading. Here the aged Countess of Salisbury, last lineal descendant of the Plantagenets, refused to lay her head upon the block, exclaiming, 'So do traitors use to do, and I am no traitor!' and rushed round and round the platform, her white hair streaming in the wind, till she was hewn down by the executioner. Here a letter from an eye-witness describes the death of Queen Katherine Howard (who had been a wife only one year six months and four days) and Lady Rochford as 'the most godly and Christian end that ever was heard tell of since the world's creation.' Hither Lady Jane Grey, 'the queen of nine days,' came to her death 'without fear or grief,' attended by her faithful women, Mistress Tylney and Mistress Ellen.

'These are the words that the Lady Jane spake upon the scaffold at the hour of her death. First when she mounted upon the scaffold, she said to the people standing thereabout, "Good people, I am come hither to die, and by a law I am condemned to the same. The fact against the queen's highness was unlawful, and the consenting thereunto by me; but touching the procurement and desire thereof by me or on my behalf, I do wash my hands thereof in innocency before God, and the face of you, good Christian people, this day:" and therewith she wrung her hands, wherein she had her book. Then said she, "I pray you all, good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I do look to be saved by no other mean, but only by the mercy of God, in the blood of His only son Jesus Christ: and I confess, that when I did know the word of God, I neglected the same, loved myself and the world; and therefore this plague and punishment is happily and worthily happened unto me for my sins; and yet I thank God, that of His goodness he hath thus given me a time and respite to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you assist me with your prayers." And then kneeling down, she turned her to Fecknam, saying, "Shall I say this psalm?" and he said "Yea." Then said she the psalm of "Miserere mei Deus" in English, in most devout manner, throughout to the end; and then she stood up, and gave her maiden, Mistress Ellen, her gloves and handkerchief, and her book to Master Bruges. And then she untied her gown, and the hangman pressed upon her to help her off with it; but she, desiring him to let her alone, turned towards her two gentlewomen, who helped her off therewith, and also with her frowes, paaft and neckerchief, giving to her a fair handkerchief to bind about her eyes.

'Then the hangman kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, whom she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the straw; which doing, she saw the block. Then she said, "I pray you dispatch me quickly." Then she kneeled down saying, "Will you take it off, before I lay me down?" And the hangman said, "No, Madam." Then tied she the handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block she said, "What shall I do? Where is it? Where is it?" One of the standers-by guiding her thereunto, she laid her head down upon the block, and then stretched forth her body, and said, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit;" and so finished her life in the year of our Lord God, 1554, the 12th day of February.'—*Foxe*, '*Acts and Monuments.*'

'Lady Jane had the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of the middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen; the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor for her parent's offences.'—*Holy State.*

On this same spot, in 1601, suffered Robert Devereux, Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, having obtained his last petition, that his execution might be in private, and coming to his death 'more like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death.'

Close by, on the left (having observed the inscription 'Nisi Dominus Frustra' over the chaplain's door) we may enter the Prisoners' *Chapel*, aptly dedicated to St. Peter in the Chains, built by Edward I., rebuilt by Edward III., but altered with perpendicular windows and arches in the reign of Henry VIII., and restored in exceedingly bad taste under Salvin, 1876–77. The chapel has always been used for the prisoners of the Tower, and it was here that the seven bishops imprisoned for conscience' sake, being allowed to attend service, were consoled by the accident of the Lesson being from 2 Cor. vi. 3, 4, 5—'Giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed: but in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments,' &c.

'Thither have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had

been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts.'—*Macaulay.*

The chapel contains several interesting monuments. At the north-east corner of the north aisle is the noble alabaster tomb (originally in front of the chancel) of Sir Richard Cholmondeley, Lieutenant of the Tower under Henry VII. (*ob.* 1544), and his wife Elizabeth. His effigy is in plate armour with a collar of SS., his head rests on a helmet, his feet on a lion: his wife, who lies on her left side, has a pointed head-dress: both the statues were once coloured and gilt. The north wall of the chancel is occupied by the tomb of Sir Richard Blount (1560) and Sir Michael Blount, his son (1592), both Lieutenants of the Tower. On the south wall of the chancel are some quaint monuments to the Carey family, and the black marble tablet to Sir Allen Apsley (father of Mrs. Hutchinson), 1630. Other monuments commemorate Valentine Pyne (1677), Master-Gunner of England; Sir Jonas More (1670), Surveyor-General of the Ordnance under Charles II.; Talbot Edwards (1674), the venerable Keeper of the Regalia at the time of the Blood conspiracy; and Gurwood of Ciudad Rodrigo fame (1846). On the east wall of the chancel are brass tablets to Sir John Fox Burgoyne, Constable of the Tower, 1870; and Lord de Ros, Deputy Lieutenant of the Tower, 1874.

But no monuments mark the graves of the most illustrious of the victims of the Tower, whose bones lie beneath the pavement. When this was taken up in 1876 some bones of a female of twenty-five or thirty years old were found before the altar at two feet below the ground, and have been almost conclusively identified as those of Queen Anne Boleyn, whose body, says Burnet, was, immediately after her execution, 'thrown into a common chest of elm-tree, that was made to put arrows in, and buried in the chapel within the Tower before twelve o'clock.' Stow describes how immediately before the altar lie 'two dukes between two queens' —the Protector Somerset (1552) and Lady Jane Grey's Duke of Northumberland between Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard. Of the girlish Queen Katherine no bones have been found, but some male bones with a skull have been identified as those of the Duke of Northumberland, whose head was buried with him. The Duke of Monmouth, the unfortunate son of Charles II., was buried beneath the altar, where his bones exist still. On the left of Anne Boleyn (north of chancel) lies her brother, Lord Rochford; to the right of Katherine Howard (south) were her friend Lady Rochford, and the venerable Countess of Salisbury, whose bones have been identified. Behind the queens lie Lord Guildford Dudley, Lady Jane Grey, the Duke of Suffolk, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Arundel, the Earl of Essex, and Sir Thomas Overbury.

Under the stone at the west end of the chapel rest Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat. Their coffin-plates are preserved on the west wall, inscribed—

'Willielmus, Comes de Kilmarnock, Decollatus 18° die Augusti, 1746. Aetatis suae 42°.

'Arthurus, Dominus de Balmerino, Decollatus 18° die August, 1746. Aetatis suae 58°.

'Simon, Dominus Frazer de Lovat, Decollat. April 9, 1747. Aetat. suae 80.' (The inscription upon which Lord Lovat looked upon the scaffold and uttered 'Dulce et decorum pro patriâ mori.')

To a spot north of this, Bishop Fisher was removed from All-hallows, Barking, that he might lie near his friend Sir Thomas More. Prisoners buried in the chapel were—

Gerald FitzGerald, Earl of Kildare, died in prison, 1534.
John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, beheaded, 1535.
Sir Thomas More, beheaded, 1535.
George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, beheaded, 1536.
Queen Anne Boleyn, beheaded, 1536.
Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, beheaded, 1540.
Margaret Clarence, Countess of Salisbury, beheaded, 1541.
Queen Katherine Howard, beheaded, 1542.
Jane, Viscountess Rochford, beheaded, 1542.
Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, beheaded, 1549.
Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, beheaded, 1552.
Sir Ralph Vane, hanged, 1552.
Sir Thomas Arundel, beheaded, 1552.
John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, beheaded, 1553.
Lord Guildford Dudley, beheaded, 1554.
Lady Jane Grey, beheaded, 1554.
Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, beheaded, 1554.
Arthur and Edmond Pole, grandsons of the Countess of Salisbury, died in the Tower between 1565 and 1578.
Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, beheaded, 1572.
Sir John Perrott, died in the Tower, 1592.
Philip, Earl of Arundel, died in the Tower, 1595.
Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, beheaded, 1601.
Sir Thomas Overbury, 'Prisoner, poysoned,' is the entry in the register, 1613.
Thomas, Lord Grey of Wilton, died in the Tower, 1614.
Sir John Eliot, died in the Tower, 1632.
William, Viscount Stafford, beheaded, 1680.
Arthur, Earl of Essex, 'cut his own throat within the Tower,' says the register, 1683.
James, Duke of Monmouth, beheaded, 1685.
George, Lord Jeffreys, died in the Tower, 1689 (his bones were removed in 1693).
John Rotier, died in the Tower, 1703.
Edward, Lord Griffin, died in the Tower, 1710.
William, Marquis of Tullibardine, died in the Tower, 1746.
Arthur, Lord Balmerino, beheaded, 1746.
William, Earl of Kilmarnock, beheaded, 1746.
Simon, Lord Frazer of Lovat, beheaded, 1747.[1]

Behind St. Peter's Chapel, at the north-west angle of the wall, is the **Devereux Tower,** called in the survey of Henry VIII. 'Robin the Devyll's Tower,' and in that of 1597 'the Develin Tower,' but which changed its name after the Earl of Essex was confined there in 1601.

Passing the Flint Tower (rebuilt), we reach the **Bowyer's Tower,** so called from having been the residence of the provider of the king's bows. The only ancient part is a vaulted chamber on the ground floor, in which, according to tradition, George, Duke of

[1] For further particulars consult the interesting volume on the Chapel in the Tower by Doyne C. Bell.

Clarence, brother of Edward IV., was drowned in a butt of malmsey wine.

Next, behind the barracks, is the **Brick Tower**, where the Master of the Ordnance resided. Here Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned. Hence she wrote her last touching words to her father, and those to her sister Katherine, Lady Herbert, on the blank leaves of her Greek Testament. From the window of this tower also, before she was herself taken to the scaffold, she beheld the headless body of her husband pass by in a cart from Tower Hill, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Guildford, Guildford! the ante-past is not so bitter that thou hast tasted, and which I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble; it is nothing compared with that feast of which we shall partake this day in heaven.'

'She had before received the offer of a crown with as even a temper as if it had been a garland of flowers, and now she lays aside the thought thereof with as much contentedness as she could have thrown away that garland when the scent was gone. The time of her glories was so short, but a nine days' work, that it seemed nothing but a dream, out of which she was not sorry to be awakened.'—*Heylin.*

In this tower Sir Walter Raleigh underwent his first imprisonment (by Elizabeth) for having seduced Elizabeth Throckmorton, one of the maids of honour, but was released on his marriage with her. Hither also, after his expedition to Guiana, he was brought for his third and last imprisonment.

The **Martin Tower**, at the north-east angle, was the prison for sixteen years of the Earl of Northumberland in the reign of James I. He was allowed to walk on the terrace between this and the Constable Tower, and to pursue his mathematical studies, under the guidance of Hariot, the astronomer. A sun-dial, still existing on the south face of the tower, was put up by the Earl, and is the work of Hariot. Northumberland was eventually released on the intercession of his beautiful daughter, Lucy Hay, Countess of Carlisle. It was here also that the Seven Bishops were imprisoned. As the 'Jewel Tower,' this was the scene of Blood's conspiracy. This tower was also the scene of the well-known but disconnected 'Tower-Ghost-Story.' Mr. Edward Lenthall Swifte, Keeper of the Crown Jewels, stated that on a Saturday night in October 1817, he was at supper with his wife, her sister, and his little boy, in the sitting-room of the jewel-house. The room had three doors and two windows: between the windows a chimney-piece projected far into the room. On that evening the doors were closed, the windows curtained, and the only light was given by the candles on the table. Mr. Swifte sat at the foot of the table, with his boy on the right, his wife facing the chimney, and her sister opposite. Suddenly the lady exclaimed, 'Good God! what is that?' Mr. Swifte then saw a cylindrical figure, like a glass tube, seemingly about the thickness of his arm, hovering between the ceiling and the table. Its contents appeared to be a dense fluid, white and pale azure, incessantly rolling within the cylinder. This lasted two minutes, after which the appearance began to move round the table. Mr. Swifte saw it

pass behind his wife, who shrieked in an agony of terror, 'Oh Christ! it has seized me!' Neither the sister nor the boy saw anything. Soon afterwards the sentry at the jewel-house was terrified by 'a figure like a bear,' fell down in a fit, and died two or three days after.[1]

At the foot of this tower is preserved the sculpture of the royal arms, by *Gibbons*, which was the principal ornament on the front of the Great Storehouse, burnt October 30, 1841.

On the east wall (modernised) are the **Constable Tower**, and the **Broad Arrow Tower**, which was used as a prison for Roman Catholic priests in the reign of Elizabeth.

At the south-east angle is the picturesque **Salt (Assault) Tower** (called Julius Caesar's Tower in the Survey of 1532), with some good gothic windows. The ground floor is a vaulted chamber with deep recesses. The upper floor, used as a prison, has some curious sculptures, a sphere with the signs of the zodiac, the work of a man imprisoned on accusation of sorcery, with the inscription, 'Hew Draper of Brystow made thys spheer the 30 daye of Maye anno 1561.' In another part of the room is a globe, probably by the same person. The name 'Mychael Moody, May 15, 1587,' is that of one imprisoned for conspiring against the life of Elizabeth.

The Royal Palace of the Tower occupied the ground between the Salt Tower and the Lantern Tower, one of the most ancient parts of the fortress, destroyed in 1788 and rebuilt in 1883 on the old plan, for which the most complete authorities were extant. The site of the palace was long occupied by the hideous Ordnance House removed in 1882. The Tower ceased to be used as a palace after the accession of Elizabeth, to whom it recalled the personal associations of a prison.

Returning through the Outer Ward by the remains (left) of the **Cradle Tower**, we have one of the most charming views in the fortress, where some trees overshadow the archway, which crosses the ward close to the Wakefield Tower.

The **Tower Subway** (1870), near the entrance, is an iron tube 440 yards long, leading under the Thames to Tooley Street in Southwark. The foundation-stone of the **Tower Bridge** was laid in June 1886. The original design was furnished by Sir Horace Jones in 1878, but this was much modified afterwards by Mr. John Wolfe Barry. The bridge was opened in 1894. Two towers, rising from the bed of the river, are approached through embattled archways from either shore, the spans between them and the towers being 270 feet long, and the roadway wide enough to accommodate four lines of vehicular traffic. The towers serve as casings to the steel framework supporting the bridge, while in their bases is concealed the mechanism by which the central span is supported. This central span (of 200 feet) is

[1] See Timbs's *Romance of London*, vol. ii. The other ghostly appearance in the Tower, the axe which appears in the shadow of moonlight on the walls of the White Tower, has had many supporters.

divided into two 'leaves,' each of which is lowered or raised from its respective tower like a drawbridge, save that, instead of being hoisted by chains, it is controlled on the bascule principle by an enormous counterpoise. The weight of each leaf is nearly 1200 tons, yet, by hydraulic pressure, this mass works on a pivot shaft as easily as the hand of a watch, being controlled from a chamber in the tower by a few levers such as might be seen in any ordinary station signal-box. The leaves serve, of course, for vehicular traffic, but during the time they are raised to allow the passage of craft up and down stream, pedestrians can pass over the bridge, unchecked, by means of a double footbridge extending between the towers at a height of nearly a hundred and fifty feet above high-water mark. To this access is gained by lifts.[1]

A visit to the Tower might till recently be followed by one to the **Church of Holy Trinity**, in the Minories,[2] the long street which runs north from Tower Hill to Aldgate. Here, in a tin, is preserved the most ghastly relic connected with the Tower, generally believed to be the still perfect *Head of the Duke of Suffolk*, father of Lady Jane Grey, which was found preserved in tannin in a small vault on the south of the altar, and which, in its aquiline nose and arched eyebrows, corresponds with the portrait engraved by Lodge from a picture at Hatfield, of which there is a duplicate in the National Portrait Gallery. The features are perfect, but the hair is gone, the skin has become a bright yellow from the tan in which it was preserved, the cheeks and eyelids are like leather, the teeth rattle in the jaws. The neck shows the false blow of the executioner, which failed to extinguish life, and the fatal blow which cut through veins and cartilage, severing the head from the body.[3] The church was an interesting landmark and possessing in its south wall some vestiges of the convent of Poor Clares. It contains several curious monuments, including that of William Legge, who attended Charles I. upon the scaffold, and bore thence his message to the Prince of Wales 'to remember the faithfullest servant ever prince had.' In the same grave rests his son George, first Baron Dartmouth, Counsellor to Charles II. and James II., and Master of the Horse to James II. He was appointed Admiral of the fleet intended to intercept the landing of the Prince of Orange, and failing, was sent, after the Revolution, to the Tower, where he died in 1691. His son, William, first Earl of Dartmouth, is also buried here. The monument erected by Lady Pelham, daughter of a St. John of Bletsoe, to her husband and son has the epitaph—

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1 See *The Morning Advertiser*, Dec. 21, 1893.

2 The church will be seen closing a small street on the right of the Minories.

3 A series of letters appeared in *The Times* in October 1879, urging the removal of this relic: but it has always been well cared for in the Minories, and has surely been in its right place at Holy Trinity, which answers to the chapel of the Duke of Suffolk's own town-house. The head is sometimes believed to be that of Edmund De la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, beheaded in 1513.

'Deathe first did strike Sir John, here tomb'd in claye,
And then enforst his son to follow faste;
Of Pelham's line, this kniyghte was chiefe and stay,
By this, behold! all flesh must dye at laste.
But Bletsowe's lord, thy sister most may moane,
Both mate and sonne hathe left her here alone.
Sir John Pelham dyed October 13, 1580.
Oliver Pelham, his sonne, dyed January 19, 1584.'

Here Sir Philip Sidney, who received his death-wound at Zutphen, lay in state before his national funeral in St. Paul's.

'Unto the Minories his body was conveyed,
And there, under a martial hearse, three months or more was laid;
But when the day was come he to his grave must go,
A host of heavy men repaired to see the solemn show.'

The Register kept here of those who died of the Plague in this neighbourhood is very curious. The church is often visited by Americans, because the arms of Washington might be seen there. It is now (1894) doomed to destruction.

This dismal little church is the only memorial of the convent (which gave its name to the street) founded in 1293 for Minorites, 'Poor Clares,' by Blanche, Queen of Navarre, wife of Edmond Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, second son of Henry III. It was probably on account of this foundation by his sister-in-law that Edward I. deposited here the heart of his mother, the unpopular Eleanor of Provence, who died in the nunnery of Amesbury in 1291. Elizabeth, Lady Bourchier, maternal grandmother of Anne Boleyn, was buried in the convent graveyard. The Minorite convent was granted to the Duke of Suffolk by Edward VI. in 1552. The convent farm was leased to one Goodman, from whom 'Goodman's Fields,' 'Goodman's Stile,' and 'Goodman's Yard' take their names.

'At the which farm I myself in my youth have fetched many a half-penny-worth of milk, and never had less than three ale-pints for a half-penny in the summer, nor less than one ale-quart for a half-penny in the winter, and always hot from the kine, as the same was milked and strained.'—*Stow.*

Some of the foundations of the convent were found in 1882 beneath the houses between Church Street and Aldgate.

It was in the Minories that Lord Cobham, accused along with Sir Walter Raleigh of plotting in favour of Arabella Stuart, died, at the house of his laundress, 'rather of hunger than any more natural disease.'[1] The street was formerly famous for its gunsmiths:—

'The mulcibers who in the Minories sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
Deform themselves, yet forge those stays of steel,
Which arm Amelia with a shape to kill.'—*Congreve.*

At 99 Minories, over the shop of John Owen, nautical instrument maker, is the figure of the Little Midshipman (removed from 157 Leadenhall Street) immortalised by Dickens, as marking the home of 'Walter' and 'Solomon Gills':—

'He was so far the creature of circumstances, that a dry day covered him with dust, and a misty day peppered him with little bits of soot, and a wet

[1] Works of Francis Osborn, ed. 1701, p. 381.

day brightened up his tarnished uniform for a moment, and a very hot day blistered him; but otherwise he was a callous, obdurate, conceited midshipman, intent on his own discoveries, and caring as little for what went on about him, terrestrially, as Archimedes at the taking of Syracuse.'—*Dombey and Son.*

On Tower Hill, facing a garden on the north of the Tower, is the **Trinity House**, built by Samuel Wyatt for the company founded by Sir Thomas Spert, Comptroller of the Navy to Henry VIII., for the encouragement of navigation, the regulation of lighthouses, the providing of efficient pilots, and the general control of naval matters not directly under the Admiralty. Executions used to be watched from the Old George Inn on Tower Hill.

Out of George Street, Trinity Square, may be visited a fine remnant of the **Old City Wall**, of which much more was destroyed in making the new Inner Circle Railway. The house (No. 14) at the entrance of Katherine Court, on the West of Trinity Square (built 1725—the birthplace of Lord Justice Bovill), is—with the adjoining house—marked with the arms of the Mercers' Company. It was here that the Jacobite Lords were lodged on the night before their execution, and their scaffold was exactly opposite its windows.

A little farther east is the **Royal Mint**, designed by Johnson and Sir R. Smirke. Here the gold and silver of the realm are melted and coined. Sir Isaac Newton and Sir John Herschel were Masters of the Mint, an office abolished in 1870.

The streets east of the Tower form the Sailors' Town. The shops are devoted to the sale of sailors' clothing, nautical instruments, and naval stores; the population is made up of sailors, shipbuilders, and fishermen.

The **Docks** connected with the Thames occupy a space of 900 acres. The principal Docks are **St. Katherine's Docks**, opened 1828; the **London Docks**, opened 1805; the **West India Docks**, opened 1802; the **East India Docks**, opened 1806; the **Commercial Docks**, opened 1809; the **Victoria Docks**, opened 1856; and the **Albert Docks**, opened 1880.

> 'Lord of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
> Whole forests send to reign upon the sea.'—*Waller.*

It has been rightly observed that while so many modern poets and painters devote themselves to Venice, worthier subjects for pen and pencil might be found outside the London Docks, especially in the giant shipping, compared with which the proudest caravels of Venice were the merest toys.

Near St. Katherine's, a place which latterly bore the strangely corrupted name of Hangman's Gains long marked the street which was the asylum of the refugees from Hammes et Guynes, near Calais, after that town was recaptured from the English!

Below the London Docks is **Wapping**, where Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, attempting to escape after the abdication of James II., was taken while he was drinking at the Red Cow, in Hope and Anchor Alley, King Edward's Stairs; he was identified by a scrivener of Wapping, whom he had insulted from the bench, and who recognised the terrible face as he was lolling out of a

window, in the dress of a common sailor, and in fancied security. **Execution Dock** is the place where pirates used to be hung in chains. Beyond Wapping are the miserable, thickly inhabited districts of **Shadwell** and **Limehouse**. This is, perhaps, the poorest and worst district of London. Here is the description of 'John Martin, Schoolmaster and Poet,' whose touching life was passed in its midst:—

'The filthy lanes are full of the most squalid beastliness—oaths, quarrels, fights, and drunkenness. To know that the image of God can fall below the level of the brutes, and ape their antics with hideous intelligence, is grief enough; to know that that state is its highest joy; to know that life in all its circle of intellectual and bodily pleasure holds no greater amusement or attraction, is enough to take the edge off all joy. At the best, the life of the people is very mournful. They pursue daily the same dull, never-thinking round of existence, the only variation to which they look forward being that of hard drinking. The children grow up just the same way; at four years old they swear like troopers, very often being taught by their parents to do so. A mind is needed—black, misanthropic in its view of things, used to fearful visions of the night, to look with comprehensive and unflinching eye upon these scenes of sickly horror and despair.'[1]

'London is, indeed, an ignoble mixture of beer and Bible, of gin and gospel, of drunkenness and hypocrisy, of unheard-of squalor and unbridled luxury, of misery and prosperity, of poor, abject, shivering, starving creatures, and people insolent with happiness and wealth.'—*John Bull and his Island.*

At Wapping is the entrance of the **Thames Tunnel**, formed 1825–43, by Sir Isambard K. Brunel, at an expense of £614,000. This long useless passage under the river to Rotherhithe was sold to the East London Railway Company in 1865, and is now a railway tunnel.

A number of taverns with riverside landing-places retain their quaint original names, but have little to make them worth visiting. The 'Waterman's Arms' in Limehouse has some remains of an old brick front towards the street, and the view from its river balcony, with the ancient boat-building yards, and timbers in the foreground, green weeds, has often been painted.

The main thoroughfare of this part of London, which will always be known by its old name of **Ratcliffe Highway**, rather than its foolish new one of St. George's Street, obtained unpleasant notoriety in 1811 from the murders of the Marr family and the Williamsons. Macaulay, in one of his Essays, mentions the general alarm that resulted—'the terror which was on every face, the careful barring of doors, the providing of blunderbusses and watchmen's rattles.' But those who visit it now will find Ratcliffe Highway a cheerful airy street, without any especial evidence of poverty or crime. No. 179 is or was the famous 'Wild-beast Shop,' called Jamrach's,[2] an extraordinary place, where almost any animal may be purchased, from an elephant to a mouse. Swedenborg, founder of the Swedenborgians (*d.* 1772), is buried in the **Swedish Church** in Prince's Square, Ratcliffe Highway.

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[1] See *A Legacy: being the Life and Remains of John Martin, Schoolmaster and Poet*, 1876.

[2] Jamrach died in 1891.

CHAPTER XI.

THAMES STREET AND BLACKFRIARS.

WE may return from the Tower by the long thoroughfare of Upper and Lower Thames Street which follows the line of the river, with a history as old as that of the City itself. Narrow and dark, Industry has made it one of the most important roadways of London. Here—

> 'Commerce brought into the public walk
> The busy merchant: the big warehouse built;
> Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
> With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
> Large, gentle, deep, majestic, King of Floods!
> Chose for his grand resort.'—*Thomson.*

Thames Street is the very centre of turmoil. From the huge warehouses along the sides, with their chasm-like windows and the enormous cranes which are so great a feature of this part of the City, the rattling of the chains and the creaking of the cords, by which enormous packages are constantly ascending and descending, mingle with uproar from the roadway beneath. Here the hugest waggons, drawn by Titanic dray-horses, and attended by waggoners in smock-frocks, are always lading or discharging their enormous burthens of boxes, barrels, crates, timber, iron, or cork. Wine, fish, and cheese are the chief articles of street traffic—

> 'Thames Street gives cheeses, Covent Garden fruits,
> Moorfields old books, and Monmouth Street old suits.'—*Gay.*

There are no buildings which recall the days of Chaucer, who, the son of a Thames Street vintner, certainly had a house here from 1376 to 1385; but now and then an old brick church breaks the line of warehouses with the round-headed windows of Charles II.'s time and the stiff garlands of Gibbons, and ever and anon, through a narrow slit in the houses, we have a glimpse of the glistening river and its shipping. But one cannot linger in Thames Street—every one is in a hurry.

On the left is **The Custom House**, built from designs of David Laing, 1814-17, but altered by Sir Robert Smirke. The most productive duties are those on tea, tobacco, wine, and brandy.

'There is no Prince in Christendom but is directly a tradesman, though in another way than an ordinary tradesman. For the purpose, I have a man; I bid him lay out twenty shillings in such and such commodities; but I tell him for

every shilling he lays out I will have a penny. I trade as well as he. This every Prince does in his Customs.'—*Selden.*

There is a delightful walk on the quay in front of the Custom House, with a beautiful view up the river to London Bridge. From this point the peculiarly picturesque boats called Dutch Scoots (Schuits), which bring eels from Holland, may be seen to the greatest advantage: they do not go higher than London Bridge. Hither, in one of his fits of despondency, came Cowper the poet, intending to drown himself.

LONDON BRIDGE FROM BILLINGSGATE.

'Not knowing where to poison myself, I resolved upon drowning. For that purpose I took a coach, and ordered the man to drive to Tower-wharf, intending to throw myself into the river from the Custom-house quay. I left the coach upon the Tower-wharf, intending never to return to it; but upon coming to the quay, I found the water low, and a porter seated upon some goods there, as if on purpose to prevent me. This passage to the bottomless pit being mercifully shut against me, I returned back to the coach.'—*Southey's Cowper.*

Close to the Custom House is the famous fish-market of **Billingsgate**, rebuilt 1876, but picturesque and worth seeing, though ladies will not wish to linger there, the language of Billingsgate having long been notorious.

'There stript, fair Rhetoric languish'd on the ground;
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound,
His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.'
Pope, 'The Dunciad.

'One may term Billingsgate the Esculine gate of London.'
Fuller.

Geoffry of Monmouth says that the name Billingsgate was derived from Belin, king of the Britons, B.C. 400, having built a water-gate here, and that when he was dead his ashes were placed in a vessel of brass upon a high pinnacle of stone over the said gate. Belin, however, was probably only an alderman. The place has been a market for fish at least since 1351; all fish is sold 'by the tale, except salmon, which is sold by weight, and oysters and shell-fish, which are sold by measure.' The market opens at 5 A.M. A fish-dinner (price 2s.) may be obtained at the **Three Tuns Tavern** at Billingsgate.

Opposite Billingsgate is **The Coal Exchange**, designed by J. B. Bunning, opened 1849. The Church of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, not rebuilt after the Fire, is commemorated in **Botolph Lane** and **Wharf**. The Lane is full of picturesqueness, several of its houses dating from the time of Charles II. No. 32 was built by Sir Christopher Wren for a rich tobacco merchant. It occupies one side of a small court; the door has a flight of steps; the hall is paved with black and white marble; there is a noble oak staircase, and a fine inlaid chimneypiece. But the best feature is a small dining-room surrounded by panelling painted in oils by R. Robinson (1696) with American scenes and the whole history of the tobacco-plant: the ceiling, representing different fruits, is an admirable specimen of stucco-work. There is a tradition, without foundation, that Sir Christopher Wren died in one of the upper rooms. The house is now used for schools, but can be visited, except from 12 to 2. It is the scene of a novel, 'Mitre Court,' by Mrs. J. H. Riddell. The main entrance, facing a private yard, is known as 'Fenn's Gateway.' It has a massive coved canopy.

On St. Dunstan's Hill, between Tower Street and Lower Thames Street, is the **Church of St. Dunstan-in-the-East**, one of Wren's restorations, added to by Samuel Laing. The spire rests on four flying buttresses, in feeble caricature of the grand steeple of St. Nicholas at Newcastle. It was Wren's first attempt at placing a steeple upon quadrangular columns, and was at first regarded by him with great anxiety. Afterwards he was very proud of this miserable work, and when told that a dreadful hurricane had ruined all the steeples in the City, said, 'Not St. Dunstan's, I am sure.' On the south of the church is a large tomb, with an effigy of Sir William Russell, 1705, a benefactor of the parish. On the north wall of the chancel is a monument to Sir John Moore (1702), whose loyalty as Lord Mayor (1681–82) is commemorated in the 'Ziloah' of Dryden's 'Absalom and Achitophel.'

Archbishop Morton, the tutor of Sir Thomas More, was rector of St. Dunstan-in-the-East. Rooks, till recently, built their nests in the fine trees in the churchyard,[1] which is one of the pleasantest oases in this part of the City.

Mincing Lane, which leads northward from hence, was 'Mincheon Lane,' so called from tenements in it which belonged to the Mincheons, or nuns of St. Helen's.

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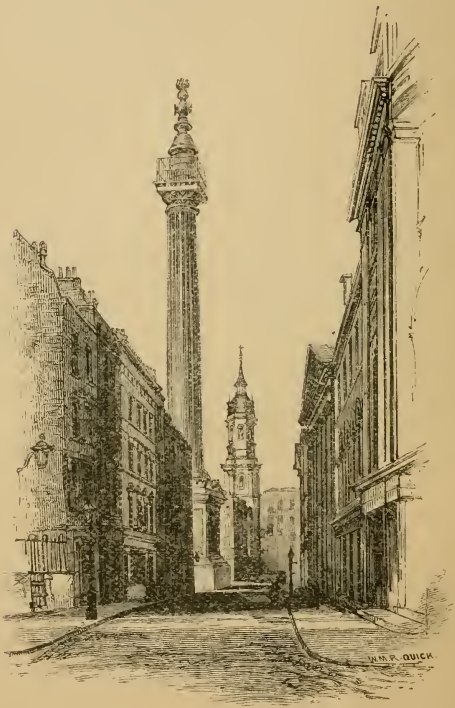
[1] See *Chronicles of St. Dunstan-in-the-East*, by the Rev. T. Boyles Murray.

The interesting **Church of St. Mary-at-Hill** was partially destroyed in the Great Fire, and rebuilt by Wren, but of his work only the east end remains. A quaint contemporary bracket and case for the clock, which projects from the east front, was repaired by Wren



FISH STREET HILL.

after its injuries in the Fire. John Brand, author of 'Observations on Popular Antiquities,' was rector, and was buried in the church, 1806. Dr. Young, author of 'Night Thoughts,' was married here, May 1731. The admirable wood-carvings are by Rogers, who was born in the

parish. The pewing forms part of the original design: in November 1881 a minority of the parishioners successfully resisted an attempt to reduce it to the present ecclesiological fashion.

On **Fish Street Hill** the Black Prince had a palace. Here, and as we emerge into King William Street, the great feature on the right is the **Monument**, built 1671–77, by desire of Charles II., from designs of Wren, to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666. It is a fluted Doric column 202 feet in height, this being the exact number of feet by which it is distant from the site of the house in Pudding Lane where the Fire began. The dragons on the pedestal are by Edward Pierce. The large and comical relief by Caius Gabriel Cibber commemorates the destruction and restoration of the City.

'The last figure on the left is intended to express London lying disconsolately upon her ruins, with the insignia of her civic grandeur partly buried beneath them. Behind her is Time gradually raising her up again, by whose side stands a female figure, typical of Providence, pointing with a sceptre, formed of a winged hand enclosing an eye, to the angels of peace and plenty seated on the descending clouds. Opposite the City, on an elevated pavement, stands the effigy of Charles II. in a Roman habit, advancing to her aid, attended by the Sciences holding a terminal figure of Nature, Liberty waving a hat, and Architecture bearing the instruments of design and the plan of the new City. Behind the king stands his brother the Duke of York, attended by Fortitude leading a lion, and Justice bearing a laurel coronet. Under an arch beneath the raised pavement on which these figures stand appears envy looking upward, emitting pestiferous flames, and gnawing a heart. Eleven of the preceding figures are sculptured in alto-relievo; whilst the background represents in basso-relievo the Fire of London, with the consternation of the citizens on the left hand, and the rebuilding of it upon the right, with labourers at work upon unfinished houses.' —*Wilkinson's 'Londina Illustrata.'*

The pillar is surmounted by a metal vase of flames. The original design was to have a plain column, with flames bursting from holes all the way up, and a phoenix at the top.

The Fire began early in the morning of Sunday, the 3rd of September 1666, in the house of one Farryner, the King's baker, in Pudding Lane. This man, when cross-examined before the Committee of the House of Commons, proved that he had left his house perfectly safe at twelve o'clock on Saturday night, and was convinced that it had been purposely fired. The rapidity with which the flames spread, chiefly owing to the number of houses built of timber, defied all measures for their arrest, though on the afternoon of the first day the king sent Pepys from Whitehall to the Lord Mayor, commanding him to 'spare no houses, but pull down before the fire every way.' By the first night Pepys could 'endure no more upon the water, and from Bankside (Southwark) saw the fire grow, and as it grew darker, appear more and more, and in corners, and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the flame of an ordinary fire. We staid,' he says, 'till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long.' Evelyn describes the dreadful scene of the same night :—

'I saw the whole south part of the City burning, from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances from one to the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to receive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; as on the other, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewn with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration of it. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen for above forty miles round about for many nights; God grant mine eyes may never see the like! who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length.'

At noon on Tuesday the 5th, the Fire first began to be checked at the Temple Church in Fleet Street and Pie Corner in Smithfield, gunpowder being then used in destroying the houses, and producing gaps too wide to be overleaped by the flames, but by that time the destruction had included eighty-nine churches, four of the City gates, the Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses, four hundred and sixty streets; out of twenty-six wards it had utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half burnt. The part of the City that was ruined covered four hundred and thirty-six acres, the part left standing occupied seventy-five acres: the loss was eleven millions, but—London has never since suffered from the Plague.

A committee was immediately formed to inquire into the causes of the Fire, before which one Robert Hubert, a French priest of Rouen, twenty-five years of age, declared that he had set fire intentionally to the house of Farryner, the baker in Pudding Lane, by putting a lighted fire-ball in at a window at the end of a long pole. He pointed out the exact spot where he had done this, and stated that he had been suborned at Paris for this deed, and that he had three accomplices. No one believed his story, yet the jury who tried him found him guilty, and he was hanged. *Afterwards* it was shown that he was insane, and the master of the ship which brought him over from France proved that he did not land till two days after the Fire. Still the confession of Hubert was, a few years later, in 1681, a time of bitter religious animosity, when Titus Oates and his

plot had excited additional horror of Papists, considered sufficient to authorise the inscription on the pedestal of the Monument:—

'This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of that most dreadful burning of this Protestant city, begun and carried on by ye treachery and malice of ye popish factiō, in ye beginning of Septem, in ye year of our Lord 1666, in order to ye carrying on their horrid plott for extirpating the Protestant religion and old English liberty, and the introducing popery and slavery.
'Sed furor papisticus qui tam dira patravit nondum restinguitur.'

This inscription was obliterated in the time of James II., recut deeper than before under William III., and finally effaced January 26, 1831. It is this inscription which makes Pope say—

'Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies.'
Moral Essays.

The house on the site in Pudding Lane where the Fire began (No. 25) bore, till the middle of the last century, when it was removed because the crowds who stopped to read it intercepted the traffic, a stone (now in the Guildhall Museum) with the inscription—

'Here, by ye permission of Heaven, Hell brake loose upon this Protestant City, from the Malicious hearts of barbarous Papists, by ye hand of their Agent Hubert, who confessed, and on ye ruins of this Place declared the Fact, for which he was hanged—(vizt) that here began that dredfull Fire, which is described and perpetuated on and by the neighbouring Pillar, Erected Anno 168(1), in the Majoritie of Sir Patience Ward, Kt.

The Monument may be wearily ascended for the sake of the view, which is very fine when the weather is clear—

'A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amid the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London town!'
Byron.

The Monument is caged at the top in consequence of the mania for committing suicide from it. Dickens, in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' represents the man in the Monument—'the lonely creature who holds himself aloof from all mankind in that pillar'—as laughing when two visitors pay their sixpences for the ascent and saying, 'They don't know what a many steps it is. It's worth twice the money to stop below.'

Close by is the **Church of St. Magnus**, a Norwegian jarl, killed in the 12th century in Orkney, where the Cathedral of Kirkwall is dedicated to him. It was rebuilt by Wren after the Fire in 1676, and is one of his best, as well as one of his last churches. The perfectly faultless tower has an octagonal lantern, crowned by a cupola and short spire, picturesque and effective. The whole rises to a height of 185 feet. The roadway beneath it (now blocked up)

was made in 1760, when it was found necessary to widen the approach to Old London Bridge. This possibility had been foreseen by Wren, so that it was effected without difficulty, but has injured the solid effect of an otherwise beautiful building. The carved and gilt dial on the tower, erected in 1709 at a cost of £485, was given in fulfilment of a vow by Sir Charles Duncombe, who, when a poor boy waiting for his master on London Bridge, lost him from not knowing the hour, and promised he would give a clock to St. Magnus if he ever became rich.

On the destruction of the Church of St. Bartholomew by the Exchange (a restoration by Wren, who used the old walls), the remains of Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, were removed to this church, of which he once was rector. A monument has been raised to his memory, and records how 'On the 4th of October 1535, the first complete English version of the Bible was published under his direction.' The monument of Thomas Collet (1733) has beautifully carved foliage and flowers.

Passing under the approach to London Bridge and the Fishmongers' Hall, we enter **Upper Thames Street.** On the right is **St. Lawrence Poultney,** so called from Sir John Poultney, Lord Mayor in 1330, 1331, 1333, and 1336, who founded a chapel there to St. Laurence; it was destroyed in the Fire, but its burial-ground remains. The **City of London Brewery** (No. 89) occupies the site of Cold Harbour (Cole Harbour), which was given by Henry VIII. to Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, in exchange for Durham House, but, on his deprivation, was bestowed by Edward VI. on the fifth Earl of Shrewsbury. It was afterwards let out in poor tenements, inhabited by beggars, and is in this connection mentioned by Ben Jonson and by Heywood and Rowley.

On the right is **Suffolk Lane,** commemorating the house of the De la Poles, Dukes of Suffolk, and afterwards of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk (brother-in-law of Henry VIII.), as **Duck's Foot Lane,** formerly **Alley,** is Duke's foot-lane—the private road from his garden to the river. Suffolk House was built on part of the Manor of the Rose, originally called Poultney's Inn. In 1447 it was the scene of the alleged treason of William De la Pole, then Marquis of Suffolk. Being afterwards in the hands of the Dukes of Buckingham, Charles Knevet, a surveyor who had been dismissed by Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, in consequence of his tenants' complaints, was moved by revenge and the hope of reward to accuse his late master of treason. The answer of the surveyor, when questioned by the King as to the Duke's design upon the succession, is given by Shakspeare almost in the words of Holinshed—

> 'Not long before your highness sped to France,
> The Duke, being at the Rose, within the parish
> Saint Laurence Poultney, did of me demand
> What was the speech amongst the Londoners
> Concerning the French journey: I replied,
> Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
> To the king's danger.'—*Henry VIII.*, act i. sc. 2.

After the attainder of Buckingham, the Manor of the Rose, being forfeited, was granted to Henry Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter. He was beheaded in 1539, and the Manor, being again forfeited to the crown, was granted to Robert Radcliffe, Earl of Sussex, in whose family it continued till it was sold in 1561 to Richard Hill, Master of the Merchant Taylors' Company, who founded the Merchant Taylors' School, which stood in Suffolk Lane from the reign of Elizabeth till it was removed to the Charterhouse in 1873. The original school buildings were destroyed at the Fire, and those built in 1675 were pulled down when the school was moved.

On the right is the **Church of All Hallows the Great**, also called All Hallows in the Ropery (ad Foenum), from its position in the rope-making district, an ugly work of Wren, but a very important example of a seventeenth-century church, finished 1683, with a very handsome chancel screen, probably by Gibbons. The altar screen was presented by the Hanse merchants in the XVII. c., and all the carving in the church executed at their expense, as a recognition of the connection of their ancestors, merchants of the neighbouring Steelyard, with this church : the eagle of the Hanse merchants surmounts the pulpit. In the centre of the gallery is a figure trampling on a dragon and rescuing children. This, according to Pepys, was one of the first churches which set up the royal arms before the Restoration was decided. It contains one of the curious metrical monuments to Elizabeth—

> 'Spain's rod, Rome's ruin, Netherland's relief,
> Heaven's gem, Earth's joy, World's wonder, Nature's chief,
> Britain's blessing, England's splendour,
> Religion's nurse, and Faith's defender.'

Cannon Street Railway Terminus occupies the site of the Steelyard, where the Hanse merchants settled in 1250. They were expelled by Elizabeth in 1597–98, but soon made up their quarrel with her, and were suffered to return. They rebuilt the Steelyard after the Fire, but gradually left the buildings, which were let, though they continued to belong to the cities of Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburgh till 1853, when they were sold to speculators with the assent of those towns.[1] An ancient water-gate near this—sometimes believed to have been the western, as Billingsgate the eastern gate of Roman London—is commemorated in **Dowgate** or **Downegate Hill**, where, says Strype, 'the water comes down from other streets with that swiftness that it ofttimes causeth a flood in the lower part.' Ben Jonson says—

> 'Thy canvass giant at some channel aims,
> Or Dowgate torrents falling into Thames.'

On the west side of Dowgate Hill are (No. 5) the **Hall of the Tallow Chandlers' Company**, the **Hall of the Dyers' Company**, and, adjoining (No. 8), the **Hall of the Skinners' Company**, an incorporation dating from 1327. The front towards the street was rebuilt in 1790,

[1] See Ottè, *Pictures of Old England.*

but that facing the courtyard, of red and black bricks alternately, with a characteristic wooden porch, was built immediately after the Fire. Two very curious decorated lead cisterns and some figures from Sir Andrew Judde's almshouses (1551) are preserved here. In the Court Room is an admirable portrait of Sir Andrew Judde (a Skinner), the founder of Tunbridge School, whose tomb is in Great St. Helen's. A fine old staircase, adorned with a portrait of Sir T. Pilkington, Lord Mayor, 1688, 1689, and 1690 (satirised in 'The Triennial Mayor'), leads to the *Cedar Drawing-Room*, one of the

AT SKINNERS' HALL.[1]

noblest old rooms in London, entirely panelled with cedar, relieved by gilding, with a far-projecting fireplace. Amongst the plate of the Company are the curious 'Cockayne Cups,' 1565.

In **Cloak Lane**, Dowgate Hill, was the **Cutlers' Hall**, removed to Warwick Lane. An old house near it bore the arms of the Company, an elephant with a castle on its back.

On **College Hill** (right) was the College of St. Spirit and St.

[1] Spoilt now (1894) by a glass passage.

Mary, founded by Dick Whittington, four times Lord Mayor of London. Here now is the **Mercers' School**, founded for seventy children by the Mercers' Company. The Collegiate Church of **St. Michael, Paternoster Royal**, was also built from funds left by Whittington. Stow says—

'Richard Whittington was in this church three times buried; first by his executors under a fair monument; then, in the reign of Edward VI., the parson of that church, thinking some great riches (as he said) to be buried with him, caused his monument to be broken, his body to be spoiled of his leaden sheet, and again the second time to be buried; and, in the reign of Queen Mary, the parishioners were forced to take him up, to lap him in lead as afore, to bury him the third time, and to place his monument, or the like, over him again, and so he resteth.'

He did not, however, even 'so rest,' for his monument was destroyed in the Great Fire, and the present church is one of Wren's rebuildings in 1694. The altar-piece is *Hilton's* picture of the Magdalen anointing the feet of Christ. There is a wrought iron stand for maces and hats of state. John Cleveland, the poetical champion of Charles I., whose works had such an enormous sale at the time, was buried in the old church in 1659.

No. 21, College Hill, said to occupy the site of Whittington's house, was used as a residence for the Lord Mayors before the building of the Mansion House. The court has two very rich portals towards the street, and the house contains a good deal of admirable carving and a fine staircase. In the floor of the ballroom on the upper story are still to be found the marks for the ropes which were used to confine the figures in the Minuets.

Three Cranes Lane, on the left, is so called from the machines so common here, used by the merchants of Bordeaux in landing their wines. It was in a warehouse 'near the Three Cranes in the Vintry' that Oliver Cromwell's widow secreted 'seventeen cart-loads of rich house-stuff,' which she had taken away from Whitehall.

Queen Street leads to **Southwark Bridge**, of cast iron on stone piers, built by John Rennie, 1815–19. Just beyond, on the left, is the open courtyard of the **Hall of the Vintners' Company**, an incorporation dating, under the name of 'the Wine Tonners,' from the reign of Edward III. The flat-roofed hall is surrounded by good oak panelling, and has modern stained windows. The life-size swans at the end commemorate the right which this Company, with the Queen and the Dyers' Company, alone hold to all the swans on the Thames. The Company annually go 'swan-upping,'[1] to Henley-on-Thames, and mark their cygnets with two nicks, whence the popular sign of 'the Swan with Two Necks.' The patron saint of the Company is St. Martin,[2] who is commemorated here by some very curious old tapestry, and in a picture by *Rubens*. The Court Room has the usual royal portraits. The old staircase, with garlands on the banisters, is admirable in design.

[1] On what is called 'the Swan-voyage.'

[2] The Church of St. Martin in the Vintry, where Sir John Gisors of Gisors Hall was buried with his brother and son, was burnt in the Fire, and never rebuilt.

Behind the houses on the right of Thames Street is another work of Wren (1683), **St. James Garlickhithe**, so called because 'of old time, on the bank of the river of Thames, near to this church, garlick was usually sold.' The clock-dial is surmounted by a figure of the patron in pilgrim's dress. At the west end of the church, in a cupboard, is the mummified body of a man (supposed by many humble parishioners to be 'the body of St. James'!), discovered during a recent restoration. The pews of the Mayor and Corporation have iron mace-holders. The pulpit and its canopy are from the choir-stalls of St. Michael, Queenhithe, from which also came the vane, in the form of a ship, affixed to the new rectory-house. The well-preserved registers of this church are of very great interest. Bishop Hooper and John Rogers the martyr were rectors here. It was in this church that Steele heard the service read (by the rector, Mr. Philip Stubbs) 'so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be unattentive.'[1]

In Little Trinity Lane (right) is the **Painter-Stainers' Hall**, rebuilt after the Great Fire from designs of Wren, on the site of the hall where the relief Commission met during the Great Plague of 1665. The hall contains a number of good royal portraits from Charles I. downwards.

We now reach **Queenhithe**, a name derived from the 'quern' or mill for the corn landed there: in some documents of the twelfth century it is spelt Corn-hithe. The place was, however, early known as 'Ripa Reginae,' having been given by John to his mother Eleanor of Aquitaine. Tolls of this port, paid according to the value of the lading of vessels, were afterwards part of the revenue of the Queens Consort. It was the attempt of Eleanor of Provence to force every vessel laden with corn, wool, or other cargo of value to land here which was a leading cause of her unpopularity. In Peele's chronicle-play of 'King Edward I.' (1593), Eleanor, being accused of her crimes, replies—

> 'If that upon so vile a thing
> Her heart did ever think,
> She wish'd the ground might open wide,
> And therein she might sink!
>
> With that at Charing-Cross she sunk
> Into the ground alive;
> And after rose with life again,
> In London at Queenhith.'

The **Church of St. Michael, Queenhithe**, destroyed in 1876, one of Wren's rebuildings, had a vane with a ship made to contain a bushel of grain, the great article of Queenhithe traffic. It was rich in fine carving and contained a metrical inscription to Elizabeth. A few of its monuments were removed to St. James Garlickhithe.

At **Brokenwharf** (left), on the river, was the stone palace of the Bigods and Mowbrays, Earls and Dukes of Norfolk.

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[1] *The Spectator*, August 18, 1711, No. 147.

Passing the **Tower of St. Mary Somerset** (originally Summer's Hithe or Wharf), which belonged to one of Wren's churches, and which groups so well with later buildings—the only tower of a destroyed Wren church which, being preserved by special Act of Parliament, the City has respected, and what an ornament it is!—and glancing into the **Churchyard of St. Peter, Paul's Wharf**, destroyed in the Great Fire, and never rebuilt, we reach **St. Benet, Paul's Wharf**[1] (on the right), another of Wren's feeble churches, given to the Welsh in 1878. It is strange that Wren should not have had the grace to restore the tomb of Inigo Jones, who was buried in the old church, June 26, 1652, aged eighty, having been much persecuted for his Roman Catholic opinions. Sir William Le Neve, John Philpott, and William Oldys, also buried here, were all heralds from the college close by. A roadway is now carried over the little burial-ground on the north, in which was a tombstone with the punning epitaph—

> 'Here lies one More, and no more than he.
> One More and no more! how can that be?
> One More and no more may well lie here alone;
> But here lies one More, and that's more than one.'

Castle Baynard Dock commemorates the feudal house called Baynard's Castle, destroyed in the Great Fire, and 'so called of Baynard, a nobleman that came in with William the Conqueror.'[2] It was to Maud Fitzwalter, daughter of 'the Lord of Castle Baynard,' that King John paid his unwelcome addresses. The palace built on this site by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was the place where the crown was offered to Richard III. Those who have seen Shakspeare's play acted will remember Richard's appearance in the upper gallery here, between two bishops, and Catesby and Buckingham in the hall beneath, with the mayor and aldermen, endeavouring to overcome his hypocritical reluctance to accept the kingdom. Lady Jane Grey is said to have been proclaimed here in 1553, and at Baynard's Castle was held the Council which in 1553 declared Mary the true queen. Anne, 'Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery,' afterwards lived here while her husband was residing at the Cockpit in Whitehall. Baynard's Castle had ten narrow gloomy towers towards the river, and in the centre an arched water-gate and broad staircase.

Thames Street ends at **Blackfriars Bridge**, an ugly erection of Joseph Cubitt (1867), supplanting the fine work of Robert Mylne, erected in 1760–69. The older bridge was at first called Pitt Bridge in honour of the great minister, who is still commemorated in William Street, Earl Street, and Chatham Place. Mylne's work was so appreciated at the time that he was buried in state near Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's, but his bridge was demolished within a hundred years of its erection, and even his house has been swept

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[1] This is the only survivor of four City churches dedicated to St. Benedict. The others were St. Benet Sherehog, St. Benet Grasschurch, and St. Benet Finke.
[2] Stow.

away by the erection of the Ludgate Hill Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway.

Near this the Fleet, the western bulwark of ancient London, falls into the Thames. Long a river, only crossed by Holborn Bridge, to which Fleet Bridge was added after the lapse of several centuries, it has, since 1765, been arched over, and degraded into a sewer, so that one cannot now even distinguish the point—

> 'Where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
> Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames.'
> *Pope, 'The Dunciad.'*

Blackfriars takes its name from the Dominican monks who came to England in 1221, and first settled in Holborn on land now occupied by Lincoln's Inn. In 1276 they moved to the banks of the Thames, where their monastery and church rose to great splendour through the constant favour of Edward I., who deposited the heart of his beloved Eleanor at Blackfriars when her body was taken to Westminster. The belief that 'to be buried in the habit of the Order was a sure preservative against the attacks of the devil' afterwards led to the interment in the monastic church of many great and wealthy personages, including the founder, 1243, Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, and his wife Margaret of Scotland; Sir Thomas Brandon, 1509; John of Eltham, Duke of Cornwall, brother of Edward III.; Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, beheaded during the Wars of the Roses; and Sir Thomas and Dame Maude Parr, father and mother of Queen Katherine Parr. Several Parliaments met in the monastery. The 'Black Parliament,' which took its name from this its meeting-place, and of which Sir Thomas More was Speaker, here received the exorbitant demands of Henry VIII. for a subsidy for his French wars, insolently conveyed through Wolsey. Charles V. insisted upon lodging at the Prior's house when he came to London in 1522, though Bridewell Palace was proposed for him. But Blackfriars Monastery will always be best remembered as the place, made familiar by Shakspeare (who knew it well), where (June 21, 1529) the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeggio, sate in judgment upon the divorce of Katherine of Arragon, and where the queen, as 'a poor weak woman, fallen from favour,' flinging herself at her husband's feet, made that touching speech, which has been scarcely altered by Shakspeare. On the same spot, only a few months later, Parliament pronounced sentence under the statutes of *praemunire* against Wolsey himself.

Blackfriars was granted by Edward VI. to Sir Thomas Cawarden, 'Master of the King's Revels,' who pulled down its church of many associations, and that of St. Anne, which adjoined it. Both, however, would have perished in the Fire. Sir William More, who was Cawarden's executor, granted part of the monastic buildings to James Burbage, who, in 1596, converted them into the first regular Theatre erected in Blackfriars, though his plays had already been acted within the precincts. In this theatre Shakspeare, who bought a house in Blackfriars, was himself an actor in 1598 in Ben

Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*. The theatre was pulled down in 1655.

Blackfriars has many other associations. Ben Jonson dates the dedication of his *Volpone* from 'my house at Blackfriars this 11th day of February 1607.' Nat Field, the player and dramatist; Dick Robinson, the player; Vandyke (whom Charles I. came by water to visit here), Cornelius Jansen, and Isaac Oliver, the painters; and Faithorne, the engraver, resided here. The wicked Earl and Countess of Somerset were also inhabitants of Blackfriars, and were here at the time of Sir Thomas Overbury's murder.[1]

In order to visit in a group the interesting points in Blackfriars, we may turn up **Water Lane**, the last side street on the right before reaching New Bridge Street. Here (right) is the **Apothecaries' Hall**, belonging to one of the busiest and most useful of the City Companies, which was founded in the reign of James I. Except the Stationers', it is the only company whose members are strictly what the name implies, and it has five hundred members. The laboratories connected with this Hall result from the association of the Apothecaries and Druggists. For till 1687 apothecaries were only what druggists are now, and it was their presuming to prescribe which gave such offence to the College of Physicians in the seventeenth century, and led to the verses of Garth—

> 'Nigh where Fleet Ditch descends, in sable streams,
> To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames,
> There stands a structure on a rising hill,
> Where tyros take their freedom out to kill.'

But in 1723 a decision of the House of Lords permitted apothecaries to advise as well as to dispense medicines, and frequent examinations are now held in the Hall for students seeking a license. The long black oak *Gallery* facing the court is called by the students the 'Funking Room,' because there they are kept waiting before being ushered into the presence of their examiners. It is lined with immensely deep cupboards (many of them concealed), used as bookcases. Its curiosities include a Catalogue of Plants of 1662, with the Latin MS. notes of John Ray (1627–1704), the eminent botanist and 'founder of modern zoology,'[2] written during his travels. The stained windows bear the mottoes—'Beare with one another; Love as Brethren: Et bene dum vivis, post mortem vivere si vis.' The *Hall*, lined with black oak, was built just after the Fire. A contemporary bust of Gideon Delaune here commemorates the physician of Anne of Denmark, who obtained their charter for the Apothecaries. Beneath it is a magnificent old iron-bound chest, with a lock guarded by four apes. In the *Court Room* is a picture of Delaune with many other portraits, including that of the famous Dr. Richard Mead, 1717, and a sketch by *Sir Joshua Reynolds* for his portrait of Dr. Hunter (1728–93), now in the College of Surgeons. A slight canopy on the left of the

[1] See *The Builder*, August 12, 1876.
[2] Cuvier, *Biog. Univ.*

Court Room marks the spot where the Master formerly sate upon a dais, and formally admitted the student candidates, who bowed before him on the step.

At the back of the Hall are the **Chemical Laboratories**, established 1671, from which the Army is still supplied with medicines, and which formerly supplied the Navy also. We may visit the 'Mortar Room,' 'Test Room,' and 'Magnesia Room.' Jalap, seidlitz powders, lozenges, and many other medicines are here being constantly prepared by machinery; and there are vaults for the formation and conserving of tinctures, with warehouses and dispensaries. The preparation of some of the drugs, especially those containing mercury, is so deleterious to the workmen, that, though they work in helmets with glass eyes, they have constantly to be allowed a few days' leave of absence.

Turning left, we reach **Carter Lane.** The names of the side arteries of this Lane—Friar Street, Creed Lane, Holiday Yard, and Pilgrim Street—bear record of the great religious house in their neighbourhood, and of the ancient pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Erkenwald. On the right is the entrance of **Wardrobe Place**, a quiet court, with dark red brick houses and young trees, which marks the site of the building known as 'the King's Wardrobe,' erected by Sir J. Beauchamp (whose tomb, in the centre of the nave of St. Paul's, was mistaken for that of Duke Humphrey), and sold by his executors to Edward III. It was a sort of Museum of the robes worn by the kings on different state occasions, and became, as Fuller describes, 'a library for antiquaries therein to read the mode and fashion in garments of all ages.'

Retracing our steps a little, **Church Entry** (on the left of Carter Lane as we return) contains, against the wall of Blackfriars School, a monument to Dr. William Gouge, who was minister of the old Church of St. Anne when Shakspeare was residing here, and who, being of like principles, was probably of his personal acquaintance. Church Entry leads into **Ireland Yard**, which takes its name from the William Ireland whose name appears in a deed of conveyance to Shakspeare of a house on that site. Hence, turning to the right, through **Glass House Yard** (of which the name is the memorial of an attempt by a Venetian in Elizabeth's reign to introduce one of his native glass manufactories, to the great disgust of London glass-workers), we come to **Play House Yard**, commemorating the old Theatre where Shakspeare acted. The yard now resounds with the roar of machinery in the **Times Printing Office**, which has a great new front towards Queen Victoria Street. The principal entrance, however, is in the retired court called **Printing House Square**, so called from the office of the King's Printer, which existed here 1770, in the old building marked by the royal arms over its entrance. In the square are two rare old trees of much interest to botanists. One of the *Times* offices occupies the site of the old house of the family of Manners (Earls, now Dukes of Rutland). Edward, third Earl of Rutland, died in 1587 at his house 'near Puddle Wharfe,' as is recorded on his tombstone in Bottesford Church.

The *Times* newspaper, the leading journal of Europe, which Sir G. C. Lewis calls 'that volume of Modern History put forth day by day,' was commenced by John Walter, its first number, of January 1, 1788, being a continuation of the *Daily Universal Register*. The *Times* of November 29, 1814, was the first newspaper printed by steam.

'No description can give any adequate idea of one of the *Times* machines in full work,—the maze of wheels and rollers, the intricate lines of swift-moving tapes, the flight of sheets, and the din of machinery. The central drum moves at the rate of six feet per second, or one revolution in three seconds; the impression cyclinder makes five revolutions in the same time. The layer-on delivers two sheets every five seconds, consequently fifteen sheets are printed in that brief space. The *Times* employs two of these eight-cyclinder machines, each of which averages 12,000 impressions per hour; and one nine-cylinder, which prints 16,000' (*Ency. Brit.*). In addition to these, Hoe's American machine, with ten horizontal cylinders, prints 20,000 copies in an hour.

In Blackfriars Road, Southwark, reached by the tawdry Blackfriars Bridge, was the Surrey Chapel (destroyed 1881), built in 1782–83 for Rowland Hill, the famous Nonconformist, and celebrated for his sermons through the next fifty years—sermons which he enlivened with such sallies of wit as dropping a heavy Bible from the pulpit upon the head of his snoring clerk, exclaiming, 'If you won't hear the word of God, you shall feel it.' Dying in 1833, Rowland Hill was buried under the pulpit of his own chapel, his nephew, Lord Hill, then Commander-in-Chief, being chief mourner at his funeral. The remains of Rowland Hill were removed to Christ Church, Westminster Road, in 1881, when the Surrey Chapel congregation moved to that place of worship.

A charming drive along the **Victoria Embankment**, 1862–70, due to Sir Joseph Bazalgette, now leads from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster. Near the north end of the bridge is **Sion College**, a feeble work of Blomfield, 1886. The college, removed hither from London Wall, was founded by the will of Dr. Thomas White, vicar of St. Dunstan's in the West and afterwards canon of Christ Church and Windsor (who died January 17, 1612–13), for the use of the London clergy—'where expectants may lodge till they are provided with houses in the several parishes in which they serve cure.'[1] The story of the Good Samaritan is represented on its seal. The college has twenty portraits of benefactors, including one of Thomas White, given by the Corporation of Bristol, his native city, to replace one which was lost in the Great Fire, in which half the library was consumed. Opposite the admirable **Buildings of the School Board**, by Bodley, is a statue of John Stuart Mill by *Woolner*, erected 1878. The great feature of the Embankment, half-way between Waterloo Bridge and Charing Cross Railway Bridge, is **Cleopatra's Needle**, erected here in 1878. This three thousand years old obelisk is 68 feet high without its modern base. It is of rose-coloured granite, hewn in the quarries of Syené, at the extreme southern boundary of Egypt, and floated down the Nile to Heliopolis, where it remained for 1600 years in front of that Temple of the Sun where Moses received his education. Here it stood as a silent spectator

[1] Defoe, *Journey through England*, 1722.

(for On, or Heliopolis, was a city of Goshen) when Abraham took refuge in Egypt during the years of famine in Canaan. It witnessed the slavery and imprisonment of Joseph, and afterwards, in the days of his prosperity, his marriage with Asenath, daughter of Potipherah, priest of On. It looked down upon the meeting of Joseph and Jacob, and saw the boyhood of Moses. It is believed to have been removed to Alexandria with its companion obelisk by Cleopatra shortly before the Christian era, and was probably intended as part of the decoration for the front of the queen's palace, and to have thence derived its name. The companion obelisk is shown by an inscription on its bronze supports to have been raised at Alexandria in the eighth year of Augustus Caesar, seven years after the death of Cleopatra and twenty-three years before the birth of Christ.

The obelisk now in London was never erected at Alexandria, and remained half buried in the sand. After the battle of Alexandria in 1801, the British army and navy wished to convey it to England as a memorial of their victory, but were deterred 'by weightier considerations.' In 1820 the obelisk was formally presented to the British nation by Mahomet Ali, but no steps were taken for its removal till 1877, when it was brought to London at the expense of Mr. Erasmus Wilson.

The hieroglyphics on the obelisk record its erection by Thothmes III., a Pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty. It also bears the name of Rameses the Great. The sculptures of each monarch occupy separate lines on the shaft, so that we are enabled at one glance to compare the art of sculpture at a period of two centuries apart.[1]

The most desirable site for the obelisk would have been the centre of the side of the Tilt Yard opposite the Horse Guards. In its present position it is deplorable, 'adorning nothing, emphasising nothing, and by nothing emphasised.'[2]

Waterloo Bridge, the noble work of John Rennie, was built 1811–17, and opened on the second anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. It is of granite, and has nine arches, one hundred and twenty feet span and thirty-five high. Canova considered it 'the noblest bridge in the world—worth a visit from the remotest corners of the earth;' and Dupin describes it as 'a colossal monument worthy of Sesostris and the Caesars.'

The Waterloo Road, London Road, and Walworth Road lead from the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge to **Camberwell**. The large church of **St. Giles** is by Scott, 1844. The wife of John Wesley was buried in the old church, and Edward Alleyn, founder of Dulwich College, was married there to his second wife, daughter of Dr. Donne.

At the west end of the Embankment Gardens is a statue of William Tyndale (burned at Brussels, 1536), the first translator of the Greek Testament into English, by *J. E. Boehm*. The Embankment ends at **St. Stephen's Club**, a French renaissance building by Whichcord.

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[1] See *The History of Cleopatra's Needle*, by Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.
[2] *The Builder*.

CHAPTER XII.

LONDON BRIDGE AND SOUTHWARK.

ON the right of the approach to London Bridge is the **Fishmongers' Hall**, rebuilt by *H. Roberts* in 1831, in the place of a hall of which Jarman was the architect after the Great Fire. It is one of those huge palaces of dignified repose which are such a feature of the City. On the landing of the stairs is a statue of Sir William Walworth, carved in wood by Edward Pierce the statuary, and painted.[1] On the pedestal is inscribed—

'Brave Walworth, Knight, Lord Major yt slew
Rebellious Tyler in his alarmes.
The King, therefore, did give in liew
The Dagger in the cityes armes.
In the 4th yeare of Richard II. Anno Domino 1381.'

A dagger, said to be that of Walworth, is preserved in the hall, in a glass-case, and is certainly of the fourteenth century, but unfortunately the so-called 'dagger' was borne in the City arms long before the time of Wat Tyler, and represents the sword of St. Paul, the patron of the Corporation.

On the *Staircase* are the portraits of—

William III. and Mary II. *Murray.*
George II. and Caroline of Anspach. *Shackleton.*

In the *Court Dining-Room* are—

Romney. Frederick Christian, Margrave of Anspach, nephew of Caroline, Queen of George II., who sold his principalities to the King of Prussia and came to live in England. Ob. 1806.

Elizabeth, Margravine of Anspach, 1750–1820, daughter of the fourth Earl of Berkeley, married in 1767 to William, sixth Lord Craven, and in 1791 to the Margrave of Anspach. The existence of the pictures here commemorates a fête she gave to the Fishmongers' Company at her residence of Brandenburg House on the Thames.

The *Great Banqueting Hall* contains portraits of—

Queen Victoria, 1840. *Herbert Smith.*
The Duke of Kent. *Beechey.*
The Duke of Sussex.

In the *Small Meeting Room* is a fine portrait of—

Earl St. Vincent, by *Beechey.* The flag presented to him by the crew of the *Ville de Paris* is preserved here.

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[1] Horace Walpole.

In the *Waiting Room* are some curious old pictures, including a representation of the Pageant of the Fishmongers' Company on October 29, 1616, when Sir J. Leman, Fishmonger, became Lord Mayor. The relics here include—

The magnificent *Pall*, worked by nuns, said to have been used at the funeral of Sir William Walworth,[1] but more probably of the time of Henry VII. Its principal subject is our Saviour giving the keys to St. Peter; at the end are representations of the Deity and Angels.

The *Master's Chair*, made of oak from the piles of old London Bridge, with the seat formed from the foundation-stone laid in 1176, and fished up in 1832.

The Fishmongers' Company were formidable neighbours to Billingsgate, as they had power 'to enter and seize bad fish,' and they still employ inspectors, who bring in a report of the quantity of unwholesome fish destroyed. A member of the Company named Thomas Dogget, an actor who died in 1721, being a determined Whig, left a sum for the purchase of an orange coat and silver Hanoverian badge to be contended for on the Thames every 1st of August by six young watermen: this prize, founded in 1716, is still contended for by six watermen just out of their apprenticeship.

We must now cross the river.

'The Thames marks the sharp division between what Lord Beaconsfield called "the two nations." On one side we have our nearest English approach to architectural magnificence; on the other there is a long perspective of squalid buildings—smoke-begrimed, half-ruinous, and yet not altogether unlovely.'—*Mag. of Art*, Jan. 1884.

London Bridge well deserves the attention of architects. It was built 1825–31, from designs of John Rennie (younger brother of the owner of 'Phantassie,' celebrated for his high-farming), and his sons John and George. Though it cost nearly two millions, it was with difficulty preserved in 1879 from alterations which would have utterly ruined it.

There was a bridge here in Saxon times, defended by towers and bulwarks, where, in 1008, was fought 'the Battle of London Bridge,' in which Olaf,[2] the king and saint of Norway, assisted Ethelred the Unready in defeating the Danes. Between 1176 and 1209 the first stone bridge was begun by Peter, priest of St. Mary Colechurch, in which Thomas à Becket had been baptized. Hence, on the central pier, Peter erected a chapel in honour of the sainted archbishop, where, when he died in 1205, he was himself buried. This chapel was of great beauty, having a crypt connected by a flight of stairs with the river. All the other piers were covered with houses, and towards the Southwark side from the end of the sixteenth century stood 'Nonsuch House,' a fantastic building of wood, said to have been constructed in Holland, with four towers, crowned by domes with

[1] The palls preserved in many of the old City halls are relics of the time when the halls were let out for ceremonies of lying-in-state.

[2] Commemorated in the singular corrupted name of Tooley (Olaf) Street, on the south bank of the river, in the parish where he is patron.

gilded vanes. The last building on the Southwark side was 'the Traitors' Gate.' The heads exposed here included those of William Wallace, 1305; the Earl of Northumberland, 1408; and Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, 1535. Hall says that at the end of a fortnight Fisher's head had to be thrown into the Thames, because the bridge was choked up with people coming to see it, 'for it could not be perceived to waste nor consume . . . but daily grew fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well; for his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beholden the people passing by, and would have spoken to them.' Sir Thomas More's head was removed after a time to make room for others, and would also have been thrown into the Thames, but this opportunity had been watched for by his loving daughter Margaret Roper, who bought it and conveyed it safely away to Canterbury. After the Restoration the heads of some of the regicides were exposed here.

On St. George's Day in 1390 the famous passage at arms in the presence of Richard II. was fought on London Bridge between Lord Welles and the chivalrous Sir David Lindsay of Glenesk, in which the Scottish knight was completely triumphant.[1]

In the sixth picture of Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode' the appearance of the houses on Old London Bridge may be seen. At one time the booksellers' shops on London Bridge had the reputation which those of Paternoster Row have now. The infant daughter of Sir William Hewit, a famous cloth-worker on the bridge, Lord Mayor of London in 1559, fell from one of the overhanging windows and was saved from drowning by the gallantry of her father's apprentice, Edward Osborne, who was eventually rewarded with her hand and a large dowry. Osborne himself was Lord Mayor in 1583, and his great-grandson became Duke of Leeds. Pennant describes the street on London Bridge shortly before its fall—'narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers from the multitude of carriages; frequent arches of strong timbers crossing the street from the tops of the houses, to keep them together and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the repose of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of falling waters, the clamours of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches.' The narrowness of the arches beneath the bridge, and the consequent compression of the river, made 'shooting the bridge' very dangerous. Ray's proverb, 'London Bridge was made for wise men to go over, and fools to go under,' shows the popular feeling about its rapids. Cowley describes the river as—

> 'Stopped by the houses of that wondrous street,
> Which rides o'er the broad river like a fleet.'

In the later days of the bridge most of the houses on it were inhabited by pin-makers, and it was a fashionable amusement with

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[1] See the picturesque account in *The Lives of the Lindsays*.

west-end ladies to drive there to buy pins. In the last century the old houses, in one of which Hans Holbein had lived, were removed one after the other. Fuller says of Old London Bridge—

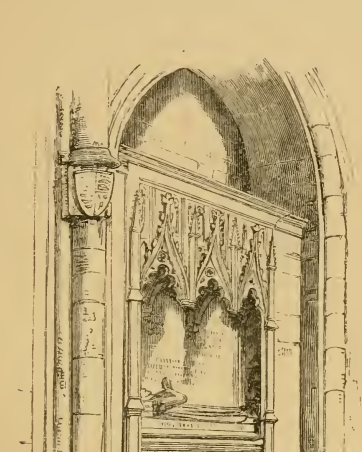
'The middle thereof is properly in none, the two ends in two counties, Middlesex and Surrey. Such who only see it *beneath*, where it is a bridge, cannot suspect it should be a street; and such who behold it *above*, where it is a street, cannot believe it is a bridge.'

On crossing London Bridge we enter Southwark, the outlying defence on the south. The church tower on the left is that of **St. Olave's, Tooley Street**, commemorating, on the very site of his exploit, the sainted Olaf, king of Norway, who, with Ethelred, in 1008, destroyed the Bridge of London, which was then in the hands of the Danes. The church was built by Flitcroft, a pupil of Kent, in 1737. The name Tooley is a corruption of St. Olave, St. Oley, Tooley. In this street the town-house of the Priors of Lewes existed till the beginning of the XIX. c.

On the right, now half-buried amongst raised streets and railways, is the fine cruciform **Church of St. Saviour's, Southwark.** It was much mutilated early in the present century by restorers, and its nave, contemptibly rebuilt in 1838, was restored on the old lines only in 1893. But the Lady Chapel and Choir are still amongst our best specimens of early English architecture. They are surrounded by a flower and vegetable market. This was formerly the church belonging to the Priory of **St. Mary over the Rie** or **Overy**, which Stow, on the authority of Linsted, the last prior, says was originally founded by Mary Overy, a ferry woman, who, long before the Conquest or the existence of any bridge over the river, devoted her earnings to this purpose. She was buried within the walls of this church, and, by some, its dedication has been supposed to refer to her, on the ground that the Virgin Mother is not the St. Mary referred to, having her own 'Lady Chapel' annexed to the building. Churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin had, however, often a 'Lady Chapel' attached to them. The foundation of Mary Overy was for a House of Sisters, but this was afterwards turned by Swithin, a noble lady, into a college of priests, who are said to have built the first timber bridge over the river; and, in 1106, it was refounded for canons regular by William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncy, two Norman knights. At the Dissolution the church was made parochial. It had already become known as St. Saviour's, for in 1510 it was brought as a charge against one Joane Baker that she said she was 'sorry she had gone on so many pilgrimages, as to St. Saviour's, and divers other pilgrimages.'

The Choir, of the most exquisite and unspoilt early English architecture, carefully restored by George Gwilt in 1822, retains its beautiful altar-screen, erected by Fox, Bishop of Winchester, before 1528, and adorned with his device, the pelican. Here Edmund Holland, last Earl of Kent, grandson of the Fair Maid of Kent, was married in 1406 to Lucia, eldest daughter of Bernabo Visconti, tyrant of Milan, Henry IV. giving away the bride; and here (Feb. 2, 1424)

James I. of Scotland was married to Joan Beaufort, grand-daughter of John of Gaunt, his love for whom is told in his poem of 'The King's Quair.' In the pavement an inscription marks the grave of Philip Massinger. Near it is that of John Fletcher (Beaumont and Fletcher), 1625, of whom Aubrey says that, during the great Plague, he was invited by a knight in Suffolk or Norfolk to take refuge with him till the danger should be over, but lingering while his tailor made him a suit of new clothes, fell sick, and died.



GOWER'S GRAVE.

On the left of the north transept is the interesting tomb, with a figure of striking beauty, of John Gower, *ob.* 1402, 'a learned gentleman and famous poet, but no knight, as some have mistaken it.'[1] The monument was removed from the Chantry of St. John, where he had been buried in accordance with his will. He had contributed largely to the restoration of the church, in which, in 1397, he had been married to Alice Groundolf by William of

[1] Continuation of Stow.

Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester. Stow accurately describes the monument :—

'He lieth under a tomb of stone, with his image, also of stone, over him ; the hair of his head, auburn, long to his shoulders but curling up, and a small forked beard ; on his head a chaplet like a coronet of four roses ; a habit of purple, damasked down to his feet ;[1] a collar of esses gold about his neck ; under his head the likeness of three books which he compiled.'

Representations of 'Charitie,' 'Mercie,' and 'Pitie,' at the back of the tomb, formerly held the devices which are now painted there. The three works of Gower upon which his head reposes are—1.

SLEEPING SISTER, ST. MARY OVERY.

The *Speculum Meditantis*, a work upon connubial chastity, written in French after the fashion of the time, which prescribed either French or Latin as the language of poetry, a rule first violated by Chaucer. 2. The *Vox Clamantis*, written in Latin. 3. The *Confessio Amantis*, written in English, after Chaucer had published his other works, but before the Canterbury Tales. It is on this poem, which represents a dialogue between a lover and his confessor, that the reputation of Gower is founded. It was finished in 1393, and is said to have been written in answer to the desire of Richard II., who, meeting the poet one day upon the Thames, called him into

[1] Now repainted.

his barge and desired him to 'booke some new thing.' The first edition contained many passages flattering to King Richard, but the time-serving poet afterwards either omitted these altogether or converted them to the praise of his rival and successor, Henry IV. Gower was educated for the law at the Middle Temple, and is believed there to have contracted a friendship with Chaucer. Their tastes were the same, and Gower was especially attached to the patronage of Thomas of Woodstock, one of the uncles of Richard II., as Chaucer was to that of another, John of Gaunt. It is believed, however, that the friendship of the poets was turned to enmity before the death of Chaucer. Gower became blind in the first year of Henry IV., and died in 1402. A tablet used to hang by his tomb inscribed, 'Whosoever prayeth for the soul of John Gower, he shall, so oft as he doth, have an M and a D dayes of pardon.'

Against the pillar on the left, adjoining the tomb, are the arms of Cardinal Henry Beaufort, son of John of Gaunt, who was consecrated Bishop of Winchester, and came to Winchester House close to this church in the year of Gower's death. Against the same pillar is a curious miniature tomb to William Emerson, 1575, 'who lived and died an honest man.' He is represented in his shroud.

Opposite that of Gower is the tomb, with curious coloured half-figures, of John Bingham, 1625, saddler to Queen Elizabeth and King James I.

In the south transept is the strange allegorical tomb of William Austin, 1633, author of 'Certain Devout, Learned, and Godly Meditations.' There is much grandeur in the figures of the sisters sleeping deeply, with their prongs over their shoulders, while waiting for the great final harvest.

Next is the tomb of Dr. Lionel Lockyer, the pill inventor, with his figure in the costume of Charles II.'s time reclining upon it, and the inscription—

> Here Lockyer lies interr'd; enough, his name
> Speakes, which hath few competitors in fame.
> A name, soe great, soe generalle, may scorne
> Inscriptions which doe vulgar tombs adorne.
> A diminution 'tis, to write in verse
> His eulogies, which most men's mouths rehearse.
> His virtues and his PILLS are soe well knowne,
> That envy can't confine them under stone,
> But they'll survive his dust, and not expire,
> Till all things else at th' universal fire.
> This verse is lost, his PILL embalms him safe
> To future times, without an epitaph.'

Alas! however, the pills have not survived the dust, and Lockyer is unembalmed.

Passing the tomb of Richard Blisse, 1703, and a weird nameless figure in a shroud ascribed by tradition to 'Audery,' father of Mary Overy,[1] we enter the south aisle of the choir, containing the

[1] There is a curious tract called 'The True History of the Life and sudden Death of old John Overs, the rich Ferryman of London, showing how he lost his

tomb of John Trehearne, gentleman porter to James I., and his wife, with coloured half-figures, and the epitaph—

> 'In the king's court-yard place to thee is given,
> Whence thou shalt go to the king's court of heaven.'

An epitaph surpassed by that on Miss Barford, which narrates how—

> 'Such grace the King of Kings bestow'd upon her,
> That now she lives with Him a Maid of Honour.

Close by are two niches, usually supposed to be the tombs of Pont de l'Arche and Dauncy, the second founders of the church; in one of them is a cross-legged oaken effigy in chain-armour—a hauberk with sleeves, capuchon, and chausses. Some suppose this figure to represent a De Warenne of the reign of Edward II. Opposite, between the pillars of the choir, is the alabaster tomb with painted figures of Alderman Richard Humble (1616) and his two wives. The inscription is attributed to Francis Quarles—

> 'Like to the damask rose you see,
> Or like the blossom on the tree,
> Or like the dainty flower of May,
> Or like the morning of the day,
> Or like the sun, or like the shade,
> Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
>
> E'en so is Man, whose thread is spun,
> Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
>
> The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
> The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
> The sun sets, the shadow flies,
> The gourd consumes, and man he dies.'

Buried here without a monument is Sir Edward Dyer (1607), the Elizabethan pastoral poet, who lived and died in Winchester House. Three stones in the floor of the choir bear the names of John Fletcher, Philip Massinger, and Edmond Shakspeare, the poet's younger brother. The register says, 'Edmond Shakspear, player, buried in ye church, with a forenoone knell of the great bell, 20*s.*'

'Of the first of the well-known names there is a memorandum in the Aubrey MSS. to this effect:—"In the great plague, 1625, a knight of Norfolk or Suffolk invited him into the country. He staid but to make himself a suit of cloaths, and while it was making, fell sick of the plague and died. This I had from his tailor, who is now a very old man, and clerk at St. Mary Ovarie's." The burial registries record his interment thus: "1625, Auguste 29. Mr. John Fletcher, a poet, in the church." It is recorded by Langburne, of Massinger, "that he went to bed in good health and was found dead in his own house on the Bankside, Southwark." The announcement of his name in the register is simply—"1639, March 18. Philip Massinger, a stranger, in the church, 2*l.*," viz., the amount paid for his grave, knell, and funeral expenses. His fellow-players paid a tribute to their departed friend by following him to the grave.'—*The Builder*, Sept. 25, 1886.

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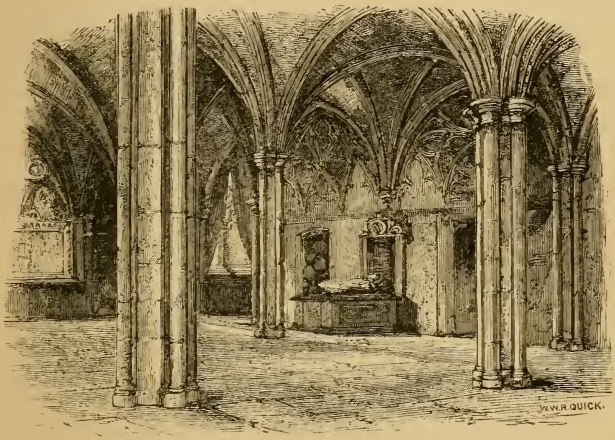
life by his own covetousness; and of his daughter Mary, who caused the church of St. Mary Overs in Southwark to be built, and of the building of London Bridge.' It narrates how John Overs counterfeited death, thinking to economise by making his household fast for a day, but they feasted instead, whereat he arose in a fury, and, being mistaken by an apprentice for a ghost, was killed by him.

The beautiful Lady Chapel was used in the time of Mary I. as the consistorial court of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and here Bishop Hooper and John Rogers, vicar of St. Sepulchre's, were condemned to be burnt—the popular feeling in favour of the latter being so strong at the time that he had to be conveyed hence by night in secrecy to Newgate.[1]

Here is the black and white marble tomb with a painted effigy of Bishop Lancelot Andrewes, 1626, with the inscription 'September 21. Die lunae hora matutina fere quarta Lancelotus Andrewes, episcopus Wintonensis, meritissimum lumen orbis Christiani mortuus



LADY CHAPEL, ST. MARY OVERY.

est (ephemeris laudiana) anno Domini, 1626, aetatis suae 71.' The tomb was brought hither from a chapel called the Bishop's Chapel (which formerly existed to the east of the Lady Chapel), where it had a canopy inscribed, 'Reader, if thou art a Christian, stay; it will be worth thy tarrying to know how great a man lies here.' Queen Elizabeth, who delighted in the preaching of Andrewes, raised him from the Mastership of Pembroke Hall to the deanery of Westminster, but he refused to accept any bishopric in her reign, because he would not submit to an alienation of the ecclesiastical revenue. James I. preferred him to any other divine as a preacher, and selected him to answer Cardinal Bellarmine, who had attacked his

[1] Milman's *Annals of St. Paul's.*

'Defence of the Rights of Kings.' In 1605 he was made Bishop of Chichester, in 1609 Bishop of Ely, in 1618 Bishop of Winchester. Endless stories are preserved of the kindness and charity, and the unfailing humility of Bishop Andrewes, whom all honoured but himself. He is chiefly remembered now by his 'Manual of Private Devotions,' composed in his later years, and of which the manuscript was constantly wet with his tears. His death was received as a public calamity. Archbishop Laud [1] lamented him as 'the great light of the Christian world;' and Milton wrote a Latin elegy upon him, which has been translated by Cowper.

A tablet commemorates George Gwilt, the architect, 1856. Near the Bishop's tomb are kept a number of bosses from the roof of the nave, preserved when it was pulled down. Their ornaments comprise the arms of Southwark and those of Henry de Burton, Prior, 1462–86, but the most curious is that of a painted head, with a man half-eaten. The XIV. c. 'Bishop's Chapel,' at the extreme east of the church, was pulled down in 1830. During the Great Plague six hundred bodies were buried in one week in the graveyard of St. Saviour's. The grand nave of 1469 was wantonly destroyed in 1831. The church tower contains twelve bells, of which nine are upwards of four hundred years old.

Between St. Saviour's and the river stood Winchester House, the old palace of the Bishops of Winchester, built in 1107—being, says Stow, 'a very fair house, well repaired, with a large wharf and a landing-place, called the Bishop of Winchester's stairs.' Here Cardinal Beaufort (half-brother of Henry IV.) celebrated the marriage of his niece, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, with James I. of Scotland, the royal poet, who had first seen and loved her from his prison window at Windsor, and doubted whether she was

> 'a worldly creature,
> Or heavenly thing in likeness of Nature.'

Bishop Gardiner—'politick Gardiner, who spared all the weeds, and spoiled all the good flowers and herbs,' [2]—lived here in state, with a number of pages of good family, whose education he superintended. It was the last household of the kind, for after the Reformation the bishops' houses were filled with their wives and children. Here, out of devotion to his patron the Duke of Norfolk, he arranged little banquets, at which it was contrived that Henry VIII. should meet the Duke's niece, Katherine Howard, then a lovely girl in her teens.

In 1642 Winchester House was turned into a prison for Royalists by the Presbyterians, and amongst others Sir Kenelm Digby was confined there. Selden says [3]—

> 'Sir Kenelm Digby was several times taken and let go again; at last imprisoned in Winchester House. I can compare him to nothing but a great fish that we catch and let go again, but still he will come to the bait; at last therefore we put him in some great pond for store.'

---

[1] Diary. [2] Fuller. [3] Table-Talk.

The old gothic hall was standing in the present century, but there is nothing left of the house now. The name of **Clink Street** commemorates the prison which the bishops used for the confinement of heretics. It was Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, who, in 1215, founded for canons regular the religious house which at the Dissolution became St. Thomas's Hospital, now removed to Lambeth.

Adjoining Winchester House was Rochester House, a residence of the Bishops of Rochester, destroyed in 1604.

Shakspeare had a house called the Boar's Head opposite the east end of the church: it was commemorated till recently in Boar's Head Court.

On **Bankside**, the district between the Bishop of Winchester's park and the spot called Paris Garden, were several little amphitheatres for bear-baiting and bull-baiting, with other popular places of amusement. Most important of these was the Globe Theatre, built in the reign of Elizabeth, where James I. granted a patent to Shakspeare and his associates to play plays, 'as within theire then usuall house, called the Globe, in the countie of Surry, as elsewhere.' The theatre was burnt during a performance of *Henry VIII.* in 1613, and was rebuilt in the following year. Ben Jonson calls it 'the glory of the Bank, and the fort of the whole parish.'[1] An old print represents it as like a high martello tower with little slits for windows, and a turret and flag at the top.

Paris Garden commemorates the house and grounds of Robert de Paris (*temp.* Richard II.), who leased a house and garden there from the Abbot of Bermondsey. It had always an immoral reputation, and in the time of Charles I. obtained the name of 'Holland's Leaguer,' from an ill-working house established in the old manor by a woman named Holland, who contrived to keep the constables at bay by the help of the moat, which existed till 1660. The 'Paris Garden Theatre' was in existence in the time of Henry VIII. Here also were 'His Majesty's Bear Garden and Bull Ring' of 'The Hope' and 'The Swan.' **Falcon Dock** still recalls the Falcon Tavern, which Shakspeare is said to have patronised.

> 'Publius, student at the common law,
> Oft leaves his books, and, for his recreation,
> To Paris Garden doth himself withdraw.'
> *Sir John Davies, 'Epigrams.'*

Guy's Hospital, on the left of the Borough High Street, with an entrance in St. Thomas's Street, was built by Dance (*ob.* 1773). It owes its foundation to Thomas Guy (born 1643), son of a coal-merchant at Horsleydown, who became a Lombard Street bookseller. The hospital had a narrow escape of losing the wealth of the rich tradesman. He promised to marry his pretty maid, Sally, and had ordered various repairs to his house previous to his nuptials. Seeing that these were incompletely carried out, Sally, in her capacity of bride elect, ordered them to be properly finished; an

[1] See Wilkinson's *Londina Illustrata.*

assumption of authority which gave such offence to her betrothed that he broke off his marriage, and determining to remain a bachelor, built and endowed the hospital at a cost of £238,292. There is a blackened brass statue of the founder in the courtyard, and another in marble in the chapel.

Southwark, the town on the south side of the Thames, 'was called by the Saxons,' says Pennant, 'Southverke, or the South Work.' It is intersected by the great street called **The Borough High Street**, which was the highway, even from Roman times,[1] between the metropolis and the southern counties, and by which the Canterbury pilgrimages passed out towards the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. A memorial of these pilgrimages might, till the close of the XIX. c., be seen in a succession of ancient taverns, retaining their picturesque wooden galleries around their courtyards, with the chambers opening from them, like the old inns in the French towns. Of these, the White Hart (recently destroyed), on the left, a little beyond Guy's Hospital, had a court surrounded by old balustraded galleries. It is mentioned in the 'Paston Letters,' in 'Hall's Chronicles,' and by Shakspeare, when Jack Cade (1450) remonstrates with his peasant followers, who are forsaking him and accepting the pardon offered by Buckingham and Clifford, saying—

'Will ye needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark?'—*Henry VI.*, pt. ii. act iv. sc. 8.

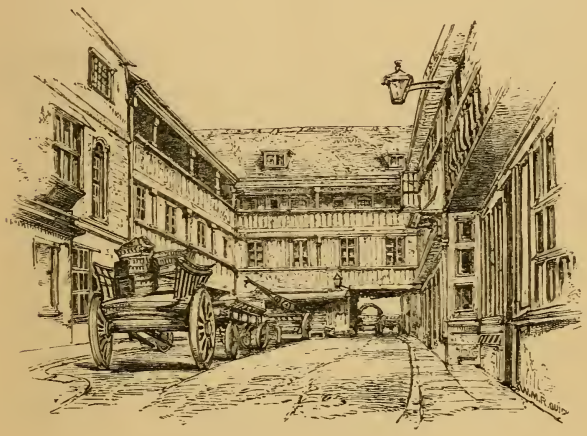
And here the headless body of Lord Saye, drawn at a horse's tail, was presented to the captain, after his head had been stuck up over the bridge gate.

The 'Grey Friars Chronicle,' describing Jack Cade's rebellion, says: 'At the Whyte Harte in Southwarke, one Hawaydine, of Sent Martins, was beheddyd.' A servant of Sir John Fastolf, named Payne, when sent from his master's house at Horsleydown to obtain the articles of the rebels' demands, was only saved from the same fate by the intercession of one Robert Poynings. The inn where Cade stayed was burnt in 1669 and again in 1676, but was rebuilt in the same style, with the wooden balconies used in watching the open-air theatrical performances in the courts below, by which the taverns were made popular. Shakspeare's plays were probably acted in the courtyards of such inns, he himself being an actor. Dickens gives a verbal picture of the White Hart:—

'In the Borough especially, there still remain some half-dozen old inns, which have preserved their external features unchanged, and which have escaped alike the rage for public improvement, and the encroachments of private speculation. Great, rambling, queer old places they are, with galleries, and passages, and staircases, wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish material for a hundred ghost-stories. It was in the yard of one of these inns—of no less celebrated a one than the White Hart—that a man was busily employed in brushing the dirt off a pair of boots, early in the morning. The yard presented none of that bustle and activity which are the usual characteristics of a large coach inn.

[1] The Roman road into Kent crossed the river on the site of old London Bridge.

Three or four lumbering waggons, each with a pile of goods beneath its ample canopy, about the height of the second floor window of an ordinary house, were stowed away beneath a lofty roof, which extended over one end of the yard; and another, which was probably to commence its journey that morning, was drawn out into the open space. A double tier of bedroom galleries, with old clumsy balustrades, ran round two sides of the straggling area, and a double row of bells to correspond, sheltered from the weather by a little sloping roof, hung over the door leading to the bar and coffee-room. Two or three gigs and chaise-carts were wheeled up under different little sheds and pent-houses; and the occasional heavy tread of a cart-horse, or rattling of a chain, at the farther end of the yard, announced to anybody who cared about the matter that the stable lay in that direction. When we add that a few boys in smock-frocks were lying asleep on heavy packages, woolpacks, and other articles that were scattered



THE GEORGE INN, SOUTHWARK.

about on heaps of straw, we have described, as fully as need be, the general appearance of the yard of the White Hart Inn, High Street, Borough, on the particular morning in question.'—*Pickwick.*

The next inn, **The George**, had double tiers of wooden galleries. It is one of the 'fair inns' described by Stow as existing in his time, and is mentioned as early as 1554—35th Henry VIII.—when its name was the St. George. The original inn was burnt in 1676, but it was rebuilt in the same style. The greater part of the inn has recently been destroyed and the site occupied by the Great Northern Railway Goods Office; but one balconied fragment of the old inn remains (1894) on the right of the yard.

But the most interesting of old hostelries was the 'Tabard,' mentioned even in 1598 by Stow as 'the most ancient of the

inns of Southwark,' and which had become for ever celebrated when

> 'Chaucer, at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
> At sixty, wrote the Canterbury tales.'[1]

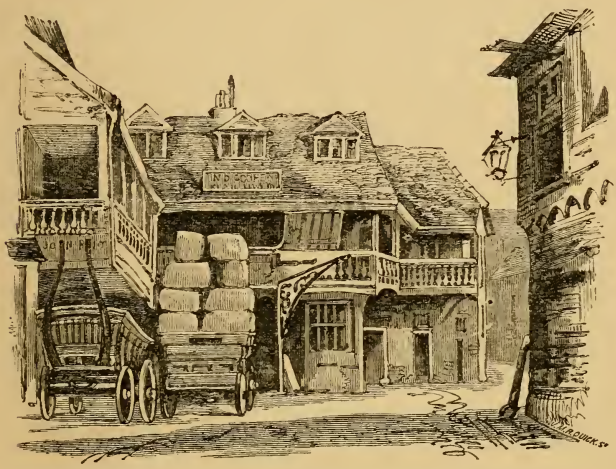
Up to a few years before its destruction, it was marked by an inscription, which said, 'This is the Inne where Sir Jeffry Chaucer and the nine and twenty pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383.' Though rebuilt in the reign of Charles II., it was an old house worthy of Nuremberg, and such as we shall never see again in London, with high roofs and balustraded wooden galleries supported upon stone pillars. A worn faded picture of the Canter-

IN THE COURTYARD OF THE TABARD, SOUTHWARK.

bury Pilgrimage hung from the gallery in front of 'the Pilgrims' Room.' The front towards the street was comparatively modern, having perished in the fire of 1676, after which, says Aubrey, 'the ignorant landlord or tenant, instead of the ancient sign of the Tabard, put up the Talbot or Dog.' The ancient sign of the Tabard, says Stow, is 'a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders; a stately garment of old time, commonly worn by noblemen and others, both at home and abroad in the wars, but then (to wit, in the wars) their arms embroidered, or otherwise depict upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others.'

[1] Longfellow.

There was such a completely old-world character in the court-yard of the Tabard, that, though Chaucer certainly never saw the inn which has been lately destroyed,[1] those who visited it in 1873, imbued with the poem, would feel that the balustraded galleries, with the little rooms opening out of them, and the bustling court-yard filled with waggons and wares, represented at least the ghost of the gothic inn built by the Abbot of Hyde in 1300 on the same site. They would share the sensation of Dryden, who wrote, 'I see all the Pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales, their humours, their



THE TABARD, SOUTHWARK.

features, and their very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark,' and would picture the meeting which the poet describes—

> 'Befel, that in that season, on a day
> In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay
> Ready to wenden on my pilgrimage,
> To Canterbury with devout courage,
> At night was come into that hostelry
> Well nine-and-twenty in a company
> Of sundry folk, by adventure yfall
> In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all,
> That toward Canterbury woulden ride.'

[1] The original inn was standing in 1602.

Opposite the Tabard was the debtor-prison called the Compter (from *computare*), burnt 1676, and rebuilt in Mill Lane, Tooley Street.

One side of the curious old galleried courtyard of the *Queen's Head Inn* still remains (1894).

On the left, behind King Street and Mermaid Court, was the prison of the Marshalsea, used for persons guilty of offences on the high seas or within the precincts of the Court. The Marshal of this prison was seized and beheaded by the rebels under Wat Tyler in 1381. Bonner, Bishop of London, was imprisoned for ten years in the Marshalsea for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Elizabeth, and died there Sept. 5, 1569. His repartee as he was being led to prison is recorded: 'Good-morning, Bishop *quondam*,' said a wag. 'Farewell, knave *semper*,' replied Bonner. At the instigation (as he asserted) of Horne, Bishop of Winchester, the mob gathered round him as he went and returned from the prison to the court. One said to him, 'The Lord confound thee, or else turn thy heart.' 'The Lord,' he replied, 'send thee to keep thy breath to cool thy porridge.' To another, saying, 'The Lord overthrow thee,' he said, 'The Lord make thee wise as a woodcock.' A woman kneeled down and said, 'The Lord save thy life. I trust to see thee Bishop of London again.' To which he said, 'Gad a mercy, good wife,' and so passed on to his lodging.[1]

George Wither, the poet, who had been an officer in Cromwell's army, was imprisoned in the Marshalsea for having written the satire 'Abuses Stript and Whipt,' and while here wrote his best poem, 'The Shepheard's Hunting.' He was released some years before his death.

This was the older Marshalsea, closed in 1842, which, in its later days, was chiefly used as a place of confinement for pirates, smugglers, and those who had committed crimes at sea. It was larger and more commodious than the later Marshalsea of 'Little Dorrit' associations, which was pulled down in 1887, after having been let for forty years as a lodging-house for tramps and vagabonds. Angel Place (where Dogget lived, who bequeathed funds for the badge watermen might contend for) led to a second passage, ending in a narrow court. At one end of this was the turnkey's house, where the better class of debtors, who could afford it, took lodgings. Nothing could be more squalid and miserable. Returning to Angel Court and turning to the right, one reached the other part of the Marshalsea, which was more like a prison, with a chapel at the entrance and a tiny court beyond it, used as a racket court. Hard by was a building of two stories, each a separate chamber, with wooden pillars, from which divisions for dormitories could be constructed. This old building, with its barred windows and nail-studded wooden ceiling and pillars, its court and strong cells, was the Surrey County Prison, called 'The White Lion.' Passing out of this building, one reached the blind alley—'a yard and a half

[1] See Strype.

wide'—of Dickens, on one side of which were rooms for refractory prisoners.

Dickens, in the preface to 'Little Dorrit,' describes his search for relics of the Marshalsea :—

'I found the outer front courtyard metamorphosed into a butter-shop; and I then almost gave up every brick of the jail for lost. Wandering, however, down a certain adjacent "Angel Court,[1] leading to Bermondsey," I came to Marshalsea Place, the houses in which I recognised, not only as the great block of the former prison, but as preserving the rooms that arose to my mind's eye when I became Little Dorrit's biographer. . . . Whosoever goes into Marshalsea Place, turning out of Angel Court, leading to Bermondsey, will find his feet on the very paving-stones of the extinct Marshalsea jail; will see its narrow yard to the right and to the left, very little altered if at all, except that the walls were lowered when the place got free; will look upon the rooms in which the debtors lived; will stand among the crowding ghosts of many miserable years.'

Connected with the prison was the Marshalsea Court, the seat (siège) of the Marshal of the King's Household 'to decide differences and to punish criminals within the royal palace, or on the verge thereof, which extended to twelve miles around it.' This court was united with that of Queen's Bench in 1842. Queen's Buildings occupy the site of the King's Bench Prison, to which Henry Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., was committed by Judge Gascoigne; where Rushworth, author of the 'Historical Collections,' spent the last six years of his life, and died in 1690; and where Baxter was confined for eighteen months for his notes on the New Testament. Lord Cochrane escaped from the prison when committed for complicity in the De Beranger frauds: his innocence was established eighteen years later. The prison was burnt by the 'No-Popery' rioters, June 7, 1780, but rebuilt, and only abolished in 1860.

St. George's Church, Southwark, was built by John Price (1733–1736) upon the site of an old church where General Monk was married to Anne Clarges, and where Bonner, the bloody Bishop of London, who died in the Marshalsea, and Rushworth, author of the 'Collections,' who died in the Queen's Bench Prison, were buried; and in the churchyard many of those who died in the Marshalsea and Queen's Bench, with Edward Cocker the arithmetician, chiefly known by the phrase 'according to Cocker.' The church itself is immortalised by Dickens in 'Little Dorrit,' and one may see the font where she was baptized, the altar where she was married, and the vestry where she slept with the burial-book for a pillow. Opposite the church was a palace of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Mary, daughter of Henry VII. A Quaker's Meeting House in St. George's, Southwark, is connected with the story of the Quaker persecution in the reign of Charles II. It is here that George Fox, the founder of the Society, was attacked by soldiers with their muskets while he was preaching; and here that, when (1682) a justice of the peace commanded him in the King's name to come down, he replied, 'I proceed, for I am commanded by a higher, the King of Kings.'

Southwark **Town Hall** stands on the site of St. Margaret's Church,

[1] Angel *Court* is now Angel *Place*. It is close to St. George's Church.

and on the open space in front—'St. Margaret's Hill'—the famous fair was held which was granted by Edward VI., and was annually opened on Sept. 7 by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs riding in procession. Southwark Fair, which was suppressed in 1763, is commemorated by Hogarth.

To the west of High Street (on the site of the Globe Theatre), in Park Street, Southwark, is the great **Brewery of Barclay, Perkins and Co.**, founded by Henry Thrale, the friend of Dr. Johnson. The latter was his executor, and sold the business to Messrs. Barclay and Perkins for £135,000. 'We are not here,' said Johnson, on the day of the sale, 'to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.' Thrale's brewery was built on the site of the oldest Independent or Congregational church in England, founded in 1616 by Henry Jacob, who migrated to Virginia in 1624. During the Long Parliament the Meeting House ventured to open its doors (January 18, 1640–41), the congregation having hitherto been 'shifting from place to place.' Here also was the burial-ground—Deadman's Place—where Alexander Cruden, of the 'Concordance,' was buried.

The Brewery well deserves a visit. It has 200 vats, the smallest containing 600 barrels of beer, the largest 3300 barrels.

Union Road was formerly Horsemonger Lane, where, on the south of Trinity Square, stood Horsemonger Lane Gaol, erected through the philanthropic labours of John Howard in 1791–98 to replace the White Lion Prison. It was designed (with the Session House, which formerly adjoined it) by George Gwilt the elder. Colonel Marcus Despard and six companions were hung here for treason in 1803, and beheaded after death. In the gatehouse Leigh Hunt was confined for two years (1812–14) for a libel on the Prince Regent, and here wrote his 'Descent of Liberty' and 'Story of Rimini.' The tombstones of the Mannings (executed 1849) were to be seen in the prison, which was closed in 1877.

In **Redcross Street** is **Redcross Hall**, where a painting by Mrs. Russell Barrington, from designs of Mr. Walter Crane, commemorates the devotion of the maid-servant Alice Agnes, who sacrificed her own life in 1885 to save the children of her master from fire. The picture called 'The Platelayer' represents the heroism of a workman on the railway who sacrificed his life for the safety of a train. Other deeds of heroism in humble life are commemorated in the same way.

The streets to the east lead into **Bermondsey** (Beormond's Eye, from the island property of some Saxon or Danish noble in the marshes of the Thames), now a poor crowded district chiefly inhabited by tanners. There was a royal country palace here, where Henry II. resided with Eleanor of Aquitaine when she first came to England, and where she gave birth to her second son. But no remains exist now either of it or of the Cluniac abbey founded by Aylwin Child in 1082, which became famous from its connection with a number of royal ladies. Of these, the first was Mary, daughter of Malcolm III, of Scotland, sister of Maud, wife of Henry I., and

wife of Eustace, Earl of Boulogne. She died April 18, 1115, and was buried here with the inscription—

'Nobilis hic tumulata jacet Comitissa Maria.
Actibus haec nituit; larga benigna fuit.
Regum sanguis erat; morum probitate vigebat,
Compatiens inopi; vivit in arce poli.'[1]

The body of Queen Joanna, widow of Henry IV., who died at Havering-atte-Bower in 1437, rested here in state on its way to the tomb which she had erected for her husband in Canterbury Cathedral. Katherine de Valois, widow of Henry V., and then wife of Owen Tudor, died here in her thirty-fifth year; and here Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Edward IV., was imprisoned by her son-in-law, Henry VII., in 1486, and languished till her death in 1492.[2] By her touching will, made in the abbey, she says that she leaves her blessing to Elizabeth of York and her other children, 'having no worldly goods to do the queen's grace, my dearest daughter, a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children according to my heart and mind.' The abbey was surrendered in 1537 and the last abbot rewarded with the bishopric of St. Asaph *in commendam*. The greater part of the abbey buildings were pulled down by Sir Thomas Pope, founder of Trinity College at Oxford, and the palace of the Ratcliffes, Earls of Sussex, rose upon their ruins. The principal gateway survived till 1807. The only relics still remaining of the abbey are a silver alms-dish, preserved in the Church of St. Mary Magdalen, and the names of 'Long Walk,' 'Grange Walk,' &c., reminiscences of the monastic gardens and farm, now applied to streets of leather-dressers, leather-dyers, horse-hair workers, hat-makers, &c.

Battle Bridge Wharf, on the river between Bermondsey and London Bridge, commemorates the town-house of the Abbots of Battle, and the intricacies of the wretched streets called the **Maze** mark the labyrinth in their gardens.

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[1] See Wilkinson's *Londina Illustrata*.

[2] Katherine was buried in the tomb of Henry V. in Westminster Abbey; Elizabeth Woodville in that of Edward IV. at Windsor, in a stone coffin, in accordance with the terms of her will:—'I bequeath my body to be buried with the body of my lord at Windsor, according to the will of my said lord and mine, without pomps entering or costly expenses done thereabout.'

END OF VOL. I.

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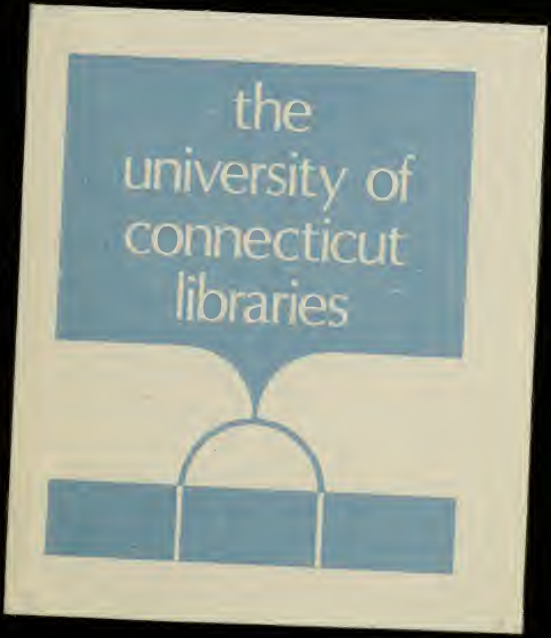
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